June 8, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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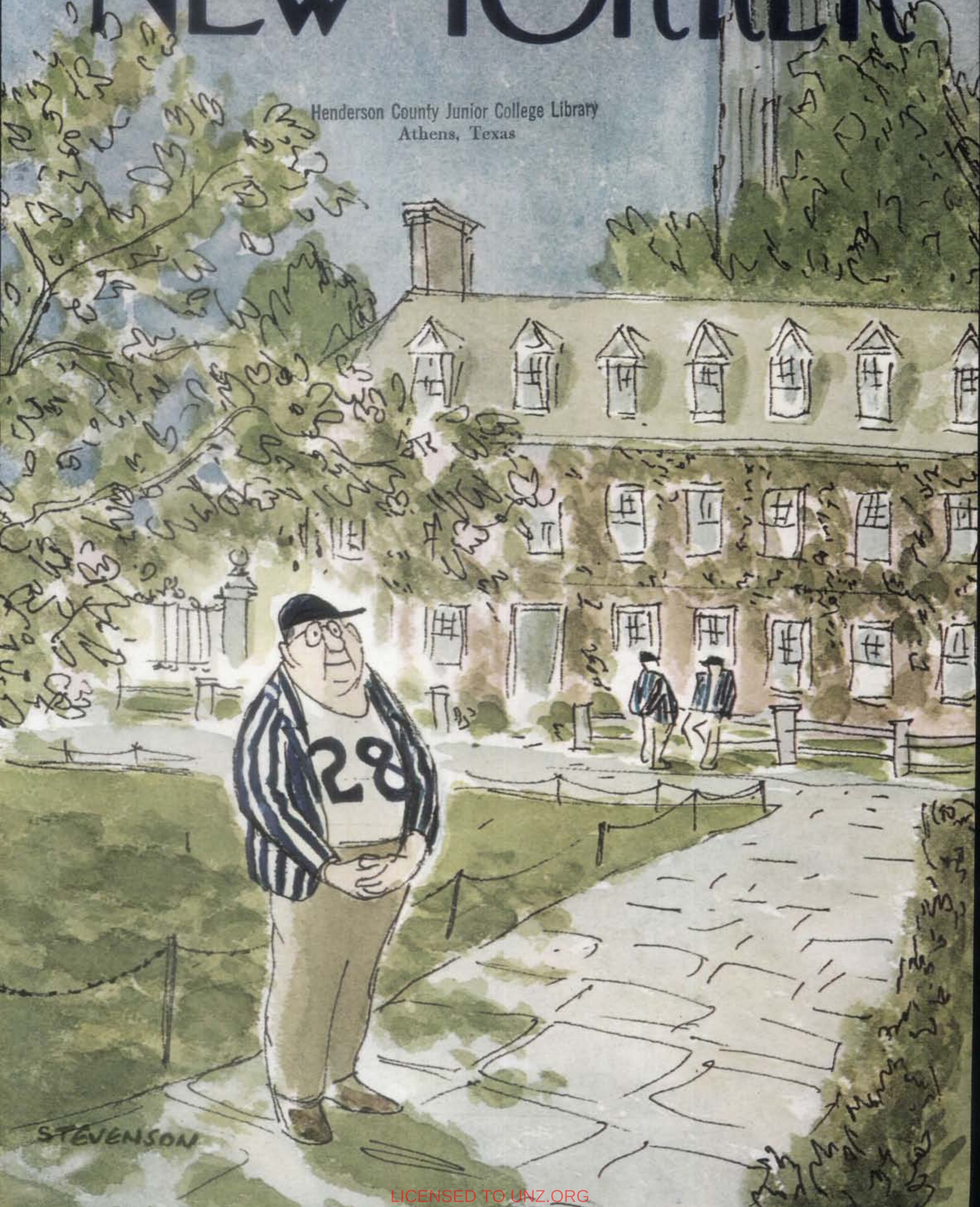
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF:** Thursday and Friday, June 6-7, at 8:30; Saturday, June 8, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, June 10-11, at 8:30; and Wednesday, June 12, at 2 and 8:30. . . . ¶ De Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE:** Thursday and Friday, June 13-14, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 15, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Closes Saturday, June 22.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Collision Course—Eleven one-acters by a dozen "new" and not-so-new dramatists. Although facetiousness abounds, only one of the plays—Jules Feiffer's entry—is funny, and although portentousness abounds, only one of the plays—Israel Horovitz' entry—is serious and touching. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

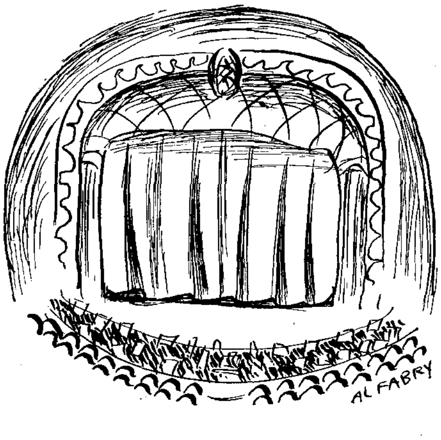
Cyrano de Bergerac—An inept rendering of the romantic Rostand drama, with Robert Symonds playing the proud and selfless Gascon. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 8.)

Daddy Goodness—Richard Wright's adaptation of a 1958 Paris play by Louis Sapin. The last in a series of four productions by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Indian Wants the Bronx—Two one-act plays by the extremely gifted young playwright Israel Horovitz. Each in its own way is a horror comedy, the first set in a student's room in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the second on a lonely street corner in this city. James Hammerstein is the director. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 673-6190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—A self-pitying English schoolteacher and his loving wife threaten to destroy their lives by their devotion to a spastic child. The playwright, Peter Nichols, has somehow found the means of making much of this sad story comic. Donal Donnelly and Zena Walker play the couple. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Memorandum—This satire on bureaucracy by the Czech playwright Václav Havel is shrewd, enlightening, and full of comic invention. It is performed with the requisite spirit and style by all concerned, under Joseph Papp's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 16.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. Nicol Williamson and Maureen Stapleton have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and Harold Gary (substituting for David Burns, who will return on Monday, June 10) is the funny old man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Red Cross and **Muzeeka**—A pair of one-acters, both of them comprised of monkeyshines and sight gags in the modern manner but with bleak overtones. The first, by Sam Shepard, is a repellent comedy about a symbolically infested young man in a symbolically antiseptic setting. The hero of the second—a sporadically funny and high-spirited play by John Guare—is an employee of a canned-music corporation who lands in Vietnam. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superlative as the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spofford—Herman Shumlin's dramatization of Peter De Vries' "Reuben, Reuben" is a jolly business dealing with a chicken farmer who sets out to do a sociological study of the commuters invading his homeland. Melvyn Douglas is triumphant in the title role, and the rest of the cast is excellent. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 9.)

Summertree—This composition of scenes from the life of a young man who ends up in Vietnam is wistful, funny, and honest. A first play by a twenty-two-year-old dramatist named Ron Cowen, and, as directed by David Pressman and performed by David Birney and a superior supporting cast, it is at once delightful and affecting. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 8.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—Laurence Hugo plays a middle-aged womanizer who is taken in tow by a nineteen-year-old swinger. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company, set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Venetian Twins—A marvellous production of Goldoni's classic comedy, as winning now as it was a couple of centuries ago. Starring Alberto Lionello and his associates in the Teatro Stabile di Genova. In Italian, but don't let that put you off. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 23.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, William Redfield, Joe Silver, and Linda Selman. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, ex-

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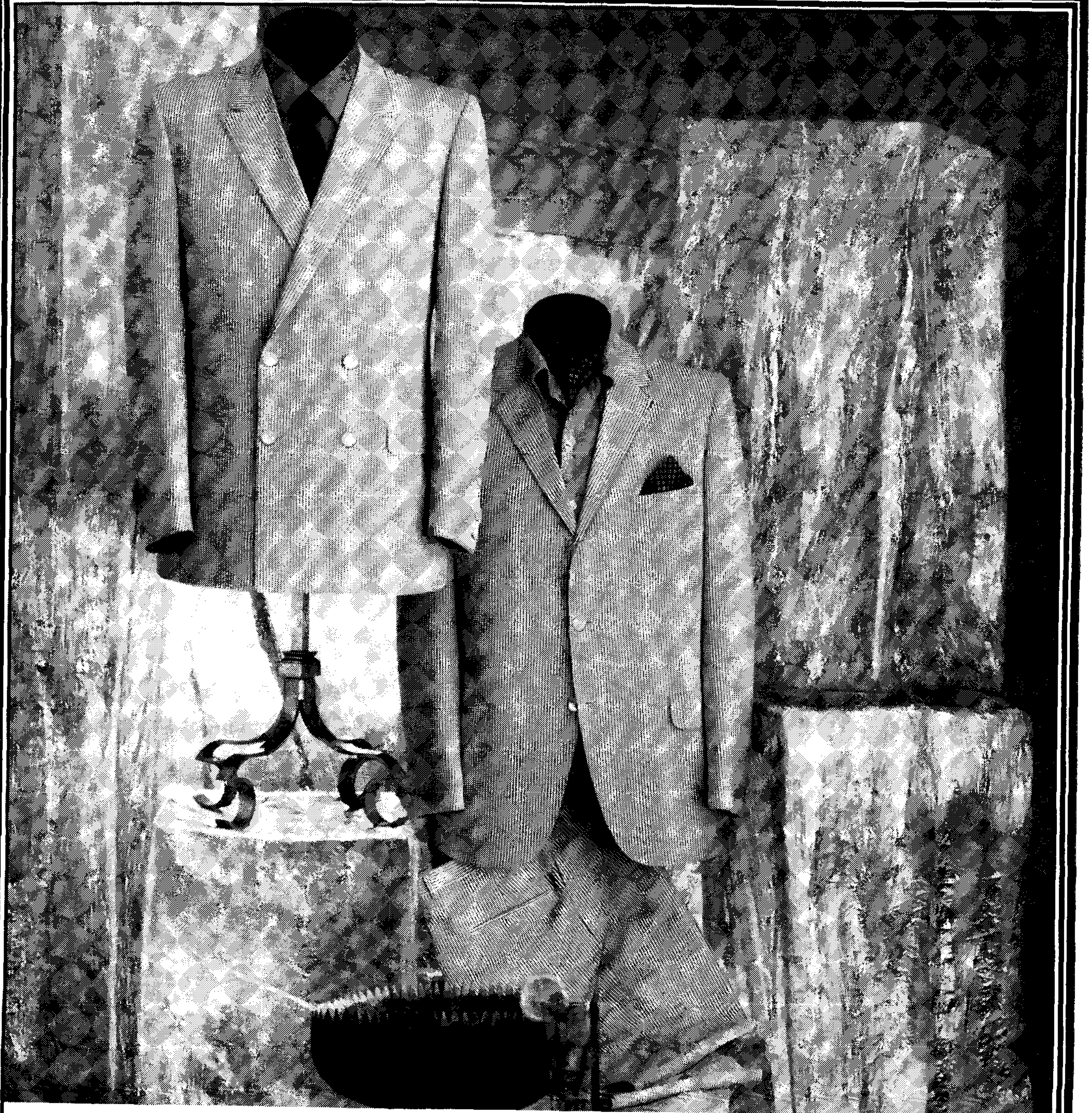

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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cept Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by an amateur choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Constance Towers, Michael Kermoyan, and Anita Darian in **THE KING AND I**, which will play through Sunday, June 9. . . . **MY FAIR LADY**, with Fritz Weaver, Inga Swenson, and George Rose, will be the second of two musicals by the company. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, June 11-12. Opens officially on Thursday, June 13, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, June 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Happy Time—A big, hollow, and technically adroit staging of a skimpy book with skimpy songs. Robert Goulet and David Wayne are its wasted stars. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How Now, Dow Jones—Cutting up in the financial district. The book, by Max Shulman, and the music, by Elmer Bernstein, are not very sparkling, but Carolyn Leigh's lyrics are often sprightly, and the performers, under the direction of George Abbott, are a lively lot. Conspicuous among them are Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, and Brenda Vaccaro. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

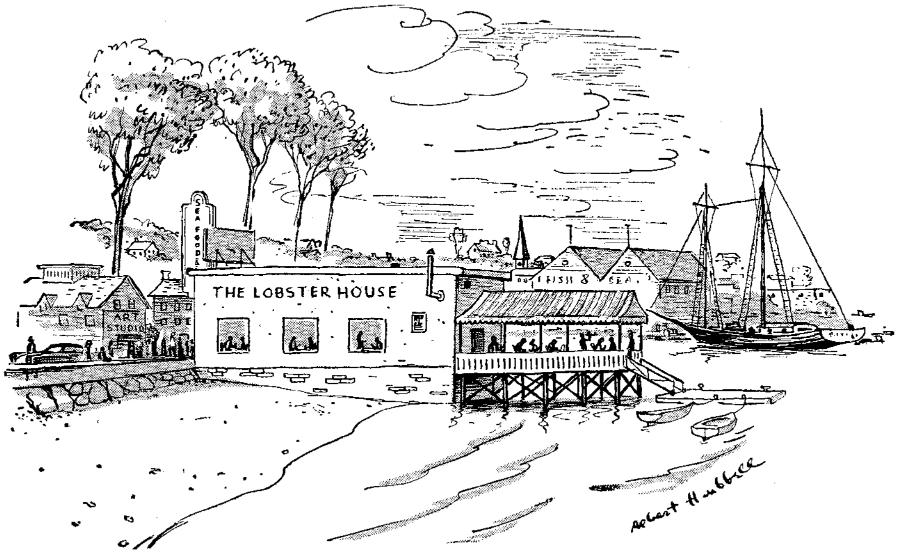
Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

New Faces of '68—An old-fashioned revue, in which we discover that new faces and a new date are not enough. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Now—A pop-rock musical conceived by Marvin Gordon and written by George Haimsohn and John Aman. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:15 and 10:15. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **I DO! I DO!:** A highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage, with Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

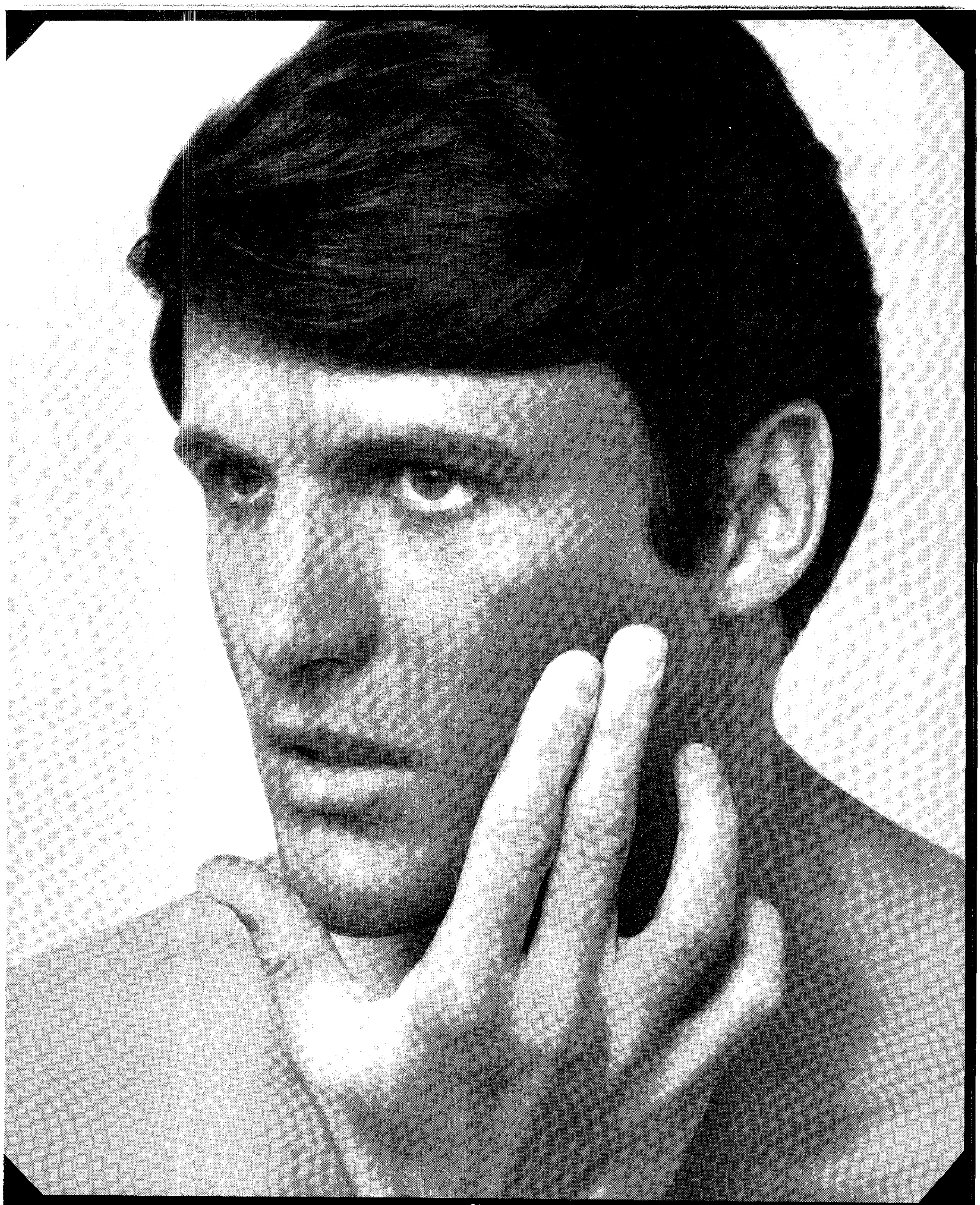


BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, June 6, at 8:15: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Friday, June 7, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Tarantella," and "Agon.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 2:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 8, at 8:15: "Firebird," "Apollo," "Jeux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 9, at 1:15: "Bugaku," "Haydn Concerto," "Metastaseis and Pithoprakta," and "Scotch Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 9, at 7:15: "Prodigal Son" and "Liebeslieder Walzer.". . . ¶ Tuesday, June 11, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Illuminations," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Wednesday, June 12, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Glinkaiana," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 13, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Divertimento No. 15," "Allegro Brillante," and "Agon.". . . ¶ Friday, June 14, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Illuminations," "Meditation," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 2:15: "Dim Lustre," "Concerto Barocco," "Stravinsky: Symphony in C," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 8:15: "Glinkaiana," "Haydn Concerto," "Meditation," and "Raymonda Variations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 16.)

Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, June 6: Act II of "Swan Lake," selections including "Black Swan Pas de Deux" and "Spring Waters," and "Ballet School.". . . ¶ Friday evening, June 7; Saturday matinée and evening, June 8; and Monday evening, June 10: Act II of "Giselle" and Highlights II (including "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux" and "Don Quixote Grand Pas de Ballet"). . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 11: "Chopiniana" and Highlights I (including "The Flames of Paris Pas de Deux," "The Doves," "Bach Prelude," and "Dying Swan"). . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 12: Act II of "Swan Lake," selections including "Le Spectre de la Rose" and "Spring Waters," and "Ballet School.". . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 12-13, and also Friday, June 14—a benefit performance; for tickets, call OR 4-5010: "Chopiniana" and Highlights I. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 15: Act II of "Giselle," selections including "Gluck Melody" and "The Doves," and "Ballet School." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Wednesday, June 12, at 2.)

Martha Graham and Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, June 6: "Night Journey," "The Plain of Prayer," and "The Lady of the House of Sleep.". . . ¶ Friday evening, June 7: "Cave of the Heart," "Cortege of Eagles," and "Acrobats of God.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 8: "Circe," "Diversion of Angels," and "Appalachian Spring.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 8: "Cave of the Heart," "Appalachian Spring," and "Cortege of Eagles." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 9: "Night Journey," "Dancing-Ground," and "The Lady of the House of Sleep.". . . ¶ Sunday evening,



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June 9: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Diversion of Angels," "The Plain of Prayer," and "A Time of Snow." (George Abbott Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. JU 6-3787. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—HENRY IV, PART I, with James Ray, Sam Waterston, Stacy Keach, Charlotte Rae, and Penny Fuller, will be the first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start on Tuesday, June 11. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Most nights involve singers, strummers, and wry talkers. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's about the only thing that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, and Clark Terry's quartet every night except Monday. On Sunday, June 9, from six to nine, the New York Hot Jazz Society will present a seven-man band including Ray Nance, J. C. Higginbotham, and Slam Stewart, who will play before the regular session.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Eight-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Nashville Room, in the Taft Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. (265-7577)—The story of how a little girl from a bluegrass town in the South finds happiness in a great Northern city. The Blue Boys lead a country-music show at nine and again at midnight. Starting Tuesday, June 11, Stonewall Jackson will lead the show. Scanty dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. On Sunday, June 9, from five to nine, Jazz Interactions will subvert the period setting by bringing the Art Farmer quintet over from Slugs' for a five-to-nine gig. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and contagious risibility. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Dim, shadowy, nondescript, it's sort of basic. Jazz every night from nine until closing by the Art Farmer quintet, with Jimmy Heath on tenor. On Tuesday, June 11, the Bobby Hutcherson quintet will start playing. On Saturday, June 8, from five to nine, Giuseppi Logan's quartet will perform before the regular session. and on Sunday, June 9, Weldon Irvine's big band will do the same. Monday nights, from nine to three, are devoted to jazz vocalists.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, Bill Evans, whose piano smacks of integral calculus done with a glass cutter, leads an effective trio, alternating with Bob Lam's solo piano. On Tuesday, June 11, they will be replaced by the Billy Taylor trio and Toshiko. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. The dinners are mostly grilled. . . . ¶ Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, Chuck Berry will trade off with the Horace Silver quintet. On Friday and Saturday, June 14-15, the music will come from the Dizzy Gillespie quintet and the Jimmy Smith trio.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz goes pretty far out. The Gary Burton quartet—Burton on vibes—is playing moodily nightly, complete with Larry Coryell's skillful guitar. Monday, June 10, will be reserved for the goblet-cracking sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right—it's practically in the North River. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Earl Blake and John Latham (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start vibrating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

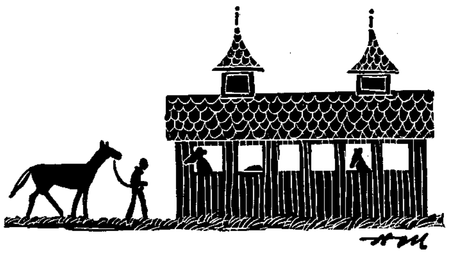
Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The Epiphany alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. On Tuesday, June 11, the Fuzzy Bunnies will start alternating. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Cheetah, 310 W. 52nd St. (582-2970)—How now, spotted cat? The place is a groove, and the young crowd is dancing mightily on stainless steel and Plexiglas. On the big stage, the Neon and Willie Ray & the Sunrays make big sounds while lights form moving patterns that run from sun to shade. The management hasn't got its liquor license yet, so the drinks remain soft. On Thursday, June 13, other groups will relieve the above entertainers. Dancing from eight to three every night but Monday.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. The McCoys and rock records take turns over a good system for dancing from nine to three or four. On Tuesday, June 11, the Smubbs will replace the McCoys. Alcohol? No.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160)—The dancing is fundamental. The music is vital. The drinks are average. Rock records from ten to three or four every night.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.



Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—Every so often, a night spot becomes *the* place to go—for a season, anyway. This spot has been alleged to be this season's. The music sounds as though it's being played through an Electrolux, the waiters look faintly Venusian, and if you don't wear something fashionable, you might as well stay home. Dancing from ten till closing, except on Fridays and Saturdays, when things start at eight-thirty. Light dining. Some chuckles.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral sing wittily. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd has been around a discothèque floor before, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Elephant's Memory does. On Tuesday, June 11, the Epitome will supplant the E's M. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Soul Man," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

(*Dining, too.*)

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): Great day in the morning, at least until two o'clock, which is when Duke Ellington's splendid retinue ends a session that begins at nine. Phil Wayne's crew starts the music off at seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): As is the custom at many other Ivy League athletic events, there are two marching (or dancing) bands in the Café Pierre—John Mince's on Mondays and Tuesdays, Stanley Worth's the five other days. Little Miss Ellen Harwicke, who accompanies her own songs with her own piano, and neatly, has Mondays and Tuesdays off. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The parquet floor and the music in the restaurant are built for comfort, not for speed. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on in general from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **EL MOROCCO,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The archeologists' picks and shovels uncover but minute evidences of the Arcadian life that once existed in this vanished city-state. Anyone who wants to help should show up between eight and three-thirty every night but Sunday. Collations for the toilers are offered by Lester Lanin and his band. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (889-5100): The Decibel Decade is now represented on the quarterdeck of the old night boat by Lionel Hampton and his bandsmen, to whom silence is distinctly not golden. Another band begins as early as six; curfew arrives at two; no music Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200): People may walk on the grass as much as they like, and cut capers, too, as long as they break into nothing more violent than a dog trot, or—of course—a fox trot. The setting is plain but painstaking, the menu is token. Three ceaseless bands, one of them very Latin (Argueso's) and two of them very local, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week (Wednesdays, though, at six-thirty) and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The triumph of matter over mind is the theme of the seminar conducted by

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Joan Rivers, who deplores the situation. She gets off to a noisy start around ten, or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Home on the range in Israel, where never is heard a discouraging word, and the musicians and jesters make the evening more a private party than a public affair. It's a nightly operation, and the dining is native without being naïve. Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr provide the chitter and the chatter, and even a song or two. Closed Mondays.

Eugene's, 1034 Second Ave., at 54th St. (758-7620)—Not at all by chance, the old Garrison now bears the name of a senator who would be President. His adherents in the social sciences, the literary and the lively arts, and environs gather at eleven, every night but Sunday, for a spur-of-the-moment floor show. Bar, grill, open at eight, shut very late.

Plaza 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933)—Boys and girls come out to play, the moon doth shine as bright as day. The boys are John Svarr, Alex Wipf; the girls are Mary Jo Gillis, and Leslie Stewart; the bright-as-day is the libretto of Julius Monk's annual revue, "Four in Hand," at the sound of which certain political "heads," crowned or uncrowned, may rest uneasy. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the opulent intermission piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs. 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Photo Finish" is the newest of the portmanteau revues to inhabit this coign. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The 5th Dimension is indeed no myth as it rocks and rolls its way across the stage of the Royal Box during dinner and supper. Davis & Reese, likewise a locally unknown commodity up to now, are the humorists, and the orchestra of Lee Evans, a sound investment, is there all the time. The Dimensions and the wits depart on Saturday, June 8; on Tuesday, June 11, the enterprise reopens to accommodate Barbara McNair, who cares a great deal about what she sings, and Norm Crosby, who seems not to care what he says.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 2-8080)—The new pad of this ancient and honorable institution is handsome, and it is also far-reaching, so study with care the sightlines before choosing a table. Los Chavales de España, the boys from back home in Barcelona, are as down-to-earth amiable and articulate as ever; the Rosario Galán flamenco crew is as ardently despondent about unrequited love as ever; the dance music is as compelling as ever. The showfolk erupt during dinner and supper every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, mauresque guitar begins at five, flamenco chanting begins at nine-thirty, and all hands stay late, and every night, too.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—As the girls go, so goes the vast, not especially astute, but cheerful frolic that takes nearly two hours to run its course twice a night. Bobby Vinton resigns his post of principal troubadour on Tuesday, June 11, but there will still be plenty left.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Where there is smoke there is fire, and in the middle of it there is Eartha Kitt, alternately shrilling and cajoling. She appears at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The Burt Farber orchestra and the band run by Mark Monte are the house bumblebees. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette goes its urban and urbane way with a brace of dance bands that never pause for refreshment, and during dinner and supper there are songs (some of them hard-edge) by big and healthy Leon Bibb. He winds up on Saturday, June 8; on Monday, June 10, Wynne Miller, niece to the late Glenn Miller, starts singing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a few steps away, soothes the weary wayfarer with peace, violin, and piano in equal quantities. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Pied piper is the voice, pied cakewalker is the manner of Trini Lopez, the young-man-with-guitar at large during dinner and supper in the Empire Room. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo makes the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Something is generally sounding off, if mildly, in the manifold Peacock Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper—piano Mondays through Fridays from four to ten, and Horace Diaz's trio for dancing from eight until one Tuesdays through Saturdays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Old friends well met, and younger ones, too, in a trophy room that likewise serves as restaurant, bar, and music conservatory. Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders walk the keyboards, sometimes as sentimental soloists, sometimes as tandem tempests, from cocktails to cockcrow every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica ginger in the seasoning is inserted by a troubadour of calypso antecedents. His beat is dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Our Thing for any number of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts, who communicate here, too, in their evening spare time. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday. Unhurried dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though not in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): The corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle. Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, what can develop into a sing-along at any moment. He begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man-jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Or, really, a set of bumper-to-bumper tables, screened apart by a galaxy of glass-bead stalactites into a sort of winter palace. In one unquiet corner, the voice and piano of Scott Reed ramble along from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is unredeemably Second Avenue, but Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, makes up for a number of the milieu's failings. He lays off on Sundays.

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SMALL AND SERENE

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city *itself* is *eternal*, but the *nights* are *not*, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night, nearly always by Kurt Maier, who has been around just as long as Vienna. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Grand Prix, *dernier cri*. George Feyer's parlor piano, which runs from eight-thirty until two, underlines the conversation. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, that well-kept indoor plaisance, Bob Kail applies a light touch to his piano between six-thirty and one, Sundays and Mondays excepted.

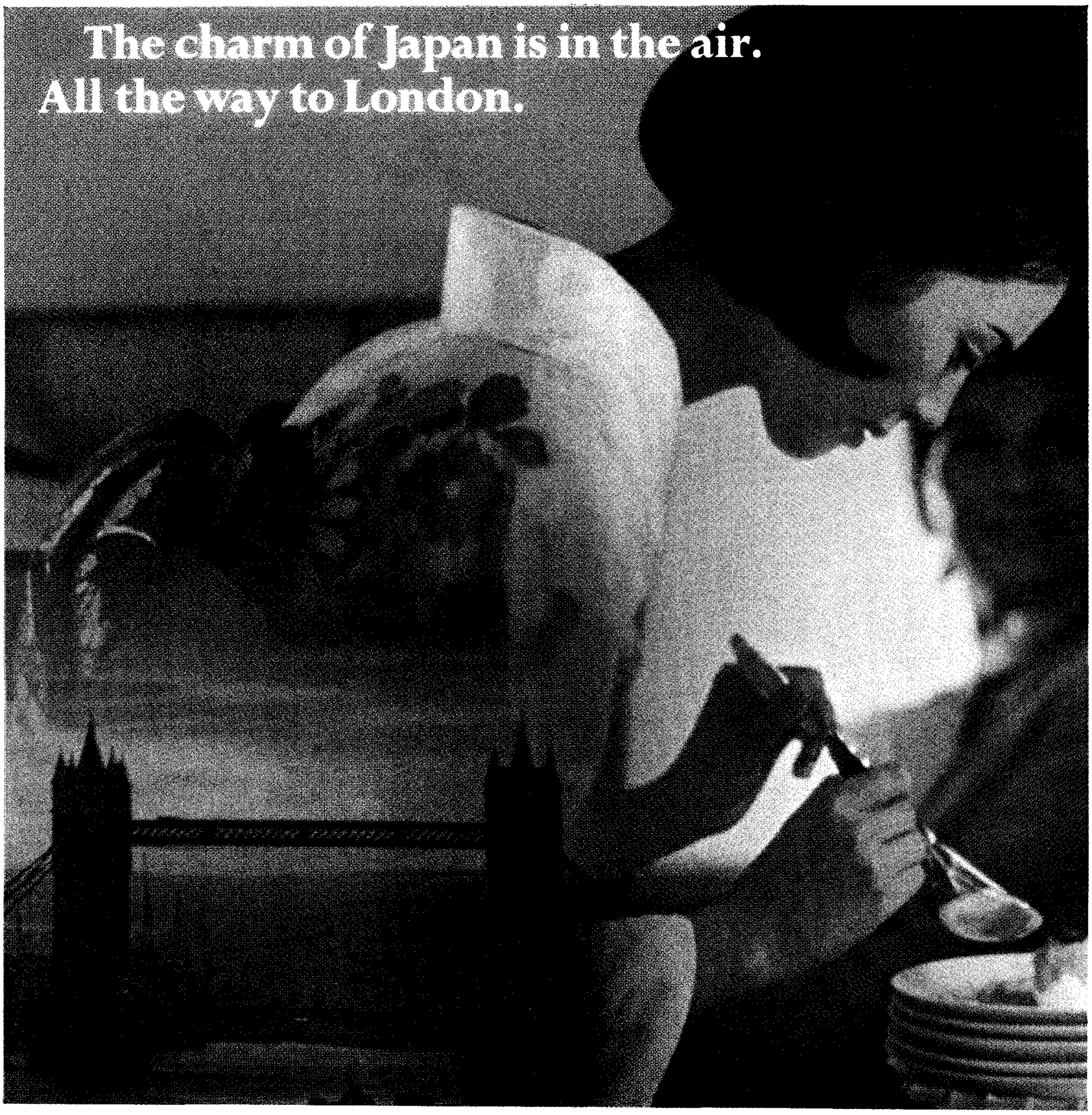
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Afro—Abstract Expressionist paintings by one of the early European artists of this movement; through Friday, June 7. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Seventeen previously unexhibited paintings (oil on paper) of figures and landscapes by an artist who influenced American Abstract art; through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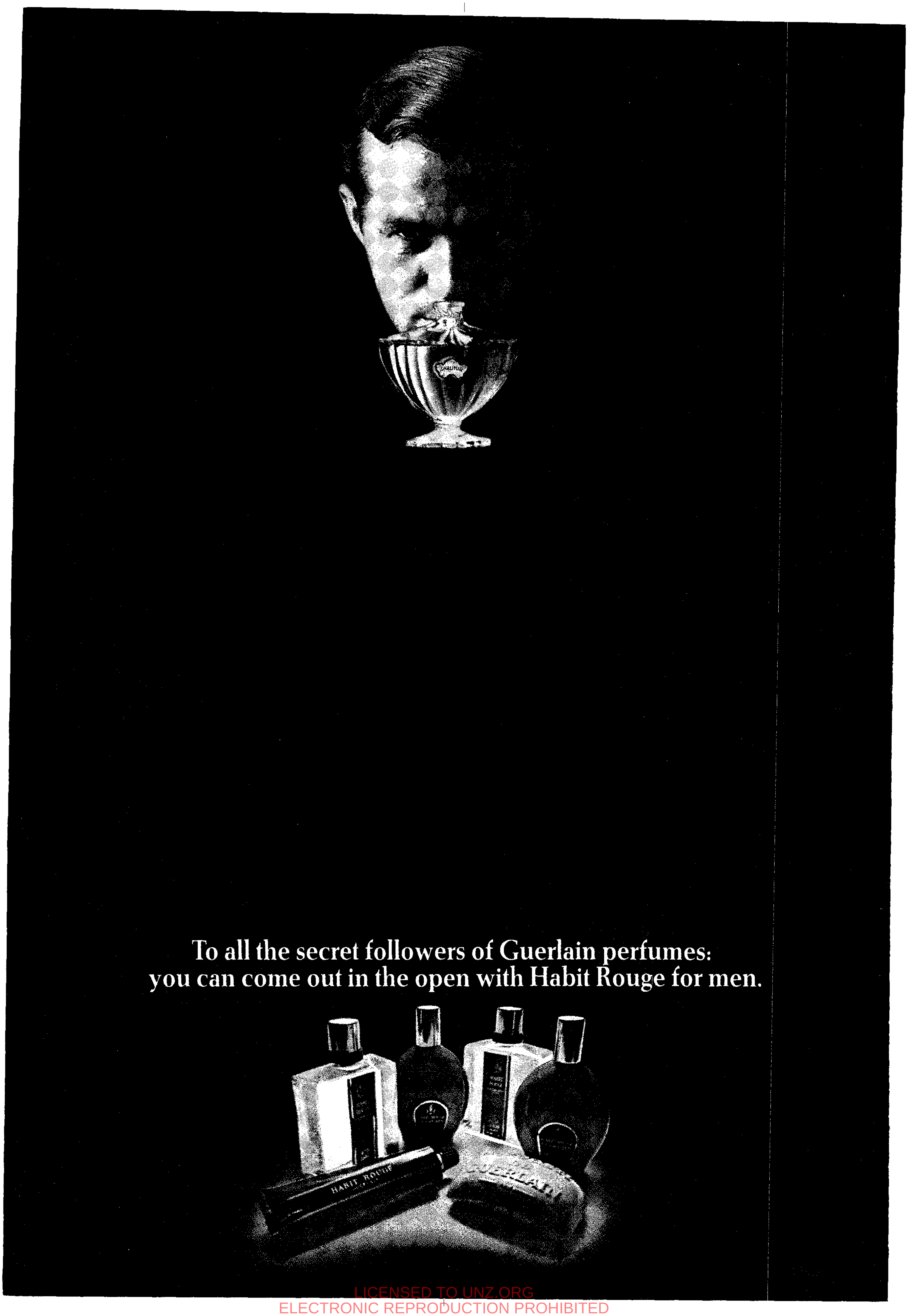
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)

Olle Baertling—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by a European avant-gardist; through Saturday, June 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arnold Blanch—Paintings (some of them incorporating collage) of the female, plus several landscapes, by a veteran American artist; through Saturday, June 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Robert De Niro—Figurative bronzes and drawings by an Expressionist painter; through Friday, June 7. (Zabriskie. 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Edwin Dickinson—Paintings and drawings by one of America's grand old men, featured this year at the Venice Biennale; through June 28. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Sherman Drexler—Expressionist figure paintings which favor the female nude; through Saturday, June 8. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Sam Gilliam—Four mammoth Abstract oils by a Washington, D.C., artist; through June 28. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Richard Hunt—Welded-steel and welded-aluminum sculptures; through Saturday, June 15. (Dorsky, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Ipousteguy—Four major bronzes by a contemporary Paris artist; through Friday, June 14. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kokoschka, Pascin, and Toulouse-Lautrec—Prints; through June 29. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Jack Krueger—Large steel tubular sculptures by an artist who studied engineering; through Saturday, June 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Ernest Lawson (1873-1939)—Paintings by a well-known American Impressionist; through June 28. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Ed McGowin—Plastic sculptures in three shapes used as multiples and sprayed with dots of paint; through June 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Marta Minujin—Movies of four art-world cocktail parties amid environments created as part of the fun; through Saturday, June 8. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Masayuki Nagare—Abstract stone sculptures by a Japanese monument maker; through Saturday, June 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ernst Neizvestny—The first exhibition in the United States by an artist of the U.S.S.R. who deviates to a degree from official Soviet art; through Saturday, June 15. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Doug Ohlson—Geometrical paintings consisting of groups of panels; through Saturday, June 8. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by two leading American artists of the West; through June 22. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

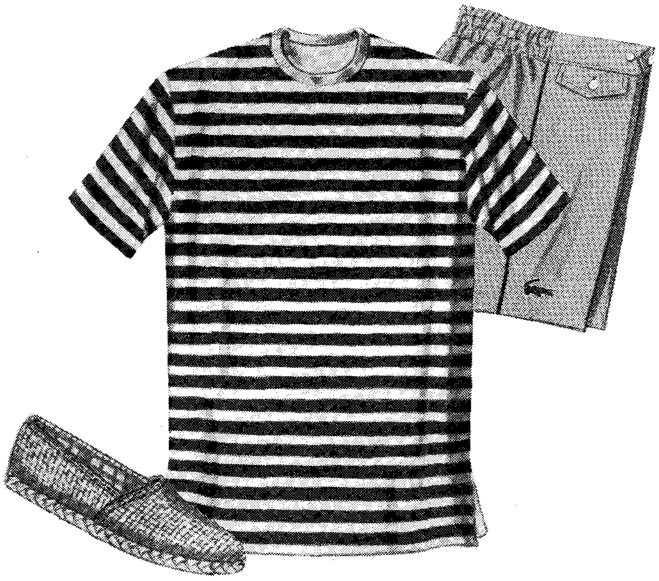
Henri Rousseau—Eighteen landscapes and still-lifes by the modern primitive; through Saturday, June 8. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St.)

Eugene F. Savage—Landscapes by an officially honored academician; through Friday, June 7. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Henry Ossawa Tanner—A hundred and fifty drawings, etchings, lithographs, and watercolors by an Afro-American artist born two years before the Civil War; through June 25. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Tsai Wen-ying—Sculptures in motion rhythmically modulated by lighting; through Saturday, June 8. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Brett Whiteley and David Smith—Paintings reflecting a passionate response to New York by Mr. Whiteley, an Australian artist who lives in London, and small sculptures of the mid-forties by Mr. Smith, a prominent Amer-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ican sculptor who died in 1965; through Saturday, June 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William T. Wiley—Watercolors, plus related constructions in wood, metal, and plastic; through Saturday, June 8. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Neil Williams—Color on shaped canvases; through Monday, June 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **banfer**, 23 E. 67th St.: Gallery artists, among them Aaron Bohrod, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through June 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the West and paintings of sports; through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.)... **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by David Budd and Dan Christensen and sculptures by Neil Jenny and Keith Sonnier; through June 29. (Closed Mondays.) ... **landau-alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Marcia Marcus, Jack Levine, Joe Brainard, and Jack Zajac are among the participants in a painting-and-sculpture show; through July 31. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings mainly, by (for instance) Paul Cadmus, Isabel Bishop, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, and Zoltan Sepeshy; through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **bykert**, 15 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Bill Bollinger, Gordon Hart, Brice Marden, Alan Saret, Richard Tuttle, and Ian Wilson; through June 22. (Closed Mondays.) ... **dwan**, 29 W. 57th St.: Collages, paintings, and drawings using words, by Arakawa, Andre, LeWitt, and others; through June 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and watercolors by such painters as Dubuffet, Klee, Masson, Picasso, and Kupka; through July 12. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **american greetings gallery**, Vanderbilt Ave. at 44th St.: Forty drawings of figures and faces by leading draftsmen from Delacroix and Daumier to Giacometti and Balthus; through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.)... **hutton**, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings by French, German, and Russian Fauvists and Expressionists up to the First World War; through Wednesday, June 12. (Closed Mondays.)... **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Drawings and sculptures by gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Bissier, and Bury; through July 25. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **rizzoli**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Drawings, watercolors, and lithographs by a group of Italian artists whose works are currently being shown at the Jewish Museum; through June 25.... **shepherd**, 21 E. 84th St.: Two hundred French nineteenth-century paintings, bronzes, and drawings, from David through Puvis de Chavannes, chosen with emphasis on the academic. Included are Ingres, Delacroix, Géricault, and Degas. Through Saturday, June 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: Nearly fifty drawings, pastels, and watercolors from sixteenth- to twentieth-century France; through June 28. (Closed Saturdays.)

Note—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sunday, June 9.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Dutch Drawings and Prints Before 1800," a showing of works by Rembrandt, Lucas van Leyden, Bloemaert, and many others less well known; through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage," an interpretation by the Museum of what happened in art from 1912 until recently; through Sunday, June 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Sculptures (some of them kinetic, others using strobe lights and mirrors) and related drawings, by Harold Tovish; through June 30.... ¶ An exhibition on the theme of fantasy, featuring Redon and Rousseau, and including Ensor, de Chirico, Chagall, Klee, Miró, Tanguy, and Dali; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighty sculptures, among them "objects" for ballet sets, by Isamu Noguchi, a veteran sculptor and theatrical, architectural, and industrial designer; through June 16.... ¶ Paintings by Hilaire Hiler (1898-1966), an American artist who was a figure in Paris in the time of Hemingway, Pound, and Henry Miller; through Sunday, June 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sixty-two works by Rodin, spanning his career and including studies for such major projects as "The Burghers of Calais," "The Gates of Hell," and "Balzac;" through Aug. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, W. H. Auden and John Cage. Also paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Louise Nevelson, Josef Albers, Saul Steinberg, Buckminster Fuller, and others. Through June 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—Seventy-two paintings and drawings by Frederic Edwin Church (1828-1900), a leading Hudson River School painter; through June 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Destruction Art" by a group of post-Dadaists—Arman, Yves Klein, Tinguely, Ortiz, and de Saint-Phalle (to mention a few); through June 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small selection of pastels, etchings, and paintings by James A. McNeill Whistler (1834-1903); through June 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Recent Italian paintings and sculptures, some by artists well known in the United States, such as Baj, Burri, Capogrossi, Consagra, Dorazio, Fontana, Scialoja, and the Pomodoro brothers, as well as works by younger Italians; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show of drawings, watercolors, and lithographs by the same artists at the Rizzoli Gallery, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Ballet and opera designs by Boris Anisfeldt, an eighty-eight-year-old artist who did many settings and costumes for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet; through June 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions; namely, medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, early and later printed books, bookbindings, and drawings, plus autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents. Through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A flock of decoys made by several carvers, along with wood fantasies (a peacock fountain, no less) whittled by John Scholl in the late nineteenth century; through July 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display, entitled "Gershwin: George, the Music/Ira, the Words," of original compositions, paintings and drawings, letters and photographs, and all the trimmings; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Art of the Congo; through Aug. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The galleries occupying the fourth floor have just been reopened and of-

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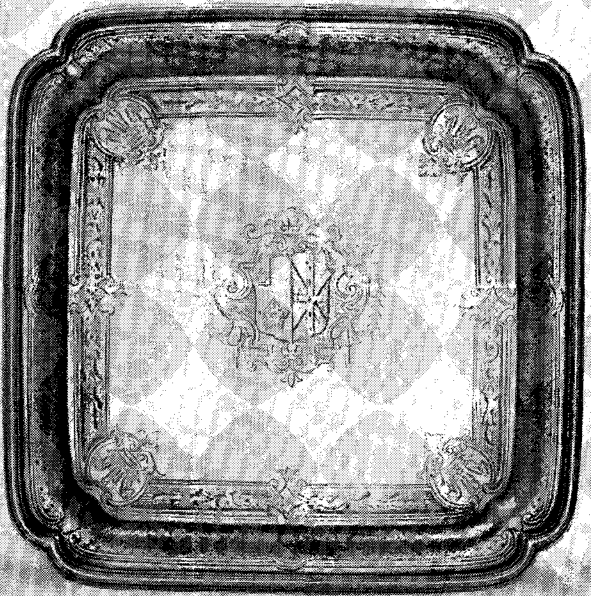

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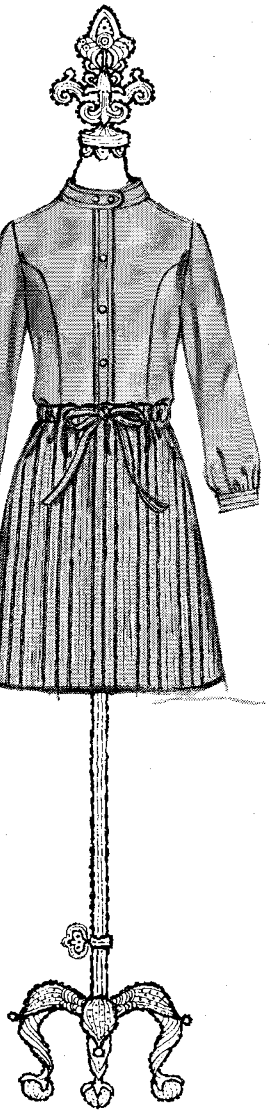

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—A program of Russian music on Thursday, June 6, at 8:30 (with Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise, dancers, and Simon Estes, bass-baritone); a program of French music on Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, and Tuesday, June 11, all at 8:30 (with Ogden Nash, narrator, and Claude Kipnis, pantomimist); and a varied program on Wednesday, June 12, and Friday and Saturday, June 14-15, and also Thursday, June 13—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—at 8:30 (with Amalia Rodrigues, mezzo-soprano).

OPERA OUTDOORS

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—(In the event of threatening weather, call 755-4100 for news)—**CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside: Tuesday, June 11, at 8:30 (rain date, June 13), "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Jean Fenn, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and Morley Meredith. . . . **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL**, Bronx: Wednesday, June 12, at 8:30 (rain date, June 13), "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, William Walker, and Jerome Hines. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn: Friday, June 14, at 8:30 (rain date, June 16), "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Jean Fenn, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and Morley Meredith. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**: Saturday, June 15, at 8 (rain date, June 16), "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, William Walker, and Jerome Hines.

RECITALS

Doris Pines—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, June 7, at 8:30.)

Charles K. L. Davis—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, June 11, at 8:30.)

Edgardo Sosa—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, June 14, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Electric Flag, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and Steppenwolf—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, June 7-8, at 8 and 11:30.

Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass and Checkmates, Ltd.—Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 15, at 8:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Minnesota. Thursday, June 6, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Friday, June 7, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, June 8, at 2; and Sunday, June 9, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Monday through Wednesday, June 10-12, at 8. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, June 14, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 15, at 2:15.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 13-15.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 15; varsity race at 7.)

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 8.)

Horse Shows—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Friday through Sunday, June 7-9.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. Saturday, June 8.) . . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 13-16.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D. C. Sunday, June 9.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 29. The Grand National Steeplechase, Friday, June 7; the Mother Goose, Saturday, June 8; the Juvenile, Monday, June 10; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 3. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Speedway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, June 9, at 1.

Tennis—New Jersey State Men's Championships. (Morristown Field Club, Morristown. Saturday, June 8, through Sunday, June 16.) . . . ¶ Eastern Men's Clay Court Championships. (Oritani Field Club, Hackensack, N.J. Starting Saturday, June 15.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 8-9.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

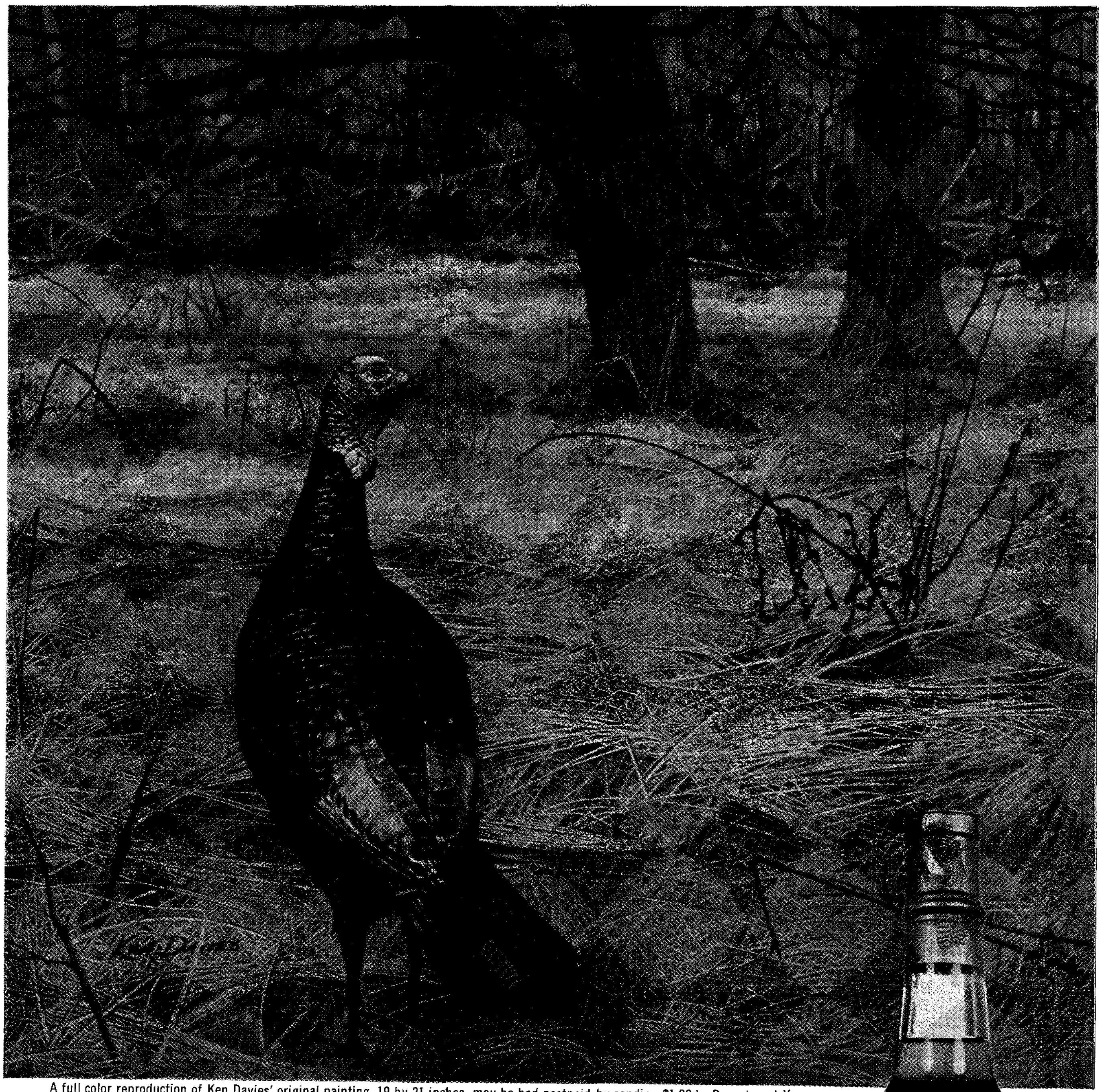
Outdoor Poetry Readings—Saturday, June 8, at 1:30: Lore Segal and Michael Benedikt. . . . ¶ Monday, June 10, at 2:30: John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 12, at 2:30: James Harrison and June Meyer. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 15, at 1:30: Louis Simpson and Raymond Patterson. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. In the event of rain, the readings will be given on the following day at the same time.)

Flower Show—The June Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, June 12, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, June 6, at 10:30 and 1:45: Oriental art, including jade and other hard-stone carvings, snuff bottles, bronzes, pottery and porcelains, Japanese netsuke, and Chinese furniture; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bechhoefer and others. . . . ¶ Friday, June 7, at 1:45: English furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 11, at 10:30 and 1:45: Books and manuscripts, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 12, at 10:30 and 1:45: Decorative paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from a number of collections. . . . ¶ Friday, June 14, at 1:45: Continental and other furniture and decorations, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 8.

Commencement Dates—N.Y.U., Sunday, June 9; Yale, Monday, June 10; Princeton, Tuesday, June 11; Harvard, Thursday, June 13; and Dartmouth, Sunday, June 16.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—June 6 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Dadascope, Part I" (1956-61) and "Dadascope, Part II" (1961-68), by Hans Richter. . . . ¶ June 7 at 2 and 5:30: "From Dada to Surrealism: Forty Years of Experiment" (1921-61), by Hans Richter. . . . ¶ June 8 at 11:30: "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ June 8 at 3 and 5:30 and June 9-10 at 2 and 5:30: "L'Age d'Or" (1930), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ June 12 at 2 and 5:30: "Hoodoo Ann" (1916), with Mae Marsh and Robert Harron. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



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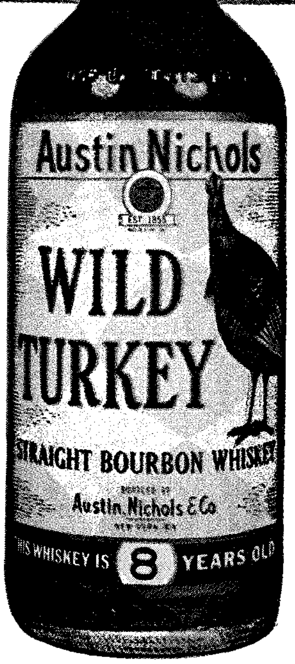

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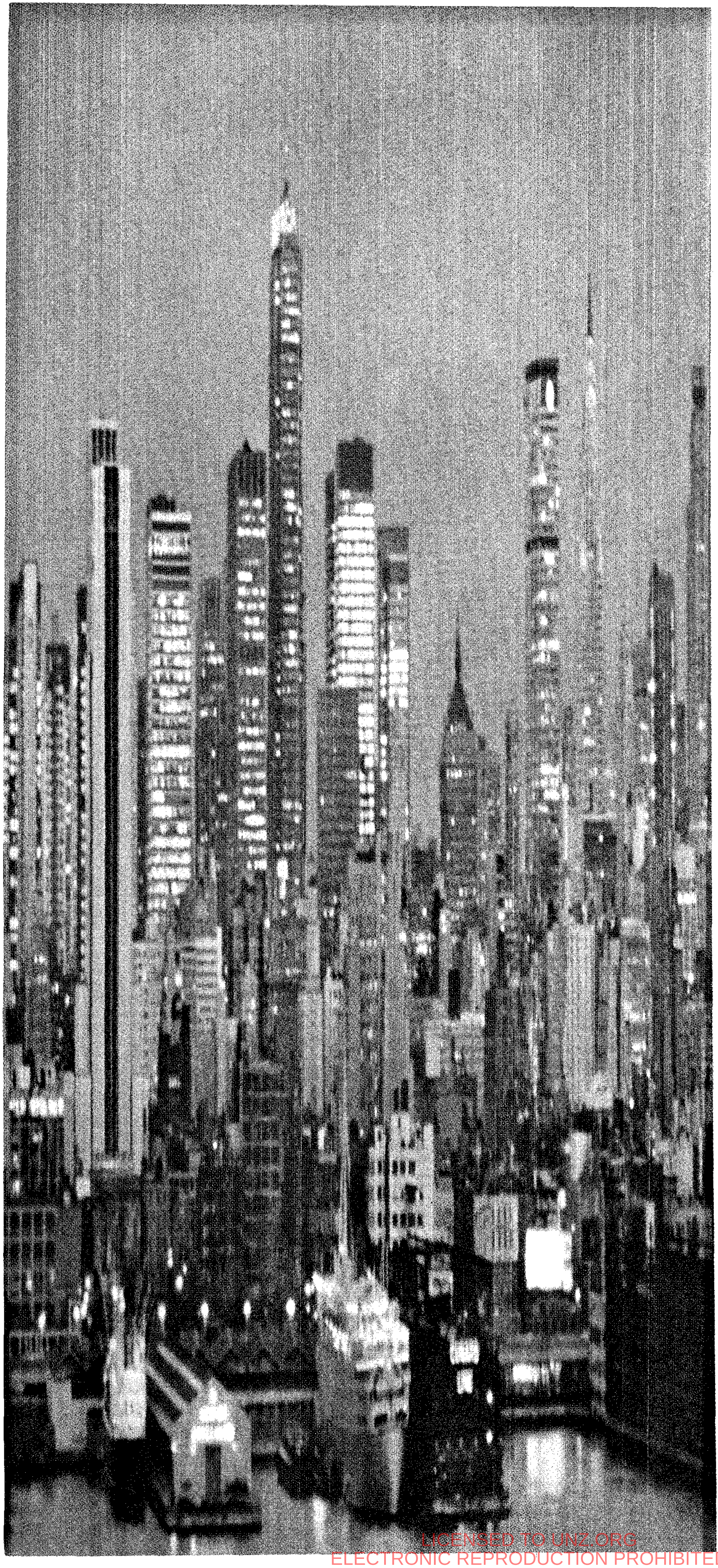

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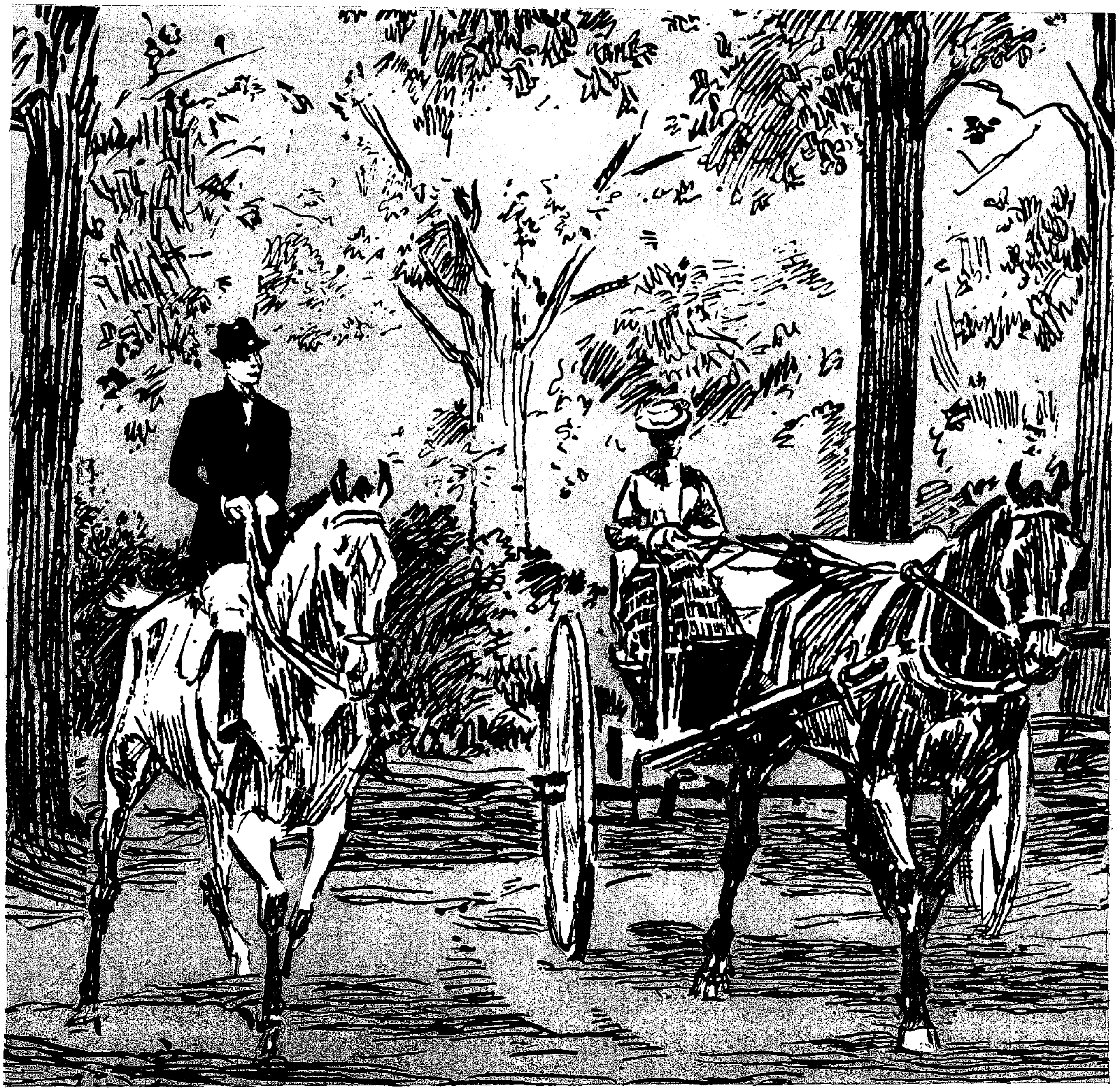

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Bedazzled—An extremely funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Eleanor Bron, and Peter Cook, who also wrote the screenplay. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350. . . . ¶ Regency, B'way at 67th, SC 4-3700; through June 11.)

Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great film-maker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Camelot—A very long and very dull musical, distinguished only by the presence of Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Charlie Bubbles—Albert Finney as a rich, young, incredibly famous English writer who feels blank and bored. The movie is calculated to produce the same sensations in the audience, and it does, it all too drearily does. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through June 11.)

Closely Watched Trains—A tragicomedy about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. The setting is a godforsaken railway station during the last war. A Czech film, directed by Jiri Menzel. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through June 11.)

A Dandy in Aspic—The Cold War and a bone-rattling romance between Laurence Harvey and Mia Farrow. Harvey, the man you love to hate, is a lonely, suffering double agent, and Mia Farrow is a poor little rich girl. This production was designed to be a big, luscious—if shopworn—thriller, all glamour and decadence and suspense, but the ingredients never quite come together. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through June 12.)

Le Départ—A Polish film made in French by Jerzy Skolimowski, about a hairdresser's assistant who wants to be a racing driver. In fine old-fashioned black-and-white, which still looks a lot newer than color television. The film is technically a very brilliant exercise, though it doesn't expand much as a created work. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through June 12.)

Doctor Dolittle—If, as an adult, you *have* to go to this for the sake of your children or grandchildren, all is not lost—at one point, Rex Harrison, in the title role, sings a love song to a seal. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

A Face of War—A cameraman named Eugene S. Jones, ex-TV man, made this film in Vietnam during ninety-seven days spent with a point squad of the Marines. It is the most descriptive and angering record that we have seen of the sheer physical quality of this most diminishing of wars. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—A Czech film of great baroque brilliance, about a Jewish doctor fighting to hang on to a core of honor in Prague under an anti-Semitic totalitarian regime. Directed and written by Zbynek Brynych. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Fox—Two lesbians (Sandy Dennis and Anne Heywood) on a chicken farm, and along comes a fox (Keir Dullea). It's enjoyable in a simple way, and if you haven't read the D. H. Lawrence novella you might think this was what it was about. Mark Rydell directed. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through June 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting June 12.)

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9	10	11	12			

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hour of the Wolf—Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. A film that sees a poetic man's madness as an image for hacking a way out of a life gone sterile. Max von Sydow plays the obsessed painter, Liv Ullmann his sweet-spirited, rackingly responsive wife. The movie is marvellously acted and shot, from Bergman's own screenplay. In Swedish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through June 11.)

In Cold Blood—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Ingeniously adapted from the Capote original by Richard Brooks. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

The Long Day's Dying—Shot in old-varnish-looking color, directed by Peter Collinson. A structurally perfect film about a day in the Second World War, written by Charles Wood, an exceptionally interesting English dramatist and scriptwriter whose obsessional interest is the instincts and slang of soldiering. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013. . . . ¶ Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; through June 11.)

The Odd Couple—If you didn't see the Broadway version of Neil Simon's funny comedy about two men in mid-divorce driving each other balmy with a surrogate version of fussy marriage between them, Gene Saks' film is another chance, with no substantial change. Jack Lemmon is the wifely figure, Walter Matthau the male enraged by vacuum cleaning. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Planet of the Apes—An entertaining and ingenious science-fiction fantasy. Charlton Heston is Adam as an American, and Kim Hunter is a delightful ape lady-doctor. Franklin Schaffner directed. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Producers—A farce about Broadway, with Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks gives them. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Sebastian—Dirk Bogarde is a master decoder in what is probably intended to be a witty, romantic thriller. It didn't turn out that way, but it is tolerably amusing when John Gielgud is on the screen. With Susannah York and Lilli Palmer. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting June 12.)

The Stranger—Luchino Visconti's gallant attempt to do justice to the Camus novel. With Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting June 12.)

The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation of France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

War and Peace—Don't let anyone put you off by saying that the Russians' version is old-fashioned. Thank goodness, instead, for a work of this historical intelligence, detail, affection, and freedom from the silly pursuit of newness. Sergei Bondarchuk directed, wrote the screenplay, and plays Pierre. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 11.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W.C. Fields as a bank dick. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 7-10.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 6.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through June 11.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W.C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina and François Périer. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; June 7-10.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting June 11.)

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IS
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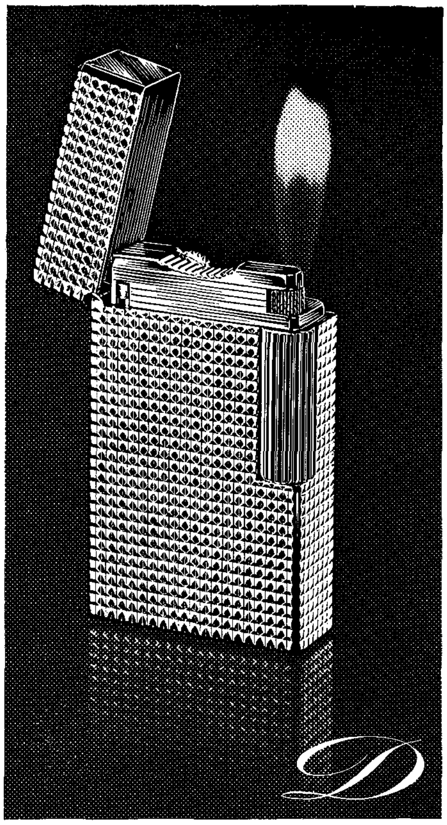
INCIDENTAL.



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
HOUR OF THE WOLF (in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE BANK DICK, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 11: **MARAT/SADE**, revival; and "The Railroad Man" (in Italian), revival, Pietro Germi.
From June 12: **THE STRANGER** (in French); and "Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 11: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Billion Dollar Brain," Michael Caine, Karl Malden.
From June 12: **THE FOX.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Prudence and the Pill," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Boom!," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"What's So Bad About Feeling Good," George Peppard, Mary Tyler Moore.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE PRODUCERS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through the afternoon of June 9: "Trans-Europ-Express" (in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.
From June 10: "Petulia," Julie Christie, George C. Scott.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Swimmer," Burt Lancaster.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
IN COLD BLOOD.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through June 11: "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.
From June 12: "Rosemary's Baby," Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Wild in the Streets," Shelley Winters, Christopher Jones.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through June 11: "Half a Sixpence," Tommy Steele.
From June 12: **THE FOX.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Detective," Frank Sinatra.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Devil's Brigade," William Holden, Cliff Robertson.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
"No More Excuses," a Robert Downey film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through June 11: **CHARLIE BUBBLES**; and "To Be a Crook" (in French), revival.
From June 12: **THE STRANGER** (in French); and "Smashing Time," Rita Tushingham, Lynn Redgrave.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Accattone!" (in Italian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through June 12: **A DANDY IN ASPIC**; and "For Singles Only," John Saxon.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
BEDAZZLED.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through June 11: "Half a Sixpence," Tommy Steele.
From June 12: **THE FOX.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through June 11: **THE LONG DAY'S DYING.**
From June 12: "Rosemary's Baby," Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PLANET OF THE APES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
A FACE OF WAR.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through June 9: **THE FOX.**
From June 10: "Happy End," a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 10: "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname," Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.
From June 11: "Survival 1967," Jules Dassin's film on the Middle East.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Fist in His Pocket" (in Italian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
THE LONG DAY'S DYING.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
Through June 11: **BEDAZZLED.**
From June 12: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 12: **LE DÉPART** (in French); and "Far from Vietnam," the Vietnam war as viewed by six Paris directors.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 11: "Yours, Mine and Ours," Lucille Ball, Henry Fonda.
From June 12: **SEBASTIAN**; and "Grand Slam," Edward G. Robinson, Janet Leigh.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 6: **M** (in German), revival; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.
June 7-10: **NIGHTS OF CABIRIA** (in Italian), revival; and **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish), revival.
From June 11: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 11: **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish).
From June 12: To be announced.

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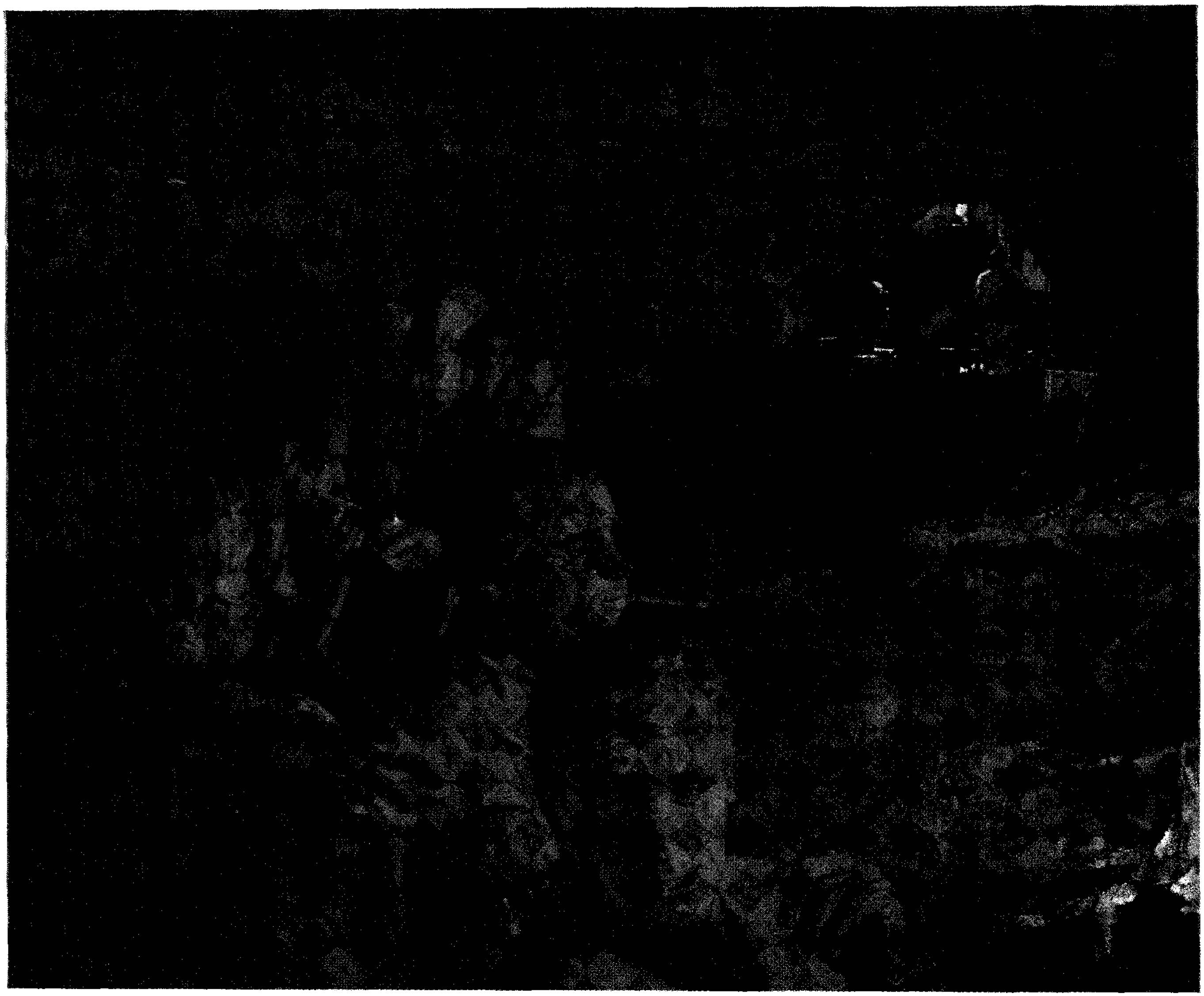

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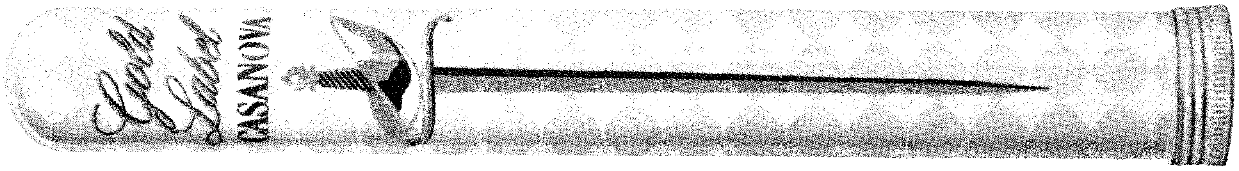

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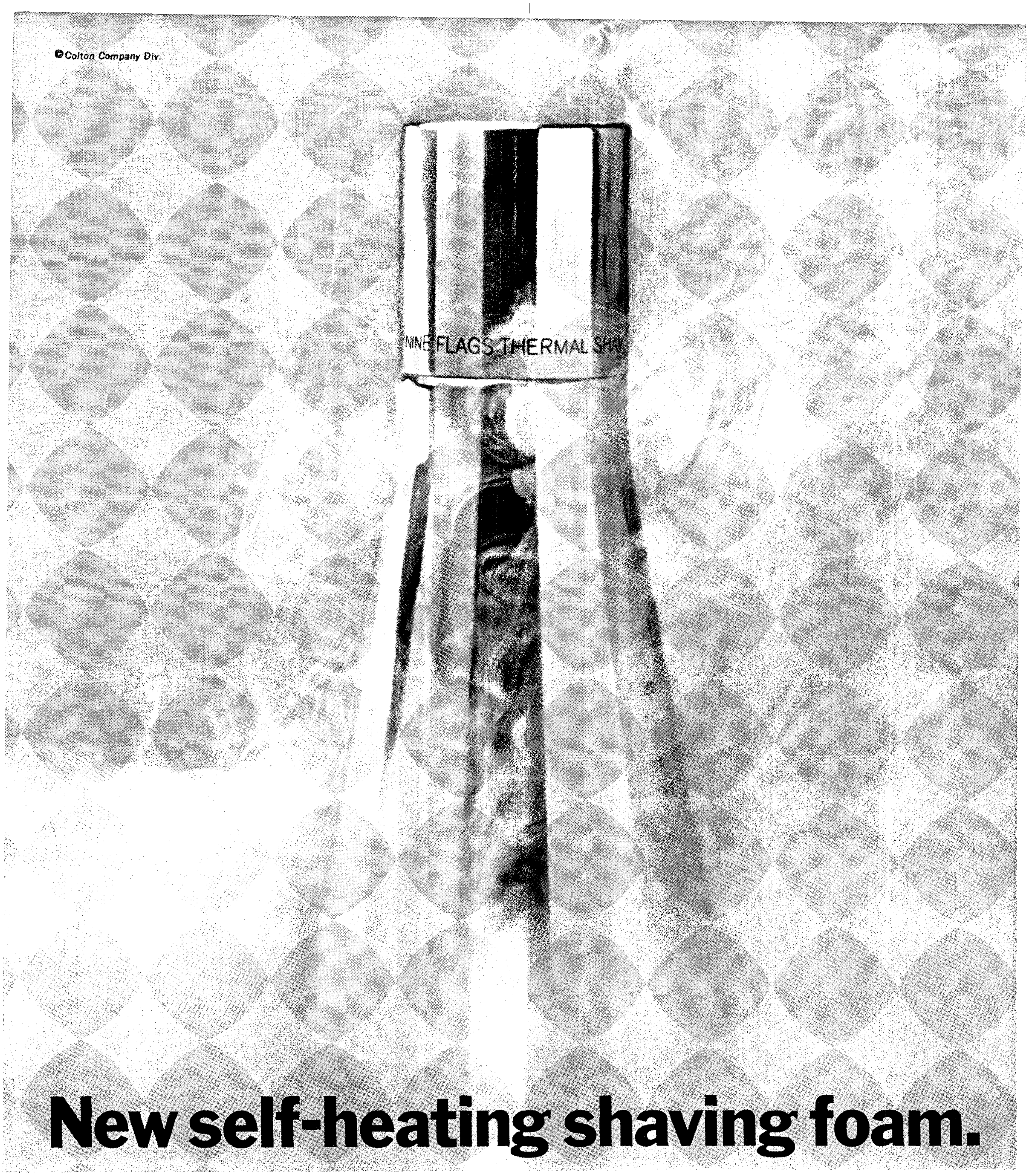

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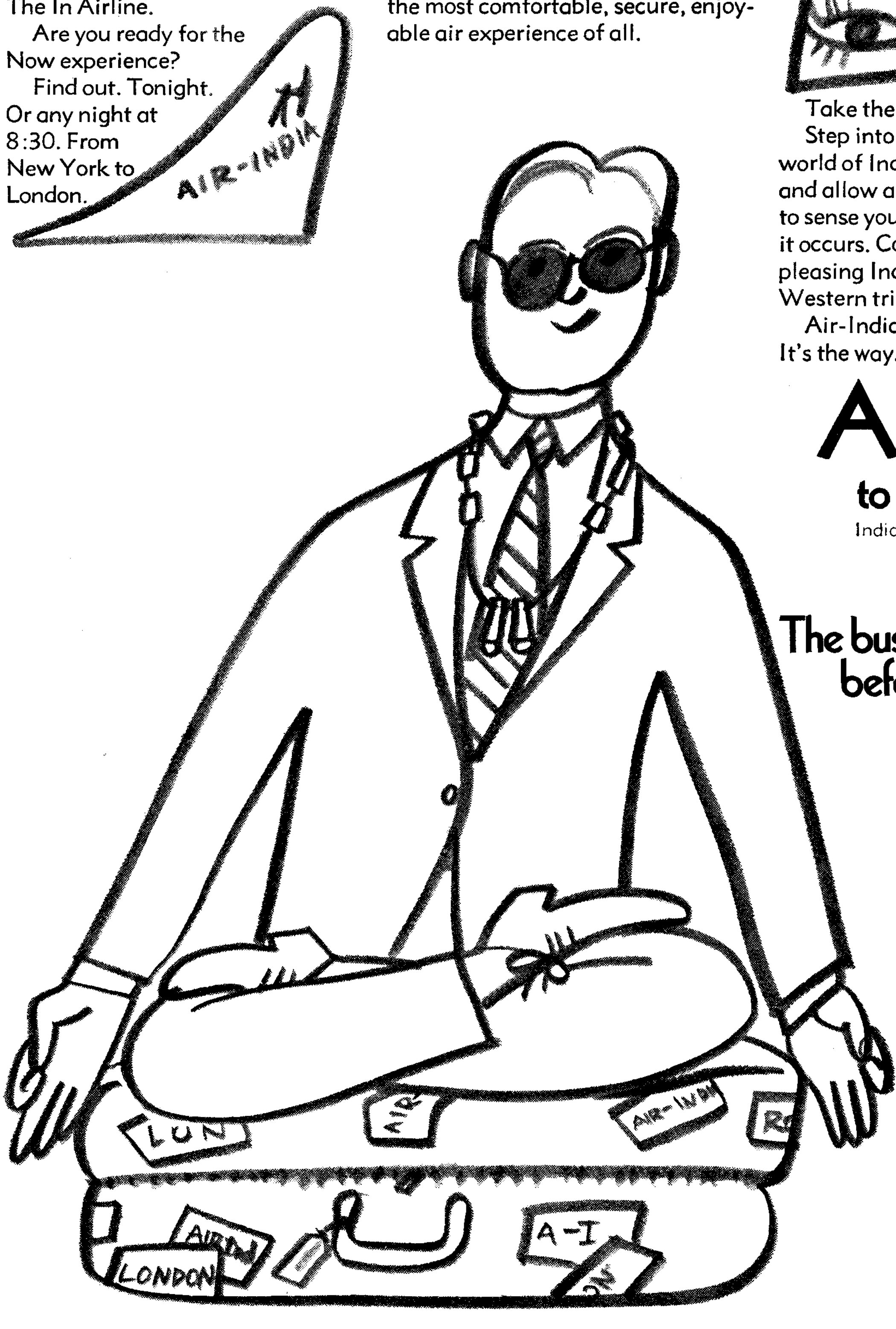

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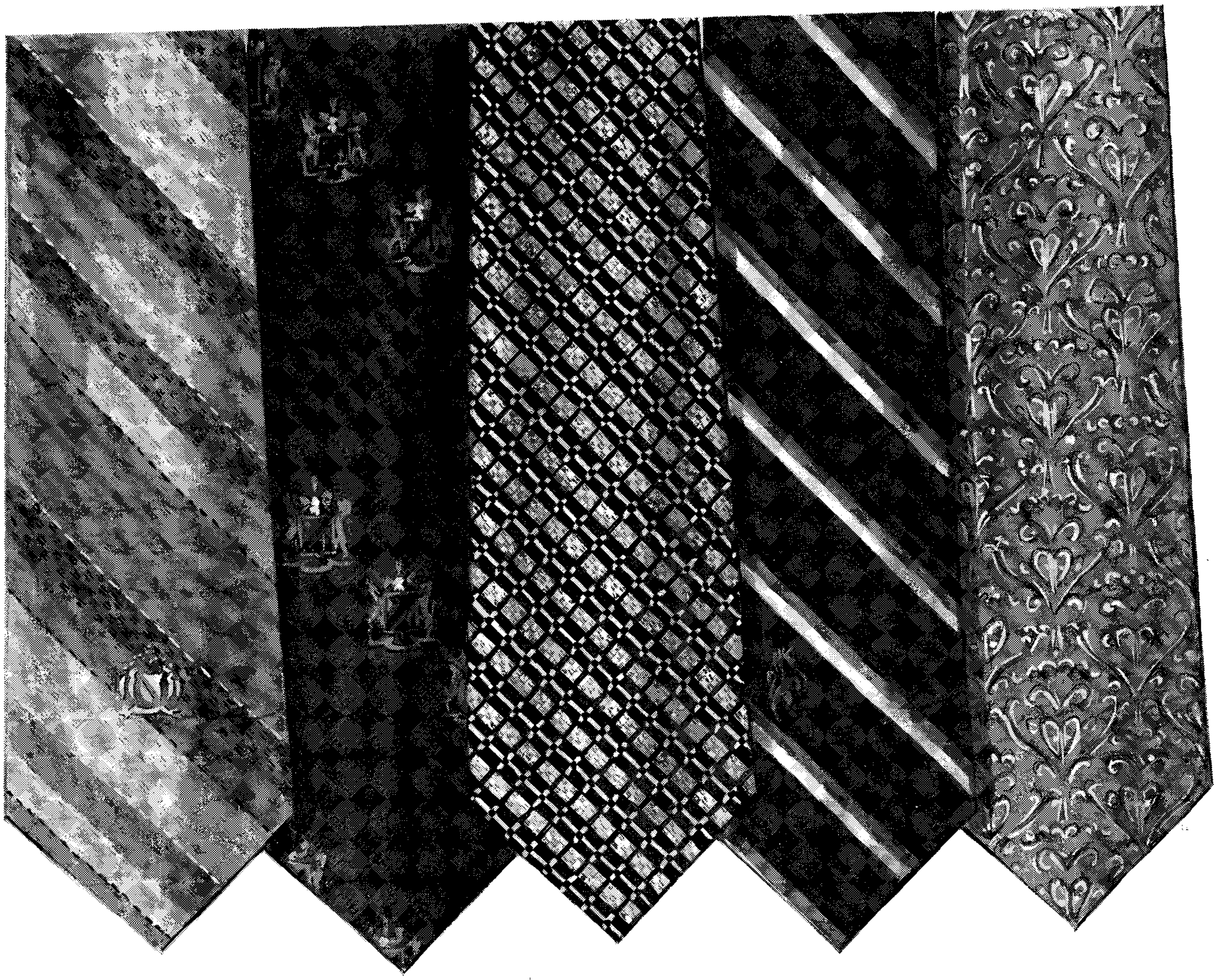

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

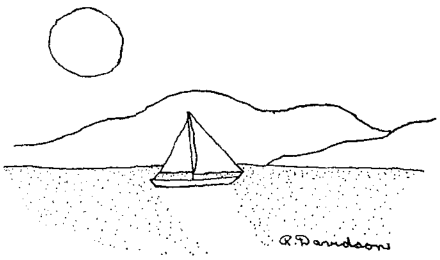
Notes and Comment

LATE into May, when even the slow ashes and oaks had turned themselves green, the maples of the Eastern countryside were still massing beiges, saffrons, and pinks more reminiscent of very early spring or the first turn of foliage in fall than of the usual May fullness. The colors came from a heavy yield of samara, the winged seeds, so thickly clustered on the maples this year that they took both space and vigor from the normal foliage process of the parent tree. When, by the end of the month, the colors had finally fallen, they left the maples sparsely and thinly leaved, with lots of sky to fill before they could offer anything like their normal midsummer density of shade. Meanwhile, the flight patterns of the samara, with the double seeds grown together on the same stem and two flying wings that soar and glide and spin with a freedom and versatility that not even a bird can equal, have been exhibiting, once again, something in nature that our aerodynamicists have never been able to simulate in their wind tunnels. It is, as one watches them scurrying up and past in a May wind, the nearest thing there is to absolutely free flight—an example of how man might cavort in the air if he were really free. It is also, obviously, such a high and extensive use of the principles of free flight and fall that it has to result in the placing of maple seeds in every conceivable location for a chance of germination and growth—a multiplication of chances as profligate as that which, on some yet undated occasion in the past, first brought the components of bacterial life together somewhere on the planet. Thanks to this efficiency, there will be, about twenty years from now, a very large class of young maples in our swamps and on our hillsides, and if any foresters of the time are still counting rings and making statistics, they will reach the conclusion that 1968 must have been, for some reason, a big maple year.

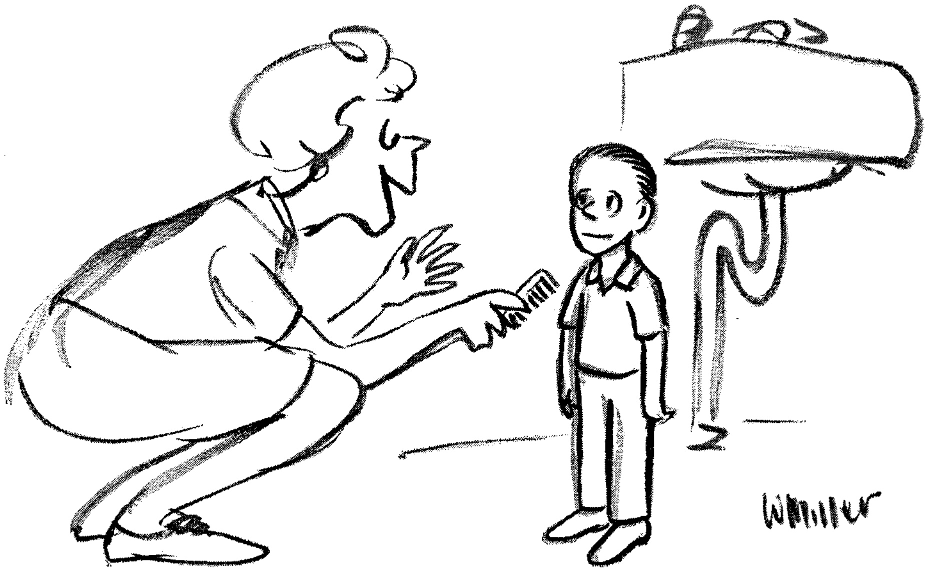
Oë

"THE most shocking act in the last twenty-three years for my people was your President Johnson admitting that the U.S.A. is defeated in Vietnam." The speaker was Kenzaburo Oë (pronounced "Oh-eh"), who, at thirty-three, is one of Japan's most popular and prolific novelists and an internationally known spokesman for the new generation of Japanese radicals. We were sitting in a Greenwich Village cocktail lounge with Mr. Oë and John Nathan, a young American scholar who has just completed an English translation of Mr. Oë's novel "A Personal Matter," to be published next week by Grove Press. Mr. Oë understands English perfectly and is widely read in American literature, but he occasionally finds himself at a loss for the correct English idiom, and Mr. Nathan was along to provide it.

"In the world of the Japanese imagination, there is not the diversity that you have in the U.S.A.," Mr. Oë told us. "Before 1940, for example, the Japanese people had a single image of a very strong and very brutal U.S.A. After the war, the Japanese had another image of your country—of a very strong and *democratic* U.S.A. Then, when the Vietnam war began—even among our intelligentsia, who believe it is a very dirty war—there was still the image of a very *strong* U.S.A. Now all that is shattered, and there is a crisis in the Japanese mind." He described his own role as that of a seeker after "the genuine morality of the nuclear age," explaining, "We are trying to discover a means whereby a nation that does not have nuclear arms can survive in today's world." In the long run, he believes that the "power triangle" consisting of the United States, Japan, and mainland China must be altered to permit the establishment "of healthy, viable, dignified relations" with China, which would lead, in turn, to a "spiritual and moral revolution in Japan." His immediate concern is the removal of American military bases from Okinawa. "The Okinawa problem is the pivot today," he told us. "The Okinawans are already desperate. You are starting to get Okinawan demonstrations against the American military presence. In Japan itself, only the radical students have become desperate so far. I want to create a channel of understanding between the small, isolated group of extremely radical students and the—the . . ." Mr. Oë paused and said something in Japanese to his translator, who replied in the same language and then turned to us and completed the sentence: ". . . between the radicals and the mainstream. Kenzaburo feels that the mainstream is just now beginning to perceive how formidable and dangerous the authority of the state in fact is."



In the rapid-fire exchange of Japanese between author and translator, we had distinctly heard the English phrase "New Left" repeated several times, and we asked Mr. Oë if he had met any young American radicals, such as the militant student leaders at Columbia University. He said that he had not, but that he was impressed by what he had heard about them—especially "the good communication between the radical leaders and the ordinary students." He went on to say that one area of friction between him and the



"There, now you're all spick-and-span, just like a little Richard Nixon."

• •

younger Japanese radicals is their uncompromising opposition to all American influences. "They call me a clown when I say that the goal now is to insure the continuation of the postwar democracy that was provided by the American Occupation. But this is so. During those years, the American Army meant democracy to Japan. Then, in 1950, on the day after the Korean war began, General MacArthur tried to hunt down the leaders of the Japanese Communist Party. That was the beginning of the contradiction for us. It is a famous anecdote in Japan that the Communist leaders who were driven underground by MacArthur in 1950 were the same leaders who had stood outside American Headquarters in 1945 shouting '*Vive MacArthur!*' "

Although Oë has been attacked in Japan for his politics and for his modern literary style—some critics accuse him of destroying the traditional beauty of the Japanese language—his books continue to grow in popularity. Since 1958, he has published eight major novels, three collections of short stories, a five-hundred-page volume of essays, a book of interviews and reflections on Hiroshima, and numerous other pieces of journalism. The eight novels were reissued not long ago in a set that has sold over nine hundred thousand copies in Japan. "A Personal Matter," which was first published in Japan in 1964, tells the story of a young man whose wife gives birth to a terribly deformed baby; the new father must decide whether to keep the child or "let" it die. The novel is partly autobiographical; Oë is the father of a five-year-old son who is mentally retarded. Among the many Western influences on his work, Oë places special emphasis on the Existentialism of Jean-Paul Sartre; he says that his basic theme is the individual's search for "authenticity," adding, "We Japanese are an uprooted people; one hundred years of modern history have made us *déraciné*." During the Second World War, Oë, like all other Japanese children, was taught in school that the individual's highest moral duty was to die for the Emperor, whose divinity was unquestioned. At the moment, his favorite American authors are Mark Twain ("especially 'Huckleberry Finn' "), Herman Melville (" 'Moby Dick,' of course"), William Faulkner, Ralph Ellison, James Baldwin ("the essays"), and Norman Mailer ("especially 'The Deer Park' ").

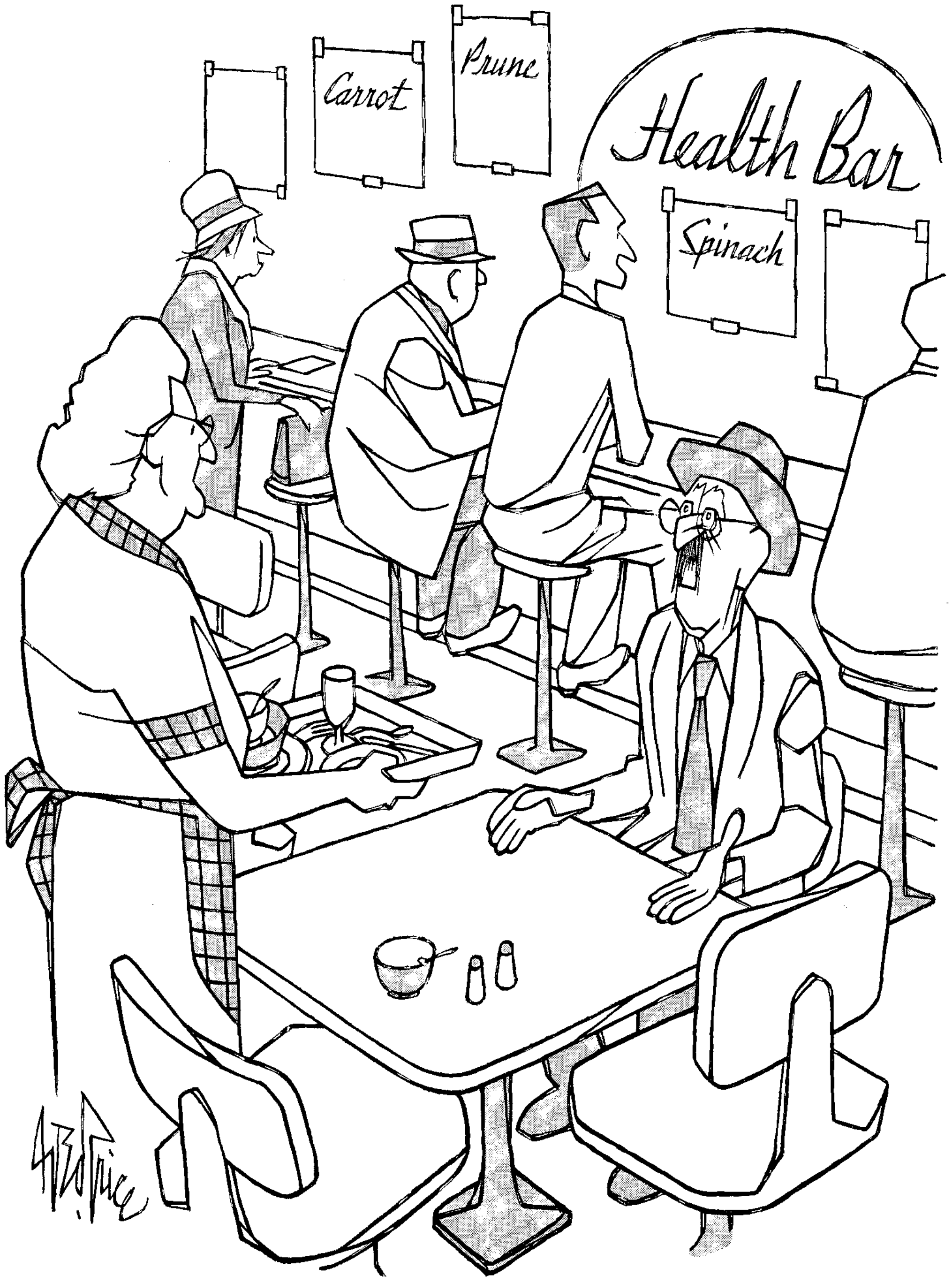
One of Oë's most recent works is an essay entitled "Political Imagination and the Imagination of a Murderer," which deals with the exploits of a young Korean-Japanese gangster named Kim, who, according to Oë, has become an "Existential hero" in Japan. No novelist—not even Norman Mailer—could have invented a character more representative of the mood of what might be called the International New Left. Although Kim's parents were Korean, he was born and brought up in Japan, and he learned to speak only Japanese. He was just another young punk in the Tokyo underworld until February 20th of this year, when he killed two men in a gang war and fled to the small resort town of Kakegawa, a hundred miles southwest of the capital. There he took refuge in an inn, with two rifles, two thousand rounds of ammunition, sixty sticks of dynamite, and twelve hostages. He held out against the police for five days, during which he established telephone contact with various members of the Japanese press and, in a series of well-publicized interviews, attacked the "segregation" of Koreans in Japanese life and the widespread anti-Korean prejudice that, Oë said, has long been the hidden shame of Japanese society. With the lives of the hostages at stake, Kim demanded that the authorities find the policeman who had called him a "dirty Korean" when he was five years old, and have the man apologize on national television. When that particular patrolman proved impossible to find, Kim called instead for an apology from a police officer who had recently been quoted as blaming much of the crime in modern Japan on the country's Korean minority. The police officer went on the air as ordered, and in the course of his apology he broke down and wept over his admittedly unjust accusations. After the broadcast, Kim announced that he was not satisfied; he ordered the policeman to repeat his apology, this time without the excess sentimentality. The officer did so. Meanwhile, the resort town where Kim was holed up had become a center of pilgrimage for concerned members of the Korean-Japanese community and for the Japanese intelligentsia in general. Many of the former had come to urge Kim to give himself up now that his point had been made. Some of the latter felt that the only proper conclusion to Kim's protest was suicide. Before Kim could act either way, he was captured, by what Oë called "a very dirty method," involving a policeman disguised as a Korean sympathizer. In custody, Kim has apparently reverted to type—the foulmouthed minor hoodlum concerned only with his own survival. "At the beginning, Kim was just a murderer," Oë told us. "He became an Existential hero by accident. Now he is just a murderer again."

Westbeth

SINCE artists traditionally live undernourished lives in undersized dwellings, it is encouraging to learn that the old Bell Telephone Laboratories buildings, on the western edge of Greenwich Village, will be transformed by the middle of next year into a complex of studio-residences where three hundred and ninety artists, many of them with families, can live at low rents. It is provocative to learn, also, that the buildings in question were the scene of a good many discoveries during the years when they were occupied by their first tenant, the engineering department of the Western Electric Company (from 1896 to 1925), and by its successor, Bell Telephone Laboratories (from 1925 to 1967). Since these buildings are about to enter a new phase, one might conclude that they have some qualities the great majority of urban buildings lack—if for no other reason than that when they had outlasted their original function they managed to evade the implacable, swift wrecker's ball that so often provides the city with a kind of instant Ozymandias. The buildings occupy the block bounded by West, Bethune, Washington, and Bank Streets, overlooking the North River. There are three main buildings—one of ten, one of eleven, and one of thirteen stories—and a few smaller, connecting ones. After reading something of their history, we set out for the site in the company of Richard Meier, a thirty-three-year-old architect who is directing the renovation. On the way, in a taxi, Mr. Meier explained that the project was the idea of the National Council on the Arts and of the J. M. Kaplan Fund, each of which had advanced five hundred thousand dollars toward the project and joined the other in setting up the Westbeth Corporation to manage it. The project, which will be financed as middle-income housing by the Federal Housing Administration, will eventually cost about ten million dollars. At the site, we strolled around the block with Mr. Meier and saw that the buildings are sturdy industrial structures of brick and granite with two really distinctive architectural elements: a viaduct along one side of the eleven-story building, on Washington Street, through which run tracks—but no longer trains—belonging to the New York Central, and a high, wide carriage entrance in the thirteen-story building, on West Street, that resembles a gateway to a fifteenth-century castle.

"The buildings, as well as the corporation that will manage them, will be known as Westbeth," Mr. Meier told us as he led us through the carriage entrance. "The name comes from two of the streets here—West and Bethune." We advanced into an empty, low-roofed storage area, where Mr. Meier said, "This will become a courtyard. This roof will come off, and bridges that connect the taller buildings, up above, will be removed. Around the courtyard will be shops and boutiques." (We remembered having read that some of the first talking pictures were produced in these buildings in 1923. In the same year, the producer Sam Warner attended a demonstration of talking pictures there that led to the formation of the Vitaphone Corporation, which in 1927 produced the first commercial talkie, "The Jazz Singer." In 1915, long-distance telephony was made possible through research in these buildings. In 1929, the coaxial cable was developed there.)

Mr. Meier led us through a door in a brick wall on one side of the storage area and started down a corridor toward the ten-story building, which faces Bethune Street. He said, "What we're trying to do here is give people incredibly large units for the rent—much larger than you could give nowadays by starting from scratch. These buildings are fantastically strong, with floors up to nine and a half inches thick and ceilings up to twenty-three feet high. Our smallest units will be one-room efficiency apartments, and our largest will have three bedrooms. Rents should average about a hundred and twenty dollars a month." (In 1935, Albert Einstein visited these buildings, and in 1938 two Bell scientists, Dr. Herbert E. Ives and G. R. Stilwell, performed an experiment there in which accelerated hydrogen atoms were used to confirm an important postulate of Einstein's special theory of relativity. In 1937, Dr. Clinton J. Davisson was



"The sea-kelp salad was only so-so, but I can't say enough for the soybean soufflé."

awarded the Nobel Prize for physics for research he had done in these buildings on the wave nature of matter. In the nineteen-forties, microwave-relay systems were developed there. In 1947, the first transistor was demonstrated there.)

After showing us around the ten-story building, Mr. Meier led us back to the West Street building, ushered us into an elevator, took its controls, and whisked us to the twelfth floor, where Bell Laboratories' executive offices used to be. Standing in an immense, walnut-panelled office whose windows looked across the river to New Jersey, Mr. Meier said, "These offices will be turned into community and studio space, but we're keeping the walnut panelling. There's an auditorium on top of the Washington Street building, and we'll keep that, along with a staging area next to it, which can be used by filmmakers and dancers. In the basements, there will be soundproof studios for musicians. Plans call for turning the old viaduct into a sculpture garden. (In 1927, the world's first public demonstration of television was made in the Washington Street building. Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, was one of the first people to appear on the screen. Speaking from Washington, Mr. Hoover said, "Today we have in a sense the transmission of sight, for the first time in the world's history. Human genius has now destroyed the impediment of distance in a new respect, and in a manner hitherto unknown. What its uses may finally be, no one can tell.")

"A board of directors and an advisory group of citizens will select the resident artists," Mr. Meier said, showing us into another office. "There'll be only a few writers, since the emphasis is on space—the largest, openest units possible for work and for living—and it's people like painters, sculptors, choreographers, and filmmakers who need the most space. Housing is the most important thing an architect can work on. It's all interconnected, you know—transportation, where you live, where you eat, where you work. I didn't particularly want to take on a renovation, but I couldn't resist doing this one. I think these buildings will last for some time."

Cultural Exchange

ONE of the happiest examples of Russian-American coöperation we've ever seen is a forty-minute ballet called "Ballet School"—a survey, in effect, of classical-dance training that employs the combined talents of the Bolshoi company and a group of American ballet students. The American children—who range in age from seven to fourteen—start things off with a demonstration of the basic steps in the ballet curriculum. Then the visiting Russians—who are noted for their physical virtuosity and brilliant technique—take over and present a graduate course in whipping turns, soaring leaps, and gravity-defying midair catches. The ballet is performed with Asaf Messerer, a short, graceful Russian, onstage throughout in the role of choreographer. He walks back and forth correcting and encouraging the dancers as he would in a real class. (Mr. Messerer, who looks like Jimmy Durante and recently celebrated his forty-eighth year in ballet, is one of the Bolshoi's principal teachers and choreographers.)

We dropped by at the Metropolitan Opera House one evening last week for a closer look at this Russian-American collaboration and found the Bolshoi's prima ballerina, Maya Plisetskaya, performing the "Dying Swan" onstage, and, in the lounge a floor below, the "Ballet School" children—ten boys in electric-blue tights and white T-shirts; twenty girls in blue leotards, pink tights, and looped-up braids tied with pink bows—warming up for their appearance, to follow. Watching the children with a worried look was Simon Semenoff, the Hurok official in charge of them, who told us that he was planning a short rehearsal of the most difficult section of "Ballet School" immediately before its performance.

"Seven hundred kids showed up for our audition," Mr. Semenoff told us, "and there were so many good ones that I chose three groups—two for the Bolshoi and one for the Royal Ballet, which also needed some American children. This is Group I; they danced the first three performances, but they've been out for a while and their spacing may be a little rusty."

We asked Mr. Semenoff if any of the children had danced with both companies, and he took us over to meet Michael Wasmund and Glenn Dufford, a thirteen-year-old and a twelve-year-old, who were doing deep knee bends in one corner of the room.

"The styles and attitudes are completely different," Michael, a lanky redhead, said. "The Royal is calm and polite and predictable. The Russians are spectacular. They smile a lot, and they always seem to be fighting among themselves in a friendly way."

"The Bolshoi people make everything look easy," Glenn added, "but we know how difficult it is. When Michael and I were in Buffalo with them, the ballerina who does all those hops across stage on one toe collapsed right in front of us when she finished and began yelling 'Massage my leg!' "

Hanging on to the back of a nearby sofa was Jeryl Nemarow, a small, brown-eyed blonde who, under her mother's supervision, was bouncing cautiously up and down on the toes of new ballet shoes. "It won't break in," she said, inspecting the shank of her left foot.

"You'll just have to work at it," her mother said.

Jeryl sighed, stuffed an extra piece of lamb's wool into the toe of her shoe, and tried an arabesque *en pointes*. "My front is my worst and the back of second is my best," she announced, bending forward to watch a smaller, black-haired girl named Giselle Calderon—who was sitting at a table before a mirror—make up her eyes with professional skill.

"Your extension is very good," said Giselle. "Do you want to try my blush? It has glitter in it."

"Oh, cool!" Jeryl said. She peered into Giselle's mirror and applied a light film of rouge to her cheeks with what looked like a shaving brush.

Giselle brushed on grayish-green eyeshadow, drew dark lines on her eyelids, powdered her neck, and sprayed her toes with a can of Dermoplast before pulling on her ballet slippers. "It numbs your toes, so they don't hurt," she explained as she wound the ribbons around her ankles. "I'm in the third division at my school," she continued, pointing a tiny arched foot, "and we don't go on toe *officially* till next fall. I'm at the American Ballet School. Balanchine is very fussy."

On the other side of the room, we encountered two exuberant ten-year-olds—Isabelle Fokine (the granddaughter of Michel Fokine, the eminent Ballet Russe choreographer) and Nancy Browner—who informed us, with grins, that they had just sneaked upstairs to watch Plisetskaya dance.

"I considered it an obligation," Isabelle, a perky brunette with a round face, dark hair, and flashing blue eyes, said. "My gosh, how can they keep me down here when my grandfather invented the 'Dying Swan' for Pavlova?"

"Maya looked right at me and gave me a great big smile," Nancy said, hugging a souvenir program that Plisetskaya had autographed for her. "I'm going to guard this with my life."

"I'm not nervous," Isabelle said, after she had tottered over to a candy machine on her toes and jammed it by pressing too many buttons. "Just shaking to death. The steps aren't so tough; it's just that we two have a faculty for not remembering which arms come where. The Russians are very particular about arms and heads. Boy, did we get it at rehearsal!"

"They expect the little kids to make mistakes," Nancy said. "That's why we get paid less. I went into the wrong wing last time and saw those tutu women, so I came out again. Did you know that they're all sewed into their costumes?"

"My problem is the grand finale," Isabelle said, spinning around on one foot. "There are about five thousand men on our side of the stage telling us when to go in. But the kids from the other side are always late, and since I'm the first one in *my* line, I never know whether to kneel on the chord or not. Usually, I wait for the others, because it would look pretty ridiculous if I didn't."

At ten-fifteen, during intermission, the children trooped upstairs to be rehearsed onstage by Mr. Semenoff. ("Spacing! Spacing! Lift the arms and look out at the audience. Remember your fifth position.") Then, shortly before "Ballet School" was to begin, the ten smallest girls and the ten boys took up their positions at ballet bars on each side of the stage, watching with wide-eyed wonder as the muscular, cheerful Bolshoi dancers jumped, turned, and jogged around them. Nancy, who had managed to bring along her program, broke ranks and dashed over to a handsome youth who had just finished a series of brilliant *entrechats*, and was rewarded with a smile, a burst of conversation, and a pat on the head. Isabelle, who remained at the bar, surveyed the entire group and pointed out a sturdy brown-haired man and informed us that he had a fantastic line. "I like him very much, even though he wears dumb leg warmers and has thousands of bobby pins in his hair," she said. "I think his name is Vladimir."

"I don't just like Maris Liepa; I love him!" Nancy cried breathlessly, sliding back into place. "He has green eyes and he speaks English and he's promised to give me a shoe from 'Giselle' after the performance. Oh, I love him, I love him!"

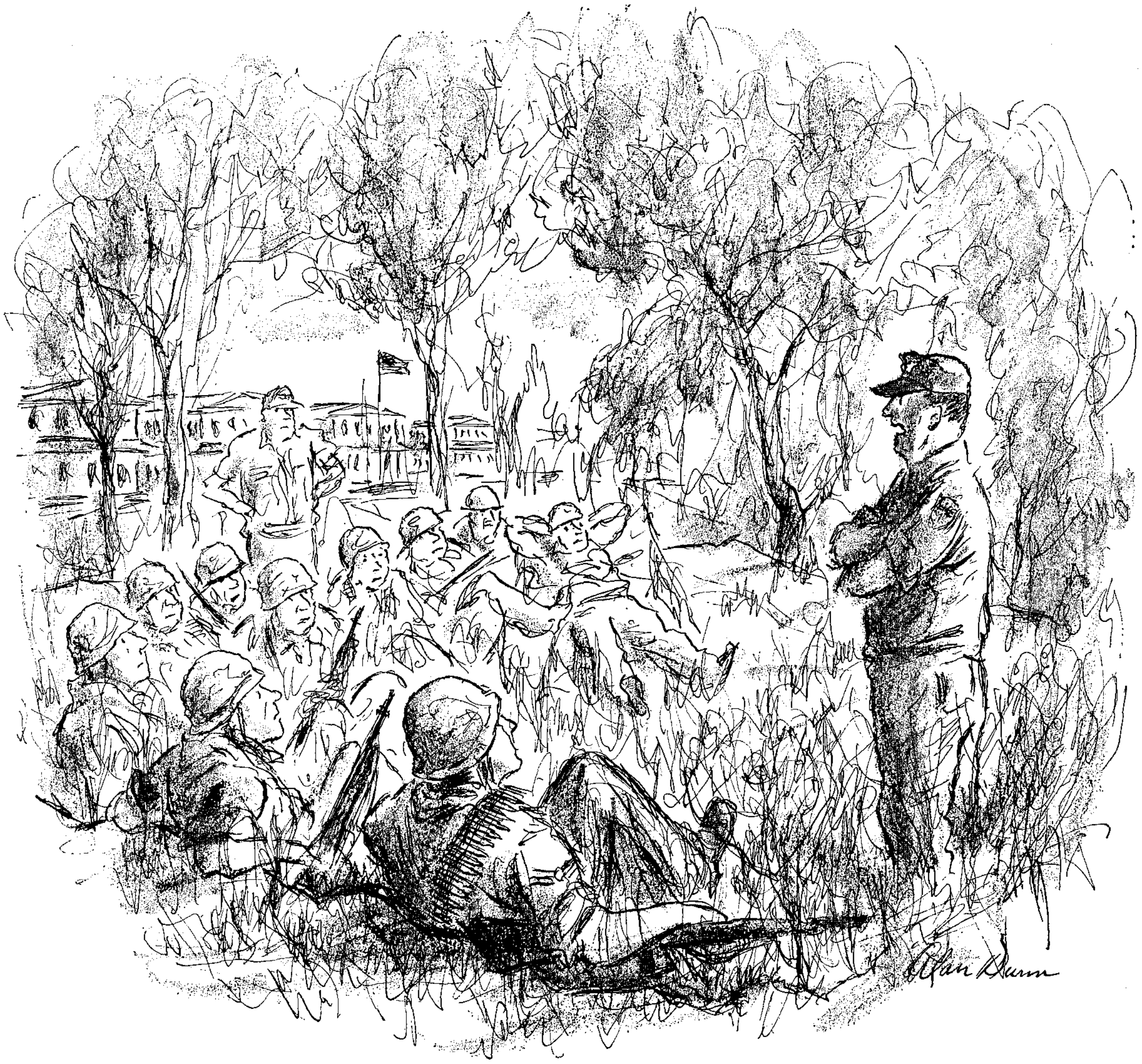
"Who's the one doing the big jumps?" asked the smallest girl at the front of the bar.

"That's Yuri," a chorus of feminine voices replied. Ten pigtailed heads turned to watch Yuri Vladimirov—a thin-faced man with long, straight brown hair—cross the stage diagonally in three great arched-back leaps.

"I used to love Yuri," Nancy said, "but he's so mean. I ask him to sign and he looks right through me."

"He's thinking so hard he's somewhere else," Isabelle said as the strained, sweating face of one of Russia's greatest dancers flashed past the bar. "Didn't you hear him talk to himself when he jumps?"

"Sometimes I feel he just goes up in the air and says, 'Well, I'll fly awhile, and then maybe I'll think about coming down,' " the smallest ballerina said, looking wistfully at Mr. Vladimirov, who was catching his breath in the wings. He met her eyes briefly and gave her a slight, poker-faced wave. "Oh!" she said just as the stage lights dimmed and the heavy gold curtain parted. Mr. Messerer, who had observed the encounter, smiled benignly and, in view of the audience and now as part of the performance, lifted her limp right arm into the correct position above her head.



"In our next and final exercise, assume you have bailed out of the controversial F111-A jet over enemy territory and are armed with the controversial M-16 rifle."

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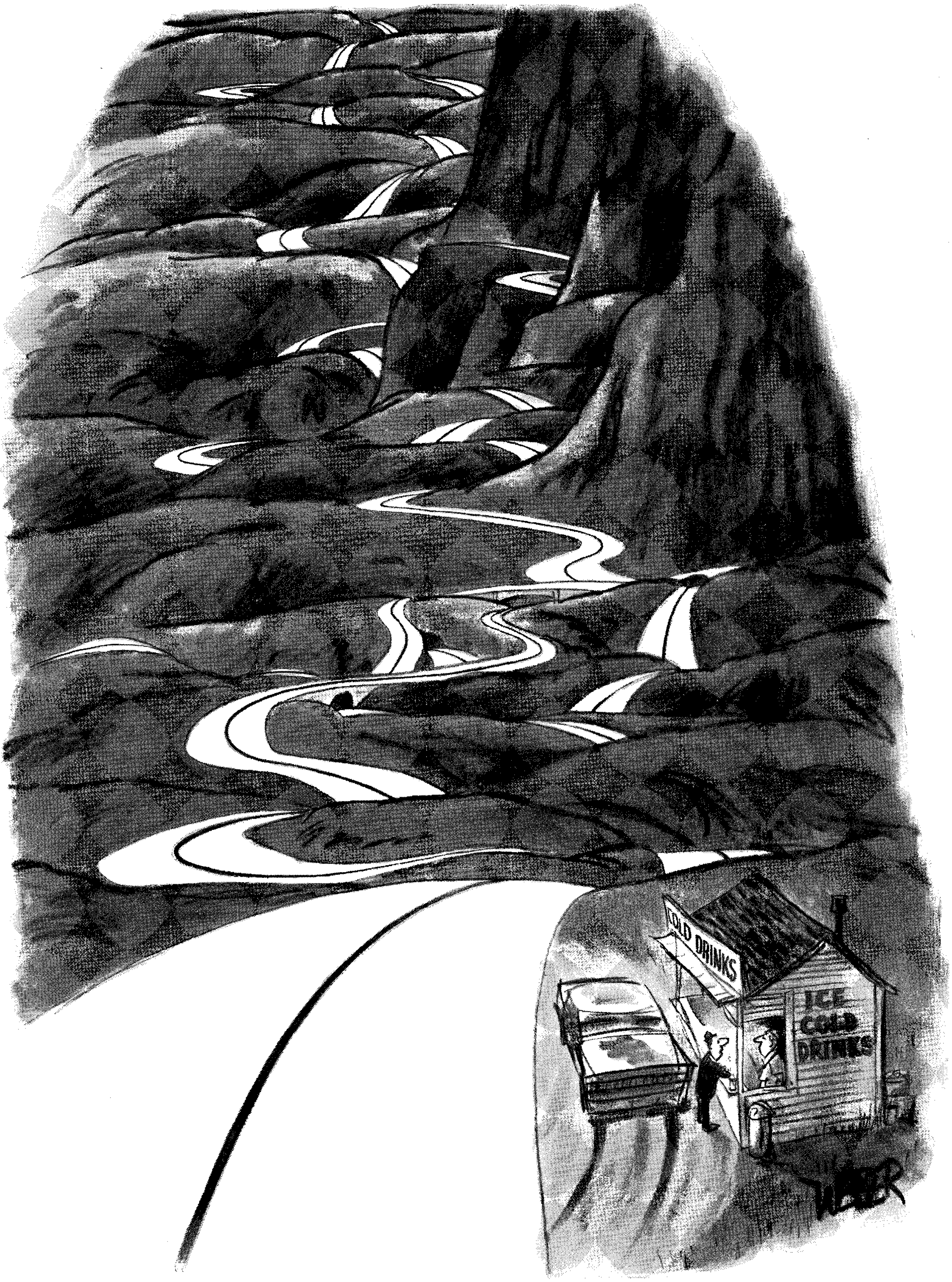

COLD DRINKS
ICE COLD DRINKS

"I guess I'll have one for the road."

THE POLICEMEN'S BALL

Horace, a policeman, was making Rock Cornish Game Hens for a special supper. The Game Hens are frozen solid, Horace thought. He was wearing his blue uniform pants.

Inside the Game Hens were the giblets in a plastic bag. Using his needle-nose pliers Horace extracted the frozen giblets from the interior of the birds. Tonight is the night of the Policemen's Ball, Horace thought. We will dance the night away. But first, these Game Hens must go into a three-hundred-and-fifty-degree oven.

Horace shined his black dress shoes. Would Margot "put out" tonight? On this night of nights? Well, if she didn't— Horace regarded the necks of the birds which had been torn asunder by the pliers. No, he reflected, that is not a proper thought. Because I am a member of the force. I must try to keep my hatred under control. I must try to be an example for the rest of the people. Because if they can't trust us . . . the blue men . . .

In the dark, outside the Policemen's Ball, the horrors waited for Horace and Margot.

Margot was alone. Her roommates were in Provincetown for the weekend. She put pearl-colored lacquer on her nails to match the pearl of her new-bought gown. Police colonels and generals will be there, she thought. The Pendragon of Police himself. Whirling past the dais, I will glance upward. The pearl of my eyes meeting the steel gray of high rank.

Margot got into a cab and went over to Horace's place. The cabdriver was thinking: A nice-looking piece. I could love her.

Horace removed the birds from the oven. He slipped little gold frills, which had been included in the package, over the ends of the drumsticks. Then he uncorked the wine, thinking: This is a town without pity, this town. For those whose voices lack the crack of authority. Luckily the uniform . . . Why won't she surrender her person? Does she think she can resist the force? The force of the force?

"These birds are delicious."

Driving Horace and Margot smoothly to the Armory, the new cabdriver thought about basketball:

Why do they always applaud the man who makes the shot?

Why don't they applaud the ball?

It is the ball that actually goes into the net.

The man doesn't go into the net.

Never have I seen a man going into the net.

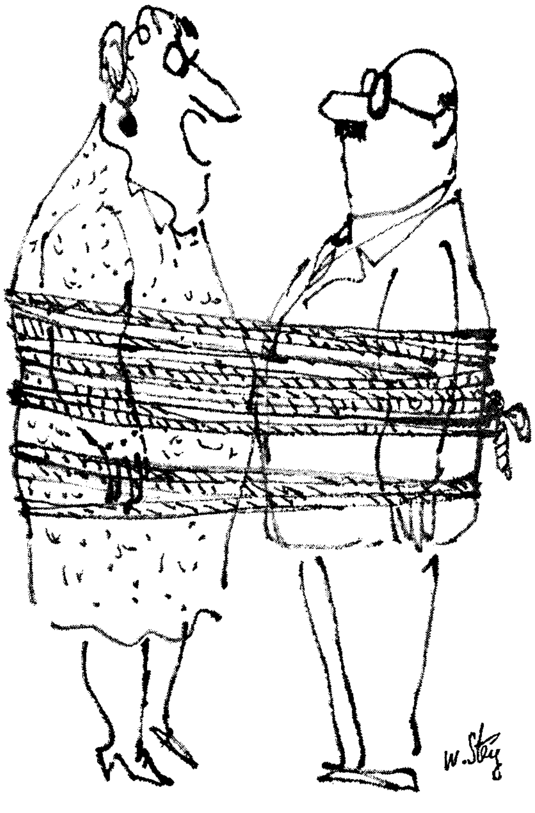
Twenty thousand policemen of all grades attended the annual fête. The scene was Camelot, with gay colors and burgees. The interior of the Armory had been roofed with lavish tenting. Police colonels and generals looked down on the dark uniforms, white gloves, silvery ball gowns.

"Tonight?"

"Horace, not now. This scene is so brilliant. I want to remember it."

Horace thought: It? Not me?

The Pendragon spoke. "I ask you to be reasonable with the citizens. They pay our salaries after all. I know that they are difficult sometimes, obtuse sometimes, even criminal sometimes, as we often run across, in our line of work. But I ask you despite all to be reasonable. I know it is hard. I know it is not easy. I know that for instance when you see a big car, a '68 Biscayne hardtop, cutting around a corner at a pretty fair clip, with three in the front and three in the back, and they are all mixed up, ages and sexes and colors, your natural impulse is to— I know your first thought is, All those people! Together! And your second thought is, Force! But I must ask you in the name of force itself to be restrained. For force, that great principle, is most honored in the breach and the observance. And that is where you men are, in the breach. You are fine men, the finest. You are Americans. So, for the sake of America, be careful. Be reasonable. Be slow. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. And now I would like to introduce Vercingetorix, leader of the firemen, who brings us a few words of congratulation from that fine body of men."



"You're not listening to me!"

Waves of applause for the Pendragon filled the tented area.

"He is a handsome older man," Margot said.

"He was born in a Western state and advanced to his present position through raw merit," Horace told her.

The government of Czechoslovakia sent observers to the Policemen's Ball. "Our police are not enough happy," Colonel-General Čepicky explained. "We seek ways to improve them. This is a way. It may not the best way be of all possible ways, but . . . Also I like to drink the official whiskey! It makes me gay!"

A bartender thought: Who is that yellow-haired girl in the pearl costume? She is stacked.

The mood of the Ball changed. The dancing was more serious now. Margot's eyes sparkled from the jorums of champagne she had drunk. She felt Horace's delicately Game Hen-flavored breath on her cheek. I will give him what he wants, she decided. Tonight. His heroism deserves it. He stands between us and them. He represents what is best in the society: decency, order, safety, strength, sirens, smoke. No, he does not represent smoke. Firemen represent smoke. Great billowing oily black clouds. That Vercingetorix has a noble look. With whom is Vercingetorix dancing, at present?

The horrors waited outside patiently. Even policemen, the horrors thought. We get even policemen, in the end.

In Horace's apartment, a gold frill was placed on a pearl toe.

The horrors had moved outside Horace's apartment. Not even policemen and their ladies are safe, the horrors thought. No one is safe. Safety does not exist. Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

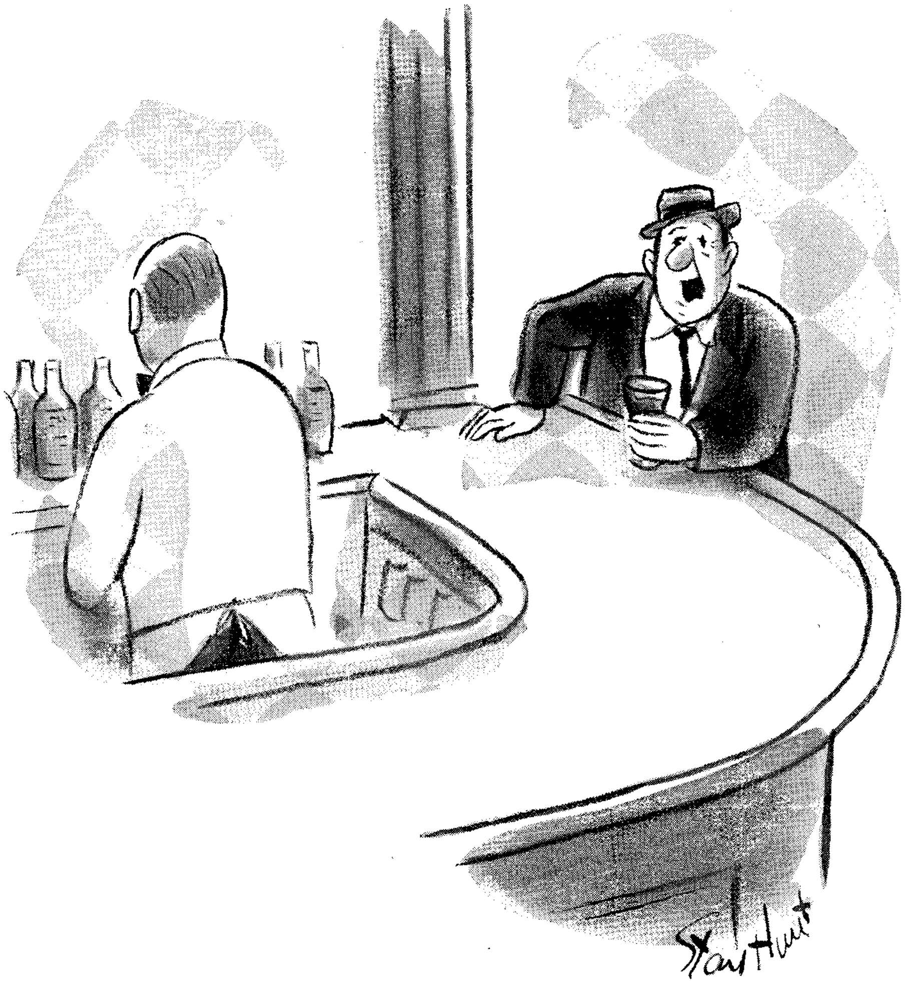
—Donald Barthelme

SATURDAY

I

AFTER the girl across the aisle had glanced at Gérard a few times (though he was not talking to her, not even trying to), she went to sit at the front of the bus, near the driver. She left behind a bunch of dark, wet, purple lilacs wrapped in wet newspaper. When Gérard followed to tell her, she did not even turn her head. Feeling foolish, he suddenly got down anywhere, in a part of Montreal he had never seen before, and in no time at all he was lost. He stood on the curb of a gloomy little street recently swept by a spring tempest of snow. A few people, as bundled as Russians, scuffled by. A winter haze like a winter evening sifted down through a lattice of iron and steel. The sudden lowering of day, he saw, was caused by an overhead railway. This railway was smart and new, as if it had been unpacked out of sawdust quite recently and snapped into place.

What was it for? "Of all the unnecessary . . ." Gérard muttered, just as his father might. Talking aloud to oneself was a family habit. You could grumble away for minutes at home without anyone's taking the least notice. "Yes, they have to spend our money somehow," he went on, just as if he were old enough to vote and pay taxes. Luckily no one heard him. Everyone's attention had been fixed by a funeral procession of limousines grinding along in inches of slush. The Russian bundles crossed themselves, but Gérard kept his hands in his pockets. "Clogging up the streets," he offered, as an opinion about dying and being taken somewhere for burial. At that moment the last of the cars that were being held up by the funeral procession broke away, climbed the curb, and continued along the sidewalk. Gérard pressed back to the wall behind him, as he saw the others doing. No one appeared astonished, and he supposed that down here, in the East End, where there was a funeral a minute, this was the custom. "Otherwise you'd never have any normal traffic," he said. "Only all these hearses."



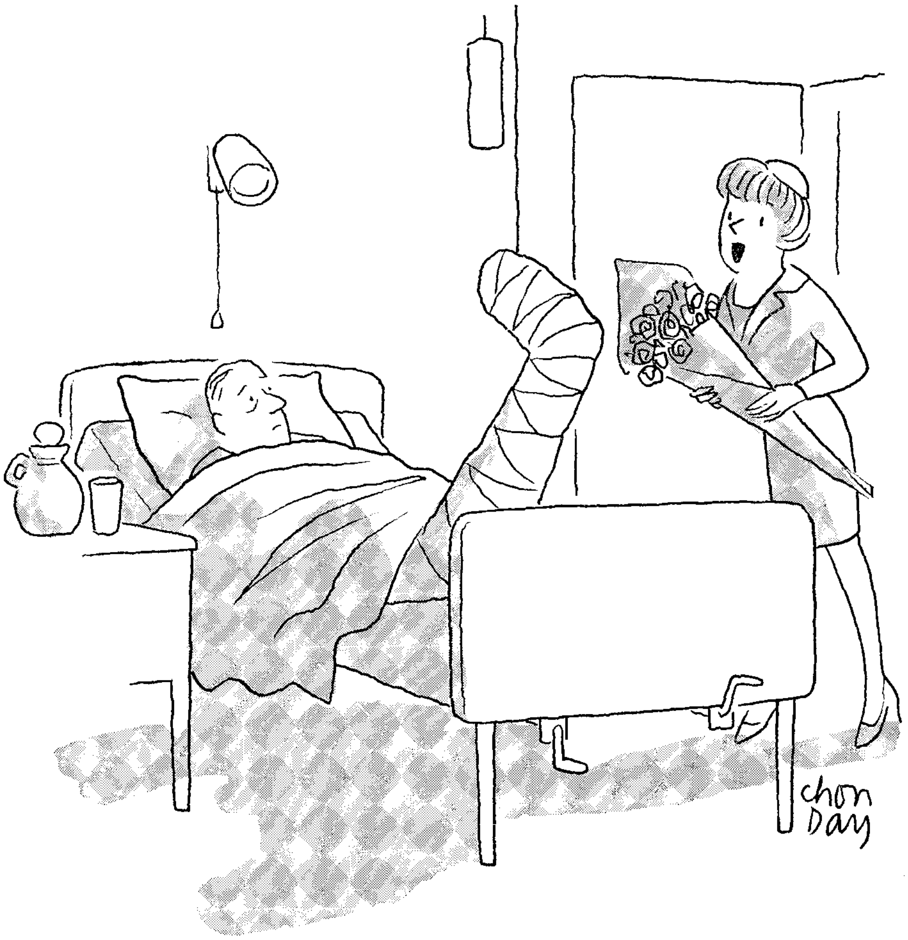
"I stand ready to meet anybody, anyplace, anytime to promote peace, war, or anything else anybody wants to promote."

He thought, all at once, Why is everybody looking at me?

He was smiling. That was why. He could not help smiling. It was like an old René Clair movie—the black cars in the whitish fog, the solemn bystanders wiping their noses on their gloves and crossing themselves, and everyone in winter-cocoon clothes, with a white bubble of breath. But it was not black and grey, like an old film; it was the color of winter and cities—brown and brick and sand. What was more, the procession had stopped and the friends and relations of the dead were now descending from their cars, and he feared that his smile might have offended them, or made him seem gross and unfeeling; and so, in a propitiatory gesture he at once regretted, he touched his forehead, his chest, and a point on each shoulder.

He had never done this for himself. Until now, he had never craved approval. From the look of the mourners, they were all Protestants anyway. He wanted to tell them he had crossed himself by mistake; that he was an atheist, from a singular and perhaps a unique family of anti-clerics. But the mourners were too grief-stricken to pay attention. Even the men were sobbing. They held their hands against their mouths, they blinked and choked, they all but doubled over with pain. . . . They were laughing at something. Perhaps at Gérard? Well, they were terrible people. He had always known. He was relieved to see one well-behaved person among them. She had been carried from her car and placed, with gentle care, in a collapsible aluminum wheelchair. Loving friends attended her, one to hold her purse, another to tie her scarf, a third to tuck a fur robe around her knees. Gérard had often been ill, and he recognized on her face the look of someone who knows about separateness and nightmares and all the vile tricks that the body can play. Her hair was careless, soft, and long, but the face seemed thirty, which was, to him, rather old. She turned her dark head and he heard her say, gravely, "Not since the liberation of Elizabeth Barrett . . ."

The coffin lay in the road. It had been let down from a truck, parked there as if workmen were about to jump out and begin shovelling snow or mending the pavement. The dead man must have left eccentric instructions, Gérard thought, for his coffin was nothing more than pieces of brown carton stapled together into a rough shape. The staples were slipping out—that was how carelessly and above all how cheaply the thing had been done. Gérard had a glimpse of a dark suit and a watch chain before he looked away. The hands, he saw, rested upon a long white envelope. The dead man was to be buried with a packet of securities, as all Protestants probably were. The crippled woman touched Gérard on the arm and said, "Just reach over and get it, will you?"—casually, as if she were used to service. No one stopped Gérard or asked him what he thought he was doing. As he slipped the envelope away, he knew that this impertinence, this violation, would provoke the dead man into a fury where he was concerned. By his desire to be agreeable, Gérard had deliberately and foolishly given himself some bad nights.



"Everyone in Accounting chipped in for the flowers, Mr. Griswold, except Miss Harris, who says she hopes you break your other leg."

JAZZ from an all-night program invaded the house until Gérard's mother, discovering its source in the kitchen, turned the radio off. She supposed Gérard had walked in his sleep. What else could she think when she found him kneeling, in the dark, with his head against the refrigerator door? He had gone out, earlier, to see the girl his mother hated. He had promised he would tell this girl it was finished; that he was too young to be deeply involved. His parents had not heard him when he came in. Beside him was a smashed plate and the leftover ham that had been on it, and an overturned stool. His mother knelt too, and drew his head on her shoulder. "I ran into this funeral," he whispered. "In the East End. Some very rich English guy being buried in a cardboard box. Somebody's father." His own father stood in the doorway. The long underwear he wore at all times and in every season showed at his wrists and ankles, where the pajamas stopped. Without his teeth and without his glasses he seemed younger and clearer about the eyes, but frighteningly helpless and almost female. His head and his hands were splashed with large, soft-looking freckles.

"He looks so peaceful," the old man said. "This is how he always looks when we aren't around."

For once, she did not answer, "Oh, nobody cares," but her expression cried out for her, "What useless, pointless remark will you think of next?" She clasped her son and tried to rock him. As he moved away, resisting, she held still. Of all her children, he was the one with whom she blundered most. His uneven health, his moods, his temper, his choked breathing were signs of emotional deprivation, she had read. The mother was to blame. How to blame? How? Why not the father? The people who wrote about such things hadn't said. Her daughters were married; Léopold was still small. In between came this strange boy. One of Queen Victoria's children had been flogged for having asthma. Why should she think of this now? She had never punished her children. The very word had been banned.

Gérard's father was now standing very near him. He heard his father open the refrigerator and then heard him pouring beer into a glass.

"He's been out with his girl," his father said. He was accustomed to this—to the boy's coming and going and dreaming and then telling some story that tried to establish he had not dreamed. He—the father—had no objection to Gérard's girl. "She's no Cleopatra, but it's better than having him queer."

All Gérard felt then was how her grip slackened. She said softly, "Get rid of that girl. Just until you've passed your exams. Look at what she's doing to you. One day you'll meet her in the street and you'll wonder why you fought with your mother over her. Get rid of her and I'll believe everything you ever say. You've never walked in your sleep. You came in late. You were hungry. . . ." She was constructing for Gérard the story she knew he would want them to believe; to be told that he walked in his sleep distressed him.

"What about the funeral?" the old man said. "Whose funeral?" He suddenly went back to this, because he was very old and he thought about dying. It did not seem implausible to him, at that moment, in the middle of the night, to be someone's father and to be buried in a cardboard box.

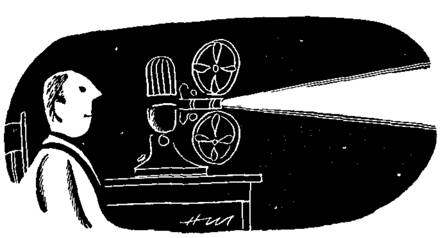
"Leave him," said his mother. "He's been dreaming."

Gérard, no longer refusing, let his mother rock him. If it had been a dream, then why in English? Dreaming in English made him feel powerless, as if his mind were dying, ill-fed from the soil. They spoke English at home, but he, Gérard, tried to dream in French. He read French; he went to French movies; he tried to speak it with his little brother; and yet his mind made fun of him and sent up to the surface "Elizabeth Barrett." The family had not deserted French for social betterment, or for business reasons, but on the matter of belief that set them apart. His mother wanted English to be freedom, at least from the Church. There were no public secular schools, but that was only part of it. Church and language were inextricably enmeshed, and you had to leave the language if you wanted your children brought up some other way. That was how it was. It was as simple, and as complex, as that. But (still pressed to his mother) he thought that here in the house there had never been freedom, only tension and conversation (oh, such a lot of conversation!) and a few corrupted qualities disguised as "speaking your mind," "taking a stand," and "drawing the line somewhere." Caressed by his mother, he seemed privileged. Being privileged, he weakened, and that meant even his rage was fouled. He had so much to hate that he seemed to carry in his brain a miniature Gérard, sneering and dark.

"If you would just do something about your children, instead of all the time *thinking about yourself*," he heard his mother say. "Oh, anything. Do anything. Who cares what you do now? Nobody cares."

THERE had been a shortage of bedrooms until Gérard's five sisters married. His mother kept for her private use a sitting room with periwinkle paper on the walls. It could have done as a bedroom for the two boys, but her need for this extra space was never questioned. She had talks with her daughters there, and she kept the household accounts. Believing it her duty, she read her children's personal letters and their diaries as long as they lived under her roof. She carried the letters to the bright room and sat, leaning her head on her hand, reading. If someone came in, she never tried to hide what she was reading, or slip it under a book, but let her hand fall, indifferently. In this room Gérard had lived the most hideous adventure of his life. Sometimes he thought it was a dream and he willed it to be a dream, even if it meant reversing sleeping and waking forever and accepting as friends and neighbors the strangers he saw in his sleep. He would remember it sometimes and say, "I must have dreamed it." His collection of pornography was heaped in plain sight on his mother's desk. There were the pictures, the books carefully dissimulated under fake covers, and the postcards from France and India turned face down. His mother sat with these at her elbow, and, of course, he could see them, and she said, "Gérard, I won't always be here. I'm not immortal. Your father is thirty years older than I am, but he didn't have to bear his own children and he's as sound as this house. He might very well outlive me. I want *you to see that he is always looked after* and that he always uses saccharin to sweeten his tea. There is a little box I slip in his pajama pocket and another in the kitchen. Promise me. Now, the sweater you had on yesterday. I want to throw it out. It's past mending. I don't want you to sulk for a week, and that's why I'm asking you first." He wanted to say, "Those things aren't mine. I've got to give them back." He saw through her eyes and all at once understood that the cards from India were the worst of all, for the people were all scarcely older than Léopold, and the reason they looked so funny was that they were starving to death. All Gérard had seen until now was what they were doing—not who they were, or could be. Meanwhile the room rocked around him, and his mother stood up to show that that was all she had to say.

She did not sleep in the pretty room but in a Spartan cell where there were closets full of linen and soap, and a shelf of preserves behind a curtain, and two painter's stepladders, and two large speckled mirrors in gilt frames. One wall was covered with photographs of a country house the children had never seen, and of her old convent school. The maid, when there was one, went freely in without knocking if she needed a jar of fruit or clean bedsheets. Even when her daughters married and liberated their rooms one by one, she stayed where she was. The bed was hard and narrow and the old man could not comfortably spend the night. While his sisters were still at home, Gérard slept in a basement room that contained a ping-pong table, and from which he could hear, at odd hours, the furnace coming to life with a growl. A lighted tank of tropical fish separated two divans, one of which was used now by his father, now by his little brother. He had never understood why his father would suddenly appear in the middle of the night, and why the little brother, aged three and four and five, was led, stumbling and protesting, to finish the night in his mother's bed. Gérard was used to someone's presence at night, and the warm light of the tank had comforted him. Now that he had a room of his own and slept alone in it, he discovered he was afraid of the dark.



The night his mother found him in the kitchen, she sat by his bed, holding his hand, until he pretended to be asleep. His door was open and a ray from the passage bent over the bed and along the wall. "I started out to see her, like I promised," he said, for he could talk to her in the dark. "Some *other girl—I don't know what* was wrong with her—she must have thought I was trying to make a pass at her. It made me embarrassed and I got off at the wrong stop."

"Maybe you were on the wrong bus," she said gently.

"Maybe. It was a new street to me, but they're building so much now. I saw snow."

THE BAY STONE

The bay's translucency—a thin shellac
Of armor taken off—has taken back
Each chisel stroke of tide, each gallery
The pigments of the world drilled into rock.
This stone is not the stone it used to be.

One membrane still revives it: moisture's touch
Can brush the nerves of fern and fissure back—
Imbedded stress of tiny trees of rust,
Rosettes, and the false sunsets water makes
Before dry air unpaints the stone again.

Because you chose it, your stone is the one
That drops through time to bring all others back
To where anonymously still they drown,
Reflecting vacantly that vacant day,
The day before the bay turned into stone.

—HOWARD MOSS

• •

"What with Dacron, Nylon, Arnel, and Fortrel, I'm becoming horribly discouraged."

• •

"Did you? Never mind." She loved him but his dreams bored her. She wanted him to sleep, so that she herself could go back to bed. "I'm sure I must be pale," she said, though her cheeks and brow were rosy. She believed her children had taken her blood to make their own and that hers was diminished. Having had seven babies, she could not have much over a pint left. Bitterly anti-clerical, she sometimes hinted that nuns had the best of it after all. Gérard had been wrong to wake her; he had no business walking in his sleep. Tomorrow was what she called a "hell day." It was Léopold's ninth birthday, she was without help, and twenty-two people were going to sit down to lunch. Directly after the meal, she was to take all the uneaten cake to an aged religious who had once been a teacher of hers and was now ending her life bedridden in a convent for the old. The home was seventy miles north of the city, but might have been seven hundred. One son-in-law had undertaken to drive her. Instead of coming back with him, she proposed to spend the night. This meant that another son-in-law would have to fetch her the next day. The interlocked planning this required surpassed tunnelling under the Alps. "Hell day," she said, but she said it so often that Gérard supposed most days were some kind of hell.

THE first thing he did when he wakened the next morning was light a cigarette, the second turn on his radio. He felt oddly drunk, as if he might miss his footing stumbling down to breakfast. She was already prepared for the last errand of the day. She wore a tweed suit and her overnight case stood in the hall. She moved back and forth between the kitchen and the dining room. His father, still in underwear and pajamas, sat breakfasting at the counter in the kitchen. She paused and watched him stir too much sugar into his coffee, but did not, this time, remark on it. The old man, excited, tapped his spoon on his saucer. Although his wife had told him about the snow and the bus, which made it such an ordinary dream, his mind was still snagged on "someone's father."

"It was a movie," he said. "Your dream. I saw a funeral like that one, I think, in a movie about an old man. You've dreamed an old man's dream. Only an old man's mind wants to dream about dying. I've looked through the paper," he said, pushing it toward his son. "There's nothing about that funeral. It couldn't have been a funeral. Anyway, not anyone important."

"Leave him," said the mother, patiently. "He dreamed it. There is something you can do today. Take over the dog. *Completely*. Léopold has him now." Gérard knew it was his father thus addressed. He held his cup in both hands. "As for you, Gérard, I want a word with you."

"Another thing I thought," continued the old man. "Maybe they were making a movie around there and you got mixed up with the crowd. What you took for a railway was some kind of scaffolding, cameras. Eh?"

"Gérard, I want you to—" She turned to her husband. "Back me up! He's your son too! Gérard, I want you to tell that girl you're too young to be tied to one person." Her face was blazing, her eyes brilliant and clear. "What will you do when she starts a baby? Marry her? I want you to tell that girl there's no money to inherit in this family, and that after Léopold's education is finished there won't be a cent for anybody. Not even us."

"She's not really a dancer," said the old man, forestalling the next bit. "She gives dancing *lessons*. It's not the same thing."

"I don't care what she gives. What about your son?"

Gérard was about to say, "I did tell her," but he remembered. I never got there, he thought. I only started out.

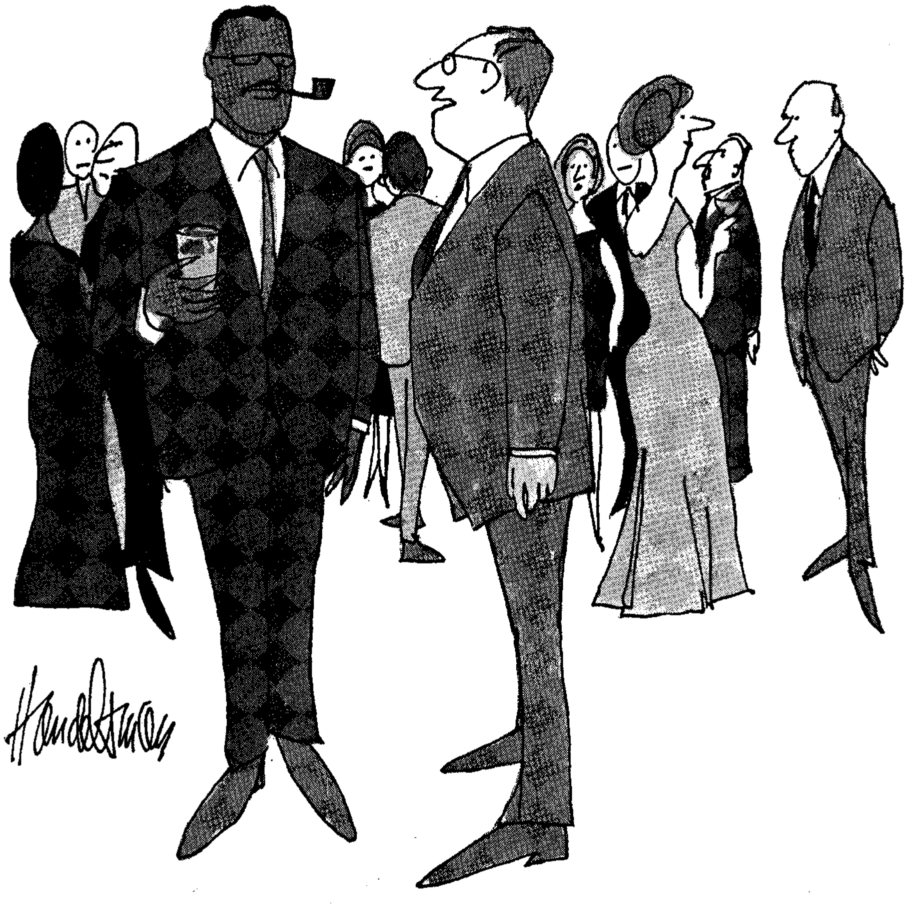
He stopped hearing them. He had set his cup down as his mother spoke his name, and pushed it to the back of the counter. As his father handed him the paper, he remembered, he had taken it with his left hand and opened it wide instead of carefully folding it, as he usually did. This was so important that he did not hear what was said after a minute or two. He had always given importance to his gestures, noticing whether he put his watch or his glasses to the left or the right of a bed lamp. He always left his coffee cup about four inches from the edge of the counter. When he studied, he piled his books on the right, and whatever text he was immediately using was at his left hand. His radio had to be dead center. He saw, and had been noticing for some time, that his mind was not keeping quiet order for him anymore and that his gestures were not automatic. He felt that if he did not pay close attention to everything now, something literally fantastic could happen. Gestures had kept things controlled, as they ought to be. Whatever could happen now was in the domain of magic.

II

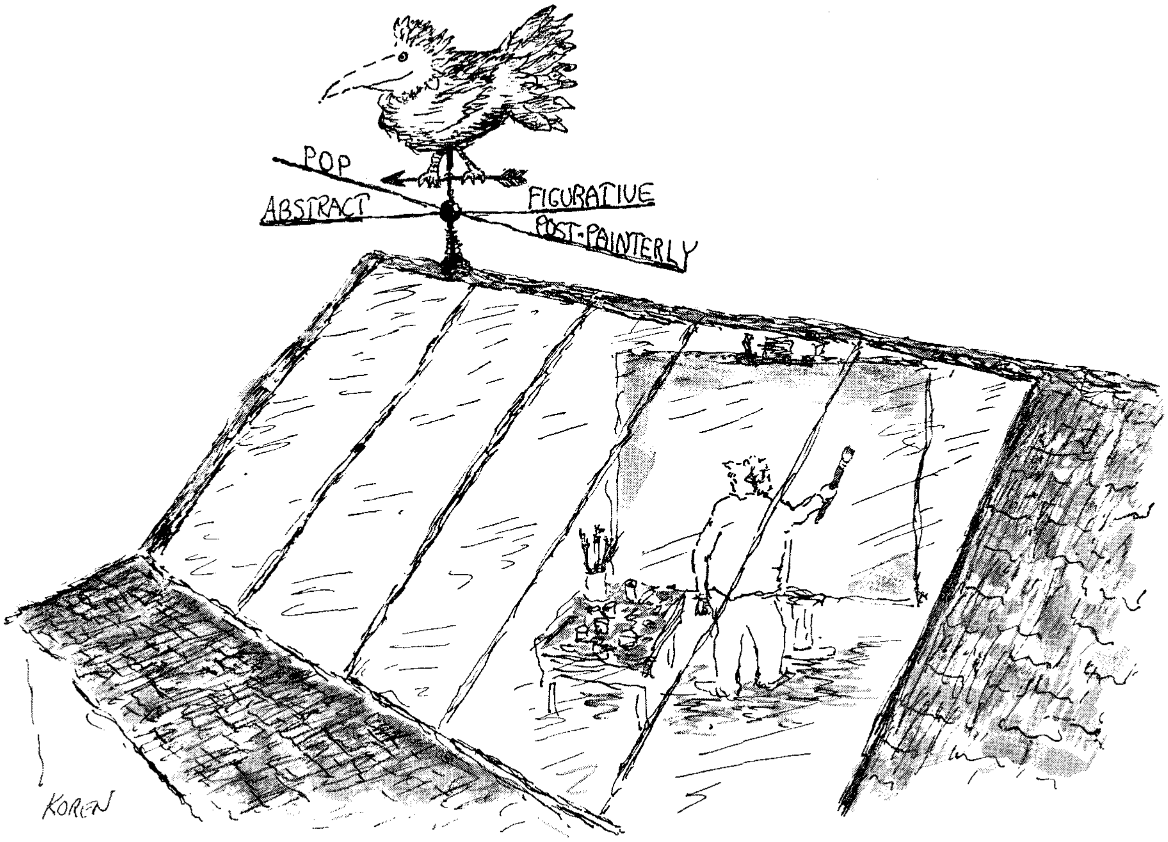
THE conviction that she was married against her will never leaves her. If she had been born royal, it could not have been worse. She has led the life of a crown princess, sapped by boredom and pregnancies. She told each of her five daughters as they grew up that they were conceived in horror; that she could have left them in their hospital cots and not looked back, so sickened was she by their limp spines and the autumn smell of their hair, by their froglike movements and their animal wails. She liked them when they could reason, and talk, and answer back—when they became what she calls "people."

She makes the girls laugh. She is French-Canadian, whether she likes it or not. They see at the heart of her a sacrificial mother; her education has removed her only in degree from the ignorant, tiresome, moralizing mother, given to mysterious female surgery, subjugated by miracles, a source of infinite love. They have heard her saying, "Why did I get married? Why did I have all these large, dull children?" They have heard, "If any of my children had been brilliant or unusual, it would have justified my decision. Yes, they might have been narrow and warped in French, but oh how commonplace they became in English!" "We are considered traitors and renegades," she says. "And I can't point to even one of my children and say, 'Yes but it is worth it. Look at Pauline—or Lucia—or Gérard.' " The girls ought to be wounded at this, but in fact they are impermeable. They laugh and call it "Mother putting on an act." Her passionate ambition for them is her own affair. They have chosen exactly the life she tried to renounce for them: they married young, they are frequently pregnant, and sometimes bored.

This Saturday she has reunited them, the entire family and one guest, for Léopold's ninth birthday. There are fourteen adults at the dining-room table and eight at the children's, which is in the living room, through the arch. Léopold, so small he seems two years younger than nine, so clever and quick that other children are slightly afraid of him, keeps an eye on his presents. He has inherited his brother's electric train. It is altogether old-fashioned; Gérard has had it nine years. Still, Léopold will not let anyone near it. It is his now, and therefore charmed. When one of these other children, these round-eyed brats with English names, lays a hand on the train, he disconnects it; when the outrage is repeated, he goes into the kitchen and stands on a stool and turns off the electricity for the whole house. No one reprimands him. He is not like other children. He is more intelligent, for one thing, and so much uglier. Unlike Gérard, who speaks French as if through a muslin curtain, or as if translating from another language—who wears himself out struggling for one complete dream—Léopold can, if he likes, say anything in a French more limpid and accurate than anything they are used to hearing. He goes to a private secular school and is taught in French; he has had a summer in Montreux. Either his parents have more money than when the others were small or they have chosen to invest in their last chance. French is Léopold's private language; he keeps it as he does his toys, to himself, polished, personal, a lump of crystalline rock he takes out, examines, looks through, and conceals for another day.



"I understand you're a very militant fellow. Sock it to me!"



Léopold's five sisters think his intelligence is a disease, and one they hope their own children will not contract. Their mother is *bright*, their father is *thoughtful* (*deep* is another explanation for him), but Léopold's intelligence will always show him the limit of a situation and the last point of possibility where people are concerned; and so, of course, he is bound to be unhappy forever. How will he be able to love? To his elder brother, he seems like a small illegitimate creature raised in secret, in the wrong house. One day Léopold will show them extraordinary credentials. But this is a fancy, for Léopold is where he belongs, in the right family; he has simply been planted—little stunted, ugly thing—in the wrong generation. The children at his table are his nieces and nephews, and the old gentleman at the head of the adult table, the old man bowed over a dish of sieved, cooked fruit, is his father. Léopold is evidence of an old man's foolishness. His existence is an embarrassment. The girls wish he had never been born, and so they are especially kind, and they load him with presents. Even Gérard, who would have found the family quite complete, quite satisfactory, without any Léopold, ever, has given the train (which he was keeping for his own future children) and his camera.

When Léopold is given something, he walks round it and decides what the gift is worth in terms of the giver. If it seems cheap, he mutters without raising his eyes. If it seems important, he flashes a brief, shrewd look that any adult, but no child, mistakes for a glance of complicity. The camera, though second-hand, has been well received. It is round his neck; he puts down his fork and holds the camera and makes all the children uneasy by focussing it at each in turn and deciding none of them is worth an inch of film.

"Poor little lad," says his mother, who flings out whatever she feels, no matter who is in the way. "He has never had a father—only a grandfather."

The old man may not have heard. He is playing his private game of trying to tell his five English-Canadian sons-in-law apart. The two Bobs, the Don, the Ian, and the Ken are interchangeable, like postage stamps of the Queen's profile. Two are Anglicans, two United Church, and the most lack-lustre is a Lutheran. But which is he? The old man lifts his head and smiles a great slow smile. His smile acquits his daughters; he forgives them for having ever thought him a shameless old person; but the five sons-in-law are made uneasy. They wonder if they are meant to smile back, or something *weird* like that. Well, they may not have much in common with each other, but here they are five together, not isolated, not alone. Their children, with round little noses and round little blue eyes, are at the next table, and two or three babies are sleeping in portable cribs upstairs.

It is a windy spring day, with a high clean sky, and black branches hitting on the windows. The family's guest that day is Father Zinkin, who is dressed just like anyone, without even a clerical collar to make him seem holy. This, to the five men, is another reason for discomposure; for they might be respectful of a robe, but *what* is this man, with his polo-necked sweater and his nose in the wine and his rough little jokes? Is he really the Lord's eunuch? I mean, they silently ask each other, would you trust him? You know what I mean. . . . Father Zinkin has just come back from Rome. He says that the trees are in leaf, and he got his pale jaundiced sunburn sitting at a sidewalk café. This is Montreal, it is still cold, and the daughters' five fur coats are piled upstairs on their mother's bed. They accept the news about Rome without grace. If he thinks it is so sunny in Rome, why didn't he stay there? Who asked him to come back? That is how every person at that table feels about news from abroad, and it is the only sentiment that can ever unite them. When you say it is sunny elsewhere, you are suggesting it is never sunny here. When you describe the trees of Rome, what you are *really* saying is there are no trees in Montreal.

Why is he at the table, then, since he brings them nothing but unwelcome news? The passionately anti-clerical family cannot keep away from priests. They will make an excuse: they will say they admire his mind, or his gift for languages—he speaks seven. He eats and drinks just like anyone, he has travelled, and been psychoanalyzed, and is not frightened by women. At least, he does not seem to be. Look at the way he pours wine for Lucia, and then for Pauline, and how his tone is just right, not a scrap superior. And then, he is not Canadian. He does not remind them of anything. None of the children, from Lucia, who is twenty-nine, to Léopold, nine today, has been baptized. Father Zinkin sits down and eats with them as if they were. Until the girls grew up and married they never went to church. Now that they are Protestants they go because their husbands want to; so, their mother thinks, this is what all the fighting and the courage came to, finally—all the struggling and being condemned and cut off from one's own kind: the five girls simply joined another kind, just as stupid.

No, thinks the old father at the head of the table; more stupid. At any rate, less interesting. Less interesting because too abstract. You would have to be a genius to be a true Protestant, and those he has met . . . At night, when he is trying to get to sleep, he thinks of his sons-in-law. He remembers their names without trouble: the two Bobs, the Don, the Ian, and the last one—Keith, or Ken? Ken. Monique married Ken. Alone, in the dark, he tries to match names and faces. Are both Bobs thin? Pink in the face? Yes, and around the neck. They lost their hair young—something to do with English hairbrushes, he invents. Now, sitting at the table, the old man droops, for the sight of his sons-in-law can send him off to sleep. His five daughters—he knows their names, and he knows his own sons. His grandchildren seem to belong to a new national type, with round heads and quite large front teeth. You would think some Swede or other had been around Montreal on a bicycle so as to create this new national type. Sharon, and Marilyn, and Cary and Gary and Gail. Cary and *Gary*.

"Nobody cares," his wife says, very sharply.

He has been mumbling, talking to himself, saying the names of children aloud. She minds because of Father Zinkin. When she and her husband are alone, and he talks too much, repeats the same thing over and over, she squeezes her eyes until only a pinpoint of amber glows between the lids, and she squeezes out through a tight throat, "All right, all *right*," and even, "Shut UP," in a rising crescendo of three. Not even her children know she says "Shut up" to the old man; "Nobody cares" is just a family phrase. When it is used on Don Carlos, the basset, now under the children's table, it makes him look as if he might cry real tears.

She speaks lightly, quickly now, in English. She sits, very straight, powdered and pretty, and says, in a musical English all her own, not the speech of the city at all, "They say Jews look after their own people, but it's not true. I was told about some people who had a very old sick father. They had to tie him to a chair sometimes, because he would go downtown and steal things or start to cry in the street. As they couldn't afford a home for him, and he wouldn't have gone anyway, they decided to leave him. They moved half the furniture away, and the old man sat crying on a chair and saw his family go. He sat weeping, not protesting, and his children slouched out without saying goodbye. Yes, he sat weeping, a respectable old man. Now, this man's wife gave Russian lessons to earn her living, and one day, when she was giving a lesson to a woman I know, she said, 'Come to the window.' My friend looked out and saw an old-fashioned Jew going by. The woman said, 'That was my husband.' She seemed pleased with herself, as though she had done what was right for her children."

WALTER JENKS' BATH

These are my legs. I don't have to tell them, legs,
Move up and down, or which leg. They are black.
They are made of atoms, like everything else,
Miss Berman says. That's the green ceiling
Which on top is the Robinsons' brown floor.
This is Beloit, this is my family's bathroom on the world.
The ceiling is atoms, too, little parts running
Too fast to see. But through them running fast,
Through Audrey Robinson's floor and tub
And the roof and air, if I lived on an atom
Instead of on the world, I would see space.
Through all the little parts, I would see into space.

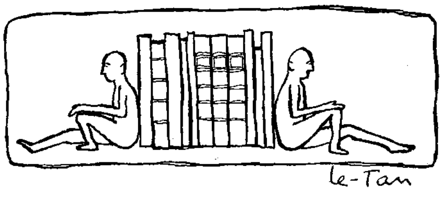
Outside the air it is all black.
The far-apart stars run and shine, no one has to tell them,
Stars, run and shine, or the one who tells my atoms,
Run and knock so Walter Jenks, me, will stay hard and real.
And when I stop the atoms go on knocking,
Even if I died the parts would go on spinning,
Alone, like the far stars, not knowing it,
Not knowing they are far apart, or running,
Or minding the black distances between.
This is me knowing, this is what I know.

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

• •

"Was he dead?" asks Gérard. He is always waiting for some simple, casual confirmation about the existence of ghosts.

"No, of course not. He was just an old man, and someone had taken him in. Some Russian. So," she concedes, "he *was* looked after." But, as she likes her stories cruel, so that her children will know more about life than she once did, unhappy endings are her habit. She feels obliged to add, "Someone took him in, but probably gave him a miserable time. He must be dead now. This was long ago, during the last war, when people were learning Russian. It was the thing to do then."



Her children are worried by this story, but perhaps the father has not heard it. He is still eating his fruit, taking a mouthful and then forgetting to swallow. Suddenly something he has been thinking silently must have excited him, for he taps his spoon on the edge of the glass dish.

"As you get old you lose everything," he says. "You lose your God, if you ever had one. When you know they want you to die, you want to live. You want to be loved. Even that."

His children are so embarrassed, so humiliated, they feel as if ashes and sand were being ground into their skins. The sons-in-law are revolted. They look at their plates. Honestly, they can never come to this house without something being said about religion or something personal.

"You lose your parents," the old man continues. "You have to outlive them. Everything is loss." Before they can say "Nobody cares," he is off once more. "No need for priests," he mutters. "If there is no sin, then no need for redemption. Dead words. Tell me, Father whoever you are" (addressing the glass dish of fruit), "will you explain why these words should be used?" Muttering—he has been muttering all his life.

Oh, shut *up*, they are thinking. A chorus of silent English: Shut *up!* If only the old man could hear the words, he would see a great black wall; he would hear a sigh, a rattle, like the black trees outside the windows, hitting the panes.

The old man shakes his head over his plate: No, no, he never wanted to marry. He wanted to become a priest. Either God is, or He is not. If He is, I shall live for Him. If He is not, I shall fight His ghost. At forty-nine he was married off by a Jesuit, who was an old school friend. He and the shy, soft, orphaned girl who had been placed in a convent at six, and had left it, now, at eighteen, exchanged letters about comparative religion. She seemed intelligent—he has forgotten now what he imagined their life could ever be like. Presently what they had in common was her physical horror of him and his knowledge of it, and then they had in common all their children.

"What do you mean, 'loafing'? Do you expect me to plunge into retirement in twelve years without adequate preparation?"

• •

III

WHEN the old man finished his long thoughts, everyone except Gérard and Father Zinkin had disappeared. The small children were made to kiss him—moist, reluctant mouths on his cheek—"before Granpa takes his nap." Léopold, who never touched anyone, looked at him briefly through his new camera and said softly to him, and only to him, "*Il n'y a pas assez de lumière.*" Their dark identical eyes reflected each other. Then everyone vanished, the women to rattle plates in the kitchen, Léopold to his room, the five fathers to play some game with the other children at the back of the house. The old man sat in his leather armchair, sometimes he slept, and he heard Gérard protesting, "I know the difference between seeing and dreaming."

"Well, it was a waking dream," said the priest. "There is no snow on the streets, but you say there had been a storm."

The old man looked. The white light in the room surely was the reflection of a snowy day? The room seemed filled with white furniture, white flowers. The priest, because he was dressed like Gérard, tried to sound like a young man and an old friend. Only when the priest turned his head, seeking an ashtray, did the old man see that his interest in Gérard was intellectual. His mind was occupied with its own power. The old man imagined him, narrow, suspicious, in a small parish, lording it over a flock of old maids. They were thin, their eyebrows met over their noses.

Gérard said, "All right, what if I was analyzed? What difference would it make?"

"You would be yourself. You would be yourself *without effort.*"

The old man had been waiting for the priest to say, "It would break the mirror;" for what is the good of being yourself, if you are Gérard?

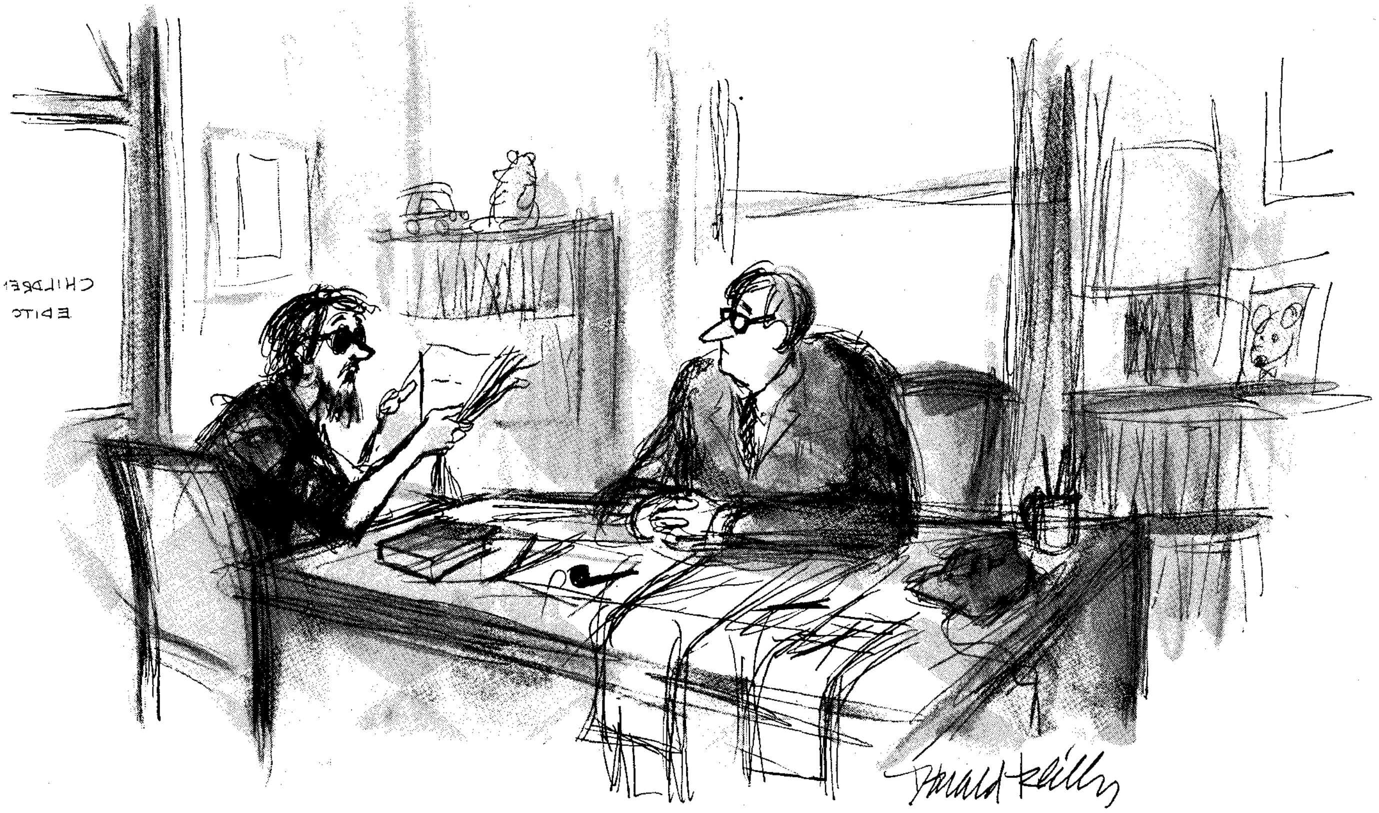
"What I mean is, you can't understand about this girl," Gérard said. "So there's no use talking about her."

"I know about girls. I went out. I even danced."

It struck the old man how often he had been told by priests they knew about life because they had, once, danced with girls. He was willing to let them keep that as a memory of life, but what about Gérard, as entangled with a woman as a man of thirty? But then Gérard lost interest and said, "I'd want to be analyzed in French," so it didn't matter.

"It wouldn't work. Your French isn't spontaneous enough. Now, begin again. You were on the street, it was daylight, then you were in the kitchen in the dark."

How the old man despised this self-indulgence! He felt it was not his business to put a stop to it. His wife stopped it simply by coming in and beginning to talk about herself. When she talked about her children, she seemed to be talking about herself, and when the priest said, consolingly, in response to some complaint she was making, "The little one will be brilliant," meaning Léopold, he seemed to be prophesying a future in which she would shine. Outside, the others were breaking up into groups, carrying cribs, ushering children into cars. It would take a good ten minutes, and so she sat perched on the arm of a sofa with her hat on her head and her coat on her arm, and said, "Léopold will be brilliant, but I never wanted him. I'd had six children, five close together. French-Canadians of our background, for I daren't say class, it sounds so . . . Well, we, people like ourselves, do *not* usually have these monstrous families, regardless of what you may have been told, Father. My mother had no one but me, and when she tried having a second child it killed her. When I knew I was having Léopold, I took ergot. I lay here, on this very sofa, in the middle of the afternoon. Nothing happened, and nothing showed. He was born without



"It's about a little locomotive that says, like, 'Why should I?'"

• •

even a strawberry mark to condemn me."

She likes to shock, the old man remembered. How much you can take is a measure of your intelligence. So she thinks. Oddly enough, she can be shocked.

She stopped speaking and sighed and smoothed the collar of her coat. When she thought, My son Gérard is sleeping with a common girl, it shocked her. Now, seeing him slouch past the doorway, scarcely able to wait for the house to empty so that he could be off and find that girl and spend a disgusting Saturday night with her, she thought Gérard knows. He looks at his father, and me, and now he knows. Before, he only thought he knew. He knows now why the old man follows me up the stairs.

She said very lightly, "My son has sex on the brain. It's all he thinks about now. I suppose all boys are the same. You must have been that way once, Father." Really, that was farther than she had ever gone. The priest looked like a statue resembling the person he had been a moment before.

ONCE she had departed, the house seemed to relax, like an animal that feels safe and can sleep. The old man was to walk the dog and do something about his children. Those had been his instructions for the day. Oh, yes, and he was to stop thinking about himself.

He put on his hat and coat and walked down the street with Don Carlos. Don Carlos dug the wet spring lawns with tortoiseshell nails. Let off the leash, he at once rolled in something horrible. The old man wanted to scold, but the wind made all conversation between himself and the dog impossible. The wind suddenly dropped; it was to the old man like a sudden absence of fear. He could dream as well as Gérard. He invented: he and Don Carlos went through the gap of a fence and were in a large sloping pasture. He trod on wildflowers. From the spongy spring soil grew crab-apple trees and chokecherries, and a hedge of something he no longer remembered, that was sweet and white. Presently they—he and the dog—looked down on a village and the two silvery spires of a church. He saw the date over the door: 1885. The hills on the other side of the water were green and black with shadows. He had never seen such a blue and green day. But he was still here, on the street, and had not forgotten it for a second. Imagination was as good as sleepwalking any day.

Léopold stood on the porch, watching him through his camera. He seemed to be walking straight into Léopold's camera, magically reduced in size.

"Why, Léo," he said. "You're not supposed to be here," not caring to show how happy it made him that Léopold was here. They were bound so soon to lose each other—why start?

"Wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what?"

"Wouldn't go to Pauline's. She's coming back to get us for supper."

"I don't want anything more to eat today."

"Neither do I. And I'm not going."

Who would dare argue with Léopold? The shutter clicked and he put his camera down. One day he would have the assurance of a real street, a real father, a real afternoon.

"Well, well," his father said. "So they're all gone." He felt shy. He would never have enough of Léo—he would never know what became of him. He edged past and held the door open for the dog.

"All gone. *Il n'y a que moi.*" Léopold, who never touched anyone, pressed his lips to his father's hand.

—MAVIS GALLANT

•

His performances include roles in "Madam Butterfly," "Deflator Mouse," and "Carmen." —*Rye Chronicle.*

You should see him letting the air out.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

INDIAN JOURNAL

IV—THE HOLY HAIR OF THE MUSLIMS

THE VALE OF KASHMIR: 1966. Srinagar. Clear water, soft sun in a late-afternoon sky, mountains that seem close, steep. I am being rowed to dinner on a houseboat that is in Claremont Colony, Nagin Lake, some hours away from Gagribal Point, Dal Lake, where I've just hired a *shikara*—a kind of gondola. I prefer floating through the network of Srinagar's waterways to taking the ordinary roads. I lie back in the *shikara* and allow myself to be lulled by the gentle rocking motion. Along one shore is a boulevard on which there is an occasional rickshaw or bicycle. Along the opposite shore are moored houseboats with little painted signboards: "Highland Queen: Sanitary Fitted," "Cutty Sark Enterprise," "Zam-Zam," "Pride of Kashmir Super Deluxe."

"Sahib like full tour Dal Lake?" the *shikara* wallah asks in pidgin English. He propels the *shikara* with little toylike, heart-shaped oars. When we get snarled in undergrowth, he frees the *shikara* with a pole and then punts until we are in the clear. "Sahib is first tourist this year. Tourists staying away from Kashmir these days. Very troubled times. Sahib will give Kashmir happy fortune." He has left off his rowing and edged around to the stern, where he prepares tea over open coals. He serves it to me from an urn. "We reach Nagin Lake in two hours. If Sahib is lucky, Sahib will meet flower wallah Bulbul. If Sahib likes, he'll sing native Kashmiri song telling of the affair of the bumblebee and the tulip. Every day he rending heart singing song on Nagin Lake."

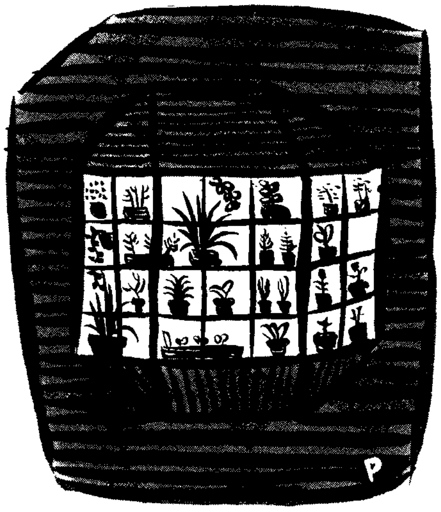
We drift past "Princess Margret," "White House: With Sanitation," "Cherry Stone," "Lucky Kashmir." Among the houseboats, on thick floating mats of roots and weeds, are gardens of cucumbers, tomatoes, melons, and watermelons. All along the shores are stark poplars and weeping willows, fresh green and silver, and then we pass banks full of flowers—narcissi and tulips, apple blossoms and cherry blossoms.

A merchant rows up in a *shikara* with "Galloping Snail" lettered on the prow. The *shikara* is laden with filigree necklaces, bracelets, and earrings, painted papier-mâché boxes and vases, and embroidered woollen shawls. "Would Sahib like a charm bracelet of Kashmiri wonders for his girl friend?" he asks, hooking my *shikara* with his oar. "Here is the first wonder—a genuine likeness of a native Kashmiri flat shoe worn by a Kashmiri-village native wallah." Descriptions of the other wonders are lost among the voices of children in *shikaras* hawking vegetables from houseboat to houseboat.

"Sahib is not shopping on Dal Lake," my *shikara* wallah informs other waterborne merchants who paddle up. He adds, to me, "Suffering Moses is the very best shop in Kashmir. Sahib should shop at Suffering Moses." (English names and phrases here suggest local misadventures with the language.)

"Churchill," "King'sPanama," "Martians," "Pim Tail." On a deck veranda, an elderly English lady in a lace fichu is sunning herself, drinking tea, watching swans and kingfishers dive and paddle around her houseboat. Silver service, crumpets, scones. A memsahib to her toes. I imagine she came here sometime after the First World War, loved the place, and settled down with a retinue of houseboys. I imagine her thinking, Yes, some things have changed, but in things that count all is as it used to be. Slightly fewer friends, perhaps.

"Titwillow," "Pandora," "Lucifer: Special Class," "Snipe: Special Class," "New Golden Fleece," "Fairy Land: Sanitary Fitted." It is one of those unpredictable Kashmiri days, and now there is rain, hill-station rain—a steady shower that can go on for days. At Claremont Colony, I clamber aboard a houseboat. Everyone is in the dining room: enormous log fire reflected in the panes of the bay window on the starboard side; unpolished furniture, all of it intricately carved with Oriental plane leaves. At dinner are some houseboat holidayers I've met in Kashmir: Jasleen Dhamija, a handicraft expert; her husband, Ram Dhamija, a keen amateur photographer; a correspondent from the *Sunday Mirror;* and a few of the Dhamijas' other friends.



The talk is about the hardships of travelling to Kashmir. In winter, the Vale of Kashmir is completely cut off from the outside world for two or three weeks at a time. Sudden and treacherous landslides make hazardous, and sometimes impassable, the single motorable road, which was built a few years back to connect Kashmir with the Indian plains. Airplanes can't reach Kashmir, and telephone wires go dead. A local textile designer, who was introduced to me simply as Jawad Sahib, tells a story. It seems that a while ago some scientists representing foreign governments arrived in Delhi to attend a conference. They were a day or two early and got talked into flying to Kashmir to catch a glimpse of "the Switzerland of India." There was a blizzard and they were stranded here. In the meantime, the conference in Delhi met and disbanded. After days (or was it weeks?), the embarrassed scientists returned to their several countries to face the reproaches of their governments.

We drink contraband red wine and eat a Kashmiri delicacy—mutton that has been soaked in curds for days and then simmered in milk.

"The three of us went to Gulmarg on a picnic yesterday," Jasleen tells the guests. "It was still covered with snow."

Jasleen, Ram, and I had gone on the picnic. To get to the snowy meadows of Gulmarg, high up in the mountains, we first had a long ride in a taxi from Srinagar to the village of Tangmarg. Then we rode mountain ponies up a narrow trail—frightening, because ponies have a tendency to skirt the very edge of precipices. Then came a halting and bumpy climb up a snow-crusted trail on sleds. My sled, like the others, was attended by four hunched men in makeshift straw shoes. Three men pulled the sled from the front, like huskies, while the fourth gripped my shoulders from behind and steered. The snow track was a series of sudden abrupt turns, sharp inclines, and sheer gullies. The sled skidded and knocked from side to side, swerving and tilting, sometimes at an incredible angle. The man who held me by the shoulders also ran from side to side, but if the sled skidded right he veered left, always shifting to keep the sled on course. The sled wallahs were racked with coughs. They panted and spat on the clean snow, perpetually rousing themselves with yells, like "Whom do you remember?" "God we remember!"

The man steering the sled would shout, "*Yad kar!*"

The others would reply, "*Nad kar!*"

"*La illah!*"

"*Il illah!*"

"*Shahi madda!*"

"*Sherai khuda!*"

"*Sher jwana!*"

"*Gardhi vahana!*"

"*Yad kar!*"

"*Nad kar!*"

When they stopped to catch their breath, they filled the air with a cacophony of complaints. Since the British left, things had been getting worse and worse. The trouble between India and Pakistan over Kashmir that reached a climax in the war last year had just about killed the tourist trade. There were always at least two hundred sled wallahs in Tangmarg waiting for business. During the off-season, weeks went by without a single tourist, and during the season, when a few persistent tourists did come, they paid the sled wallahs only the fixed government rate of three rupees for going up to Gulmarg and coming back. Now that sled wallahs were organized into a union, part of the fare went to the common pool. And no tourist gave *baksheesh* anymore.

"Sahib, we have nothing to eat."

"No money for tea."

"When does Sahib think things will get better?"

"*Yad kar!*"

"*Nad kar!*"

"*Yad kar!*"

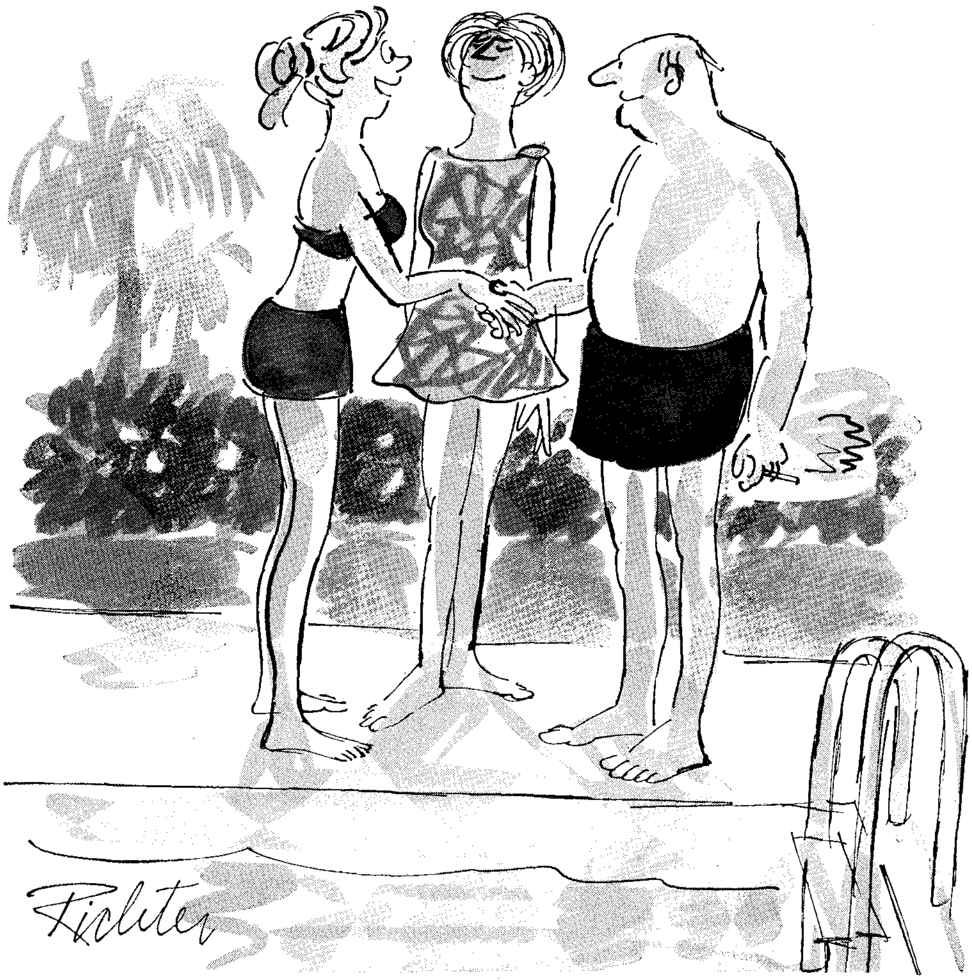
In Gulmarg, hill cottages and pine trees were half buried in snow, which brilliantly reflected the noonday sun. The boiled egg and *chapatties* of the picnic were bitter in my mouth.

Now, at the dinner table, there is confused talk about the tranquillity and religious harmony in the Kashmir of the raj, and about the explosive mixture of religion and politics in the Kashmir of independent India. "Kashmir is still a romantic place for a holiday, but somehow the fun has gone out of the place," a journalist from a national Indian paper says. "People one meets here are jittery. They always act as if they were being watched. Even in the cafés—even at the bar at Nedou's Hotel, where I'm staying—whenever people talk to one another, they look over their shoulders to see if anybody is watching, as if the police were listening to each word, just waiting to clap them into jail. Sometimes I think that India can remain here only because our government has turned this place into a virtual police state."

Others agree that Kashmir indeed seems to have taken on the atmosphere of an occupied territory. General talk follows about the sad history of the State of Jammu and Kashmir (Jammu, a Hindu area south of the Vale of Kashmir, is part of the official State of Jammu and Kashmir, but the heart of the state is the Vale of Kashmir—also called just Kashmir or the Valley—which is formed by the Jhelum River and surrounded by mountains of the Karakoram and Himalayan ranges). In 1947, when the partition of India brought the separate, Islamic nation of Pakistan into being, hundreds of princely states had to decide whether to join Pakistan or India. In most cases, Hindu states acceded to India and Muslim ones to Pakistan. But the State of Jammu and Kashmir, which was preponderantly Muslim, was ruled by a hereditary Hindu maharaja, Sir Hari Singh. Pakistani infiltrators tried to take the Valley of Kashmir by force for Pakistan, and the maharaja appealed to India for military help and acceded to the Indian Union. This started the first war between India and Pakistan—the war of 1947—which was ended by a United Nations cease-fire agreement that left the northwestern third of the state, designated Azad Kashmir (Urdu for "Free Kashmir"), with Pakistan and the rest of the state with India.

"It's all religion and politics now," the Indian journalist says. "Things have really deteriorated since the second war with Pakistan. If we Indians would only learn the lesson of the upheaval over the hair from Mohammed's head, there might be peace today."

From what I know of Kashmir, I can understand what he means about the lesson. In any case, his words are borne out by what I learn during subsequent days in the Valley, for my researches into present-day Kashmir



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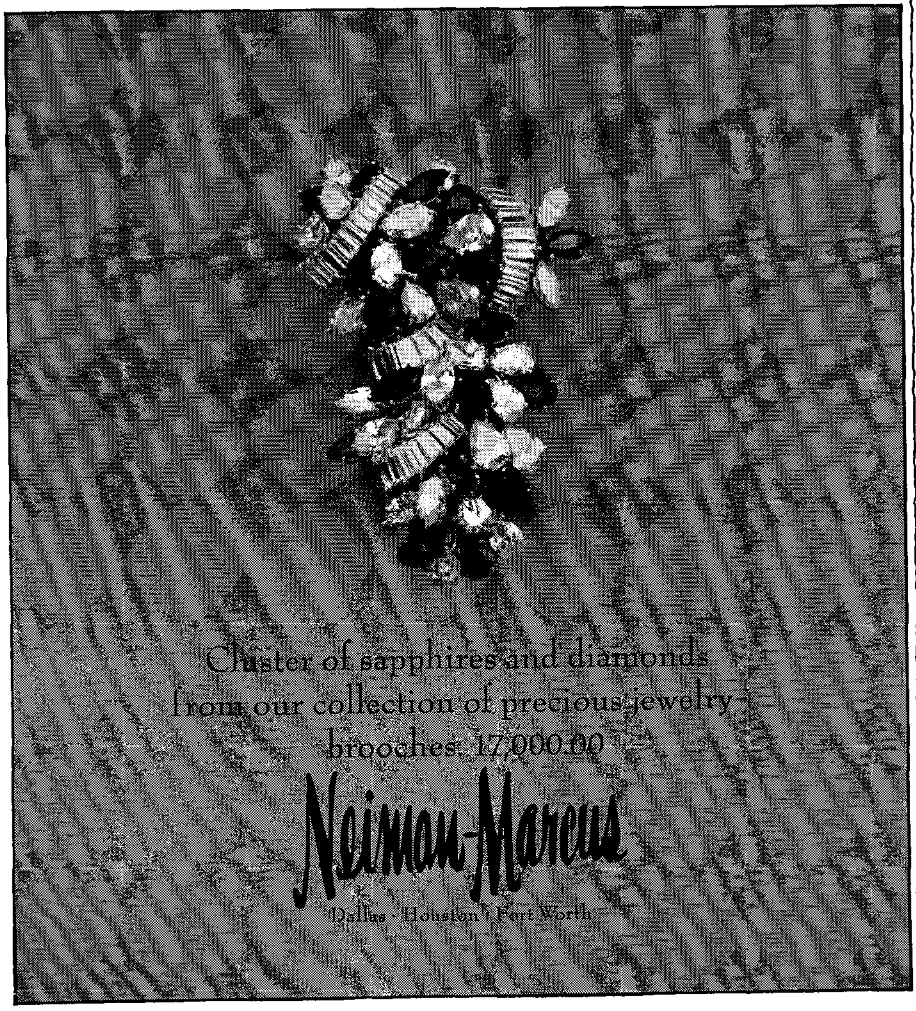

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always lead me back, one way or another, to a single, sacred strand of the Prophet Mohammed's hair, and to its sanctuary Hazratbal, which is Kashmir's most important mosque, in Srinagar.

THE THEFT OF MOHAMMED'S HAIR: At midnight on the eve of Friday, December 27, 1963, Hadji Mohammed Khalil Ghanai, Khwaja Ghulam Hassan Bhatt, and Khwaja Mahadju, who were worshippers at the Hazratbal Mosque, arose from their fifth, and last, daily prayer in its main hall and retired for the night. To look at, the mosque was just another Kashmiri-Mogul monument, its solid construction, of brick masonry on a foundation of dressed stone, being distinctively Indian Mogul, and its roof, in three tiers, distinctively Kashmiri. For the three Muslim worshippers, however, and for all their Kashmiri brethren, everything about the mosque was special and specially consecrated: it had been erected by Emperor Shah Jehan, who also erected the Taj Mahal; it was situated on the western bank of Dal Lake, one of the natural marvels of the world; and, above all, it had been the repository of a strand of Mohammed's hair since the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the strand was brought to Kashmir. Because of this sacred possession, Srinagar was, in the eyes of Kashmiri Muslims, a second Medina.

At four-forty-five in the morning, Mohammed Khalil Ghanai, after sleeping for some four hours and then bathing in the hammam of the mosque, returned to the main hall for his first daily prayer. When he entered the hall, he looked to the right, toward the *hujra-e-khas* (Urdu for "special chamber") where the relic was kept, and saw that the chamber's outer doors, of engraved silver, were open. Yet the chamber was supposed to be entered only ten times a year, on such holy days as Bakar Id (commemorating Abraham's sacrifice of his son) and Akhiri-Chahar Shamba (commemorating Mohammed's last ablution). On those ten holy days, a locked cupboard in the *hujra-e-khas* was opened and, from a precious box inside, a silver-capped glass vial, an inch in diameter, containing a silver pendulum to which the strand of Mohammed's hair was attached, was removed for a few minutes and carried from the *hujra-e-khas* across the main hall to a balcony overlooking the expanse of the lake. Here the relic was ceremonially raised before crowds gathered below on the shore of the lake for its *deedar*, or exhibition. Now Mo-

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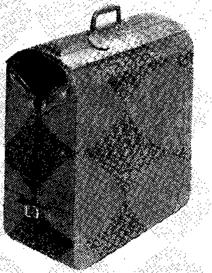

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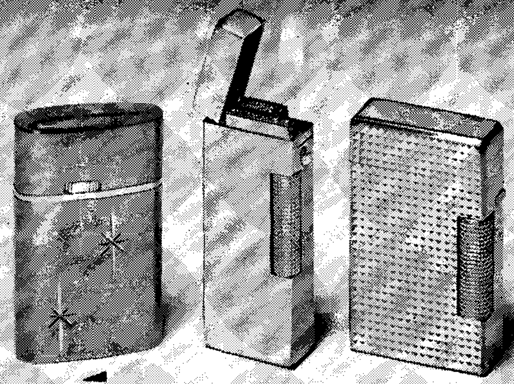

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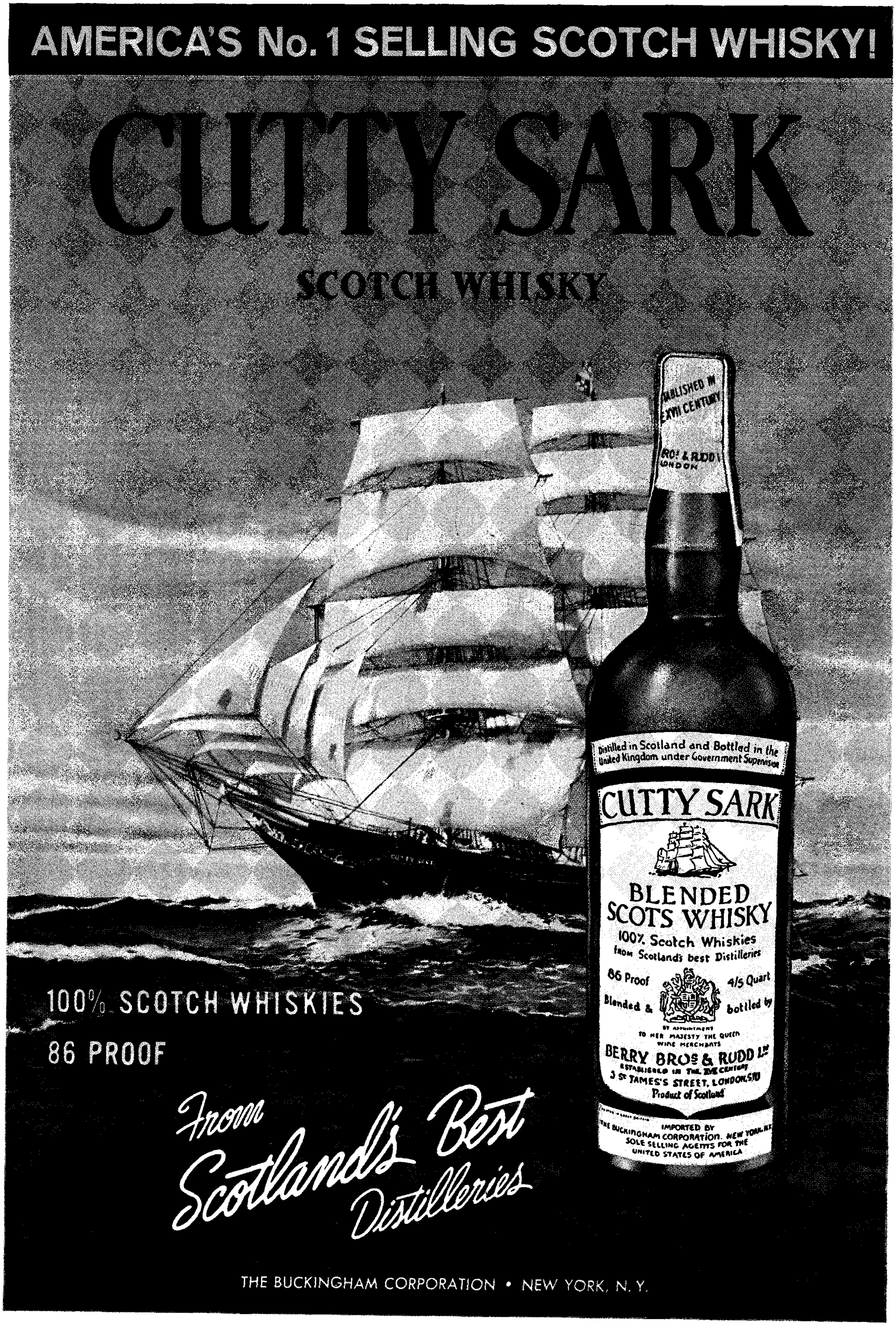
hammed Khalil Ghanai found that the engraved silver outer doors of the *hujra-e-khas* were hanging on broken hinges. The inner doors, of wood and glass, which had three locks, with the three keys kept by three trustees, had been sawed through from the bottom. Inside the chamber, the doors of the cupboard stood ajar, and the box in which the vial was kept lay open on the floor. The vial was gone.

Mohammed Khalil Ghanai rushed down the street to the house of Abdul Rahim Bande, who was chief trustee of the mosque, and whose ancestors were the first custodians of the holy hair after it reached Kashmir. Upon hearing the news of the theft, Abdul Rahim Bande moaned, tore at his clothes, and fell into a swoon. The news swept through Srinagar. All offices and shops, schools and colleges were closed. The streets were cleared of all buses, taxis, tongas, rickshaws, and bicycles, and the waterways of all boats. In every house and every hut the hearth fire was extinguished, as at a death in the family. Everywhere men, women, and children ran about barefoot, oblivious of the snow on the ground and the wind from the mountains. Some came out of the lanes and byways and marched in processions with black flags (signs of bereavement), wailing and beating their chests like mourners. The processions converged on squares and shrines for general meetings and for prayers. At the Hazratbal Mosque, thirty thousand mourners were told by one leader that the theft was "a deep intrigue to injure Muslim sensibilities and foment communal trouble for nefarious political ends." All kinds of rumors were soon abroad. It was a people's plot to overthrow the puppet government of Jammu and Kashmir, which was made up of opportunistic Kashmiri Muslims working for India. It was a plot of Indian politicians to end the *de-facto* division of Jammu and Kashmir between India and Pakistan. It was a plot by Pakistani politicians to conquer India's two-thirds of the state by starting a religious war between the Kashmiri Muslims and the Sikh and Hindu infidels. It was a plot of the Hindus and Sikhs—who together were overwhelmingly outnumbered in the Valley, and themselves overwhelmingly outnumbered Muslims in India—to destroy the Islamic religion. No, it was the work of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, who, though a Muslim, had stolen the hair in order to come back into power by restoring it. Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, president of the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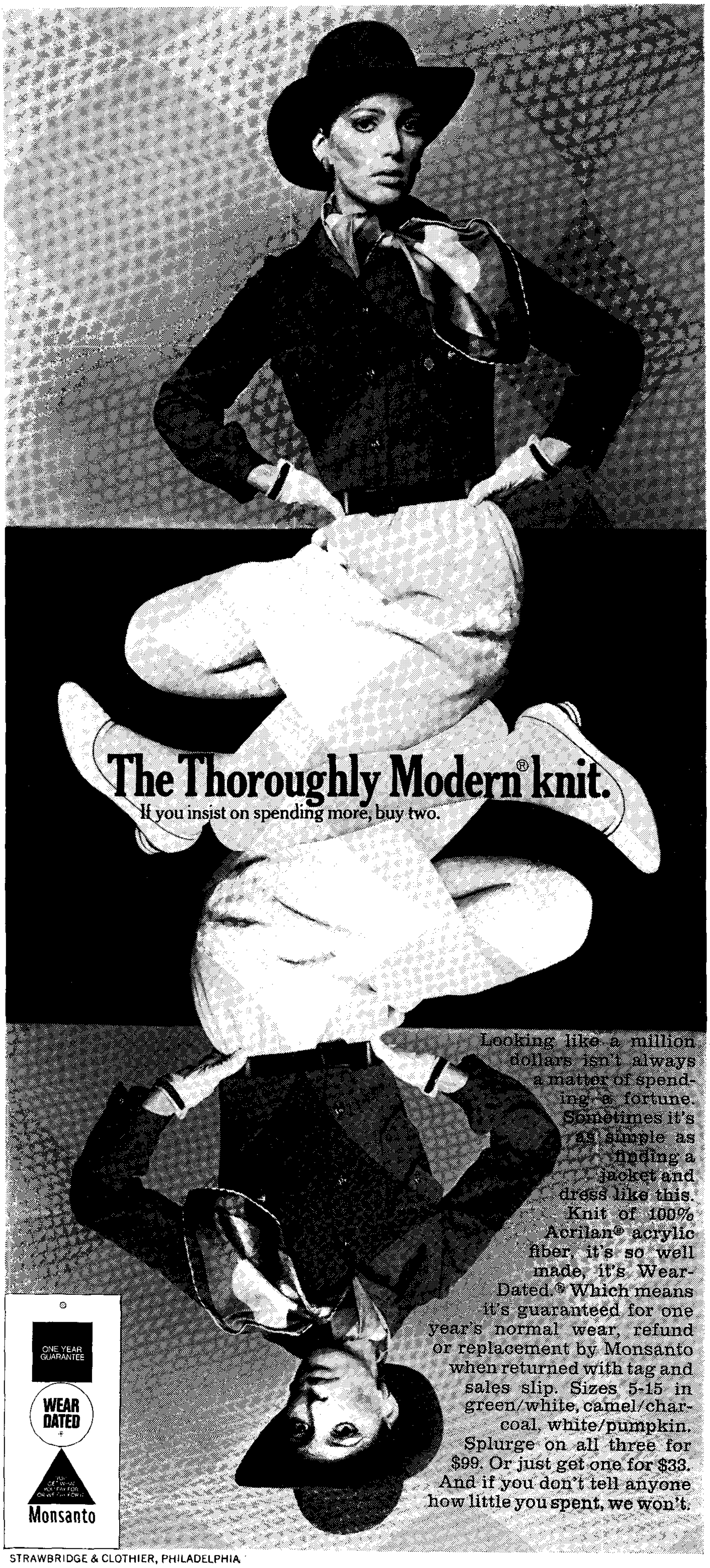
Jammu and Kashmir National Conference party, had been Prime Minister of Jammu and Kashmir from 1953 to 1963. He had first arranged for the dismissal of his predecessor, Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah—popularly called the Lion of Kashmir—who had been the leading political figure in the state, and then, after coming to power, arrested him. (Sheikh Abdullah, who had originally supported the accession of Kashmir to India and had gone on to become Prime Minister in 1948, had fallen out with India over the question of self-determination for Kashmir.) In the autumn of 1963, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed had reluctantly resigned, going along with a plan of the Congress party—with which his National Conference was allied—for political leaders to renounce power and work disinterestedly for the good of party and country. At the time of the theft, the Prime Minister of Jammu and Kashmir was Khwaja Shamsuddin, a protégé of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed and a member of the National Conference.

The day after Abdul Rahim Bande heard of the theft, a mob was on the move. It set fire to cars, shops, cinemas, office buildings—most of them the property of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed and his powerful family. It set fire to a police station that had earned a reputation for brutal methods during Bakshi's regime. It tried to burn alive the Additional District Magistrate and the Superintendent of Police. It mauled firefighters, and then, when it was about to destroy the local radio station, which in the minds of the people was identified with the detested state government, it was finally subdued by tear gas, *lathis* (heavy bamboo sticks bound with iron), and bullets. For the next eleven days, there was a *hartal* (an organized cessation of work and business). All shops remained shuttered and all offices locked. Such local Urdu papers as were able to publish (they caught the mood of the people better than the English-language national papers) were full of the black news of the theft. On Sunday, the twenty-ninth of December, under the heading "This Tragic Incident," *Aftab* (Urdu for "Sun") printed an editorial that read, in part:

> The night between 26th and 27th December will be known for all time as a very ominous night. . . . Long mourning processions are being taken out in which the only demand voiced is that this extremely shocking and extremely serious incident should be immediately inquired into. The incident is not an ordinary one. . . . Such a thing has not been heard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> of in the last four and a half centuries. The entire population of Kashmir is the very picture of grief, and this tragedy will never be tolerated by the Kashmiri Muslims. . . .
>
> The dearest treasure of the people has been snatched. . . . The entire population is restless, and everybody is looking to the government and waiting for the moment when the holy hair will be traced and the restlessness that has gripped the total Valley will be over. . . . The feelings of the people are deep, and the entire population is agitated, but not a single individual has so far given up hope or patience. . . . Even patience has a limit, and we feel it our duty to warn the government, so that fruitful steps may be taken quickly, before the situation gets out of control.

Two days later, the same editorial was repeated word for word. By then, every dwelling in Srinagar was marked by a black flag. No food was cooked in any home, and people sought such consolation as they could find in the companionship of the streets. They bought tea and rice from specially set up ration depots, took their provisions to hastily constructed clay fire pits in the open air, and there, by the roadside, cooked and ate together, sharing whatever they had. Every day, people walked in procession, raising their voices in threnodies, chanting "*Allah O Akbar*" and "*Ya Rasul Allah*" ("God is great" and "O Messenger of God") and interspersing these wails with shouts of "Let us have our holy hair back!" and "Expose the plot!" At the main intersections, on the main streets, and at important mosques, people prayed and lamented their loss, the women tearing their hair and their veils and the men striking their foreheads against the walls until they bled. Through most of the villages and hamlets of the Valley—Islamabad, Pulwama, Kulgam, Pampore, Sopore, Bandipore, Baramula, Handwara—similar spontaneous demonstrations of grief and anger broke out, and continued for eleven days. Soon after the theft, a number of political and religious leaders of Kashmir—among them Maulana Mohammed Sayid Masoodi, Mufti Jalaluddin, Mufti Bashiruddin, Ghulam Mohammed Mir, Maulana Saifuddin Kari, and Sheikh Mohammed Faruq (Maulana, Sayid, and Maulvi are religious or inherited titles)—banded together and constituted the Holy Relic Action Committee and took charge of the demonstrations. They set the period of mourning. They represented the people before the government. They collected donations of money and goods, mustered volunteers to man the ration depots and outdoor kitchens, and to support their cause

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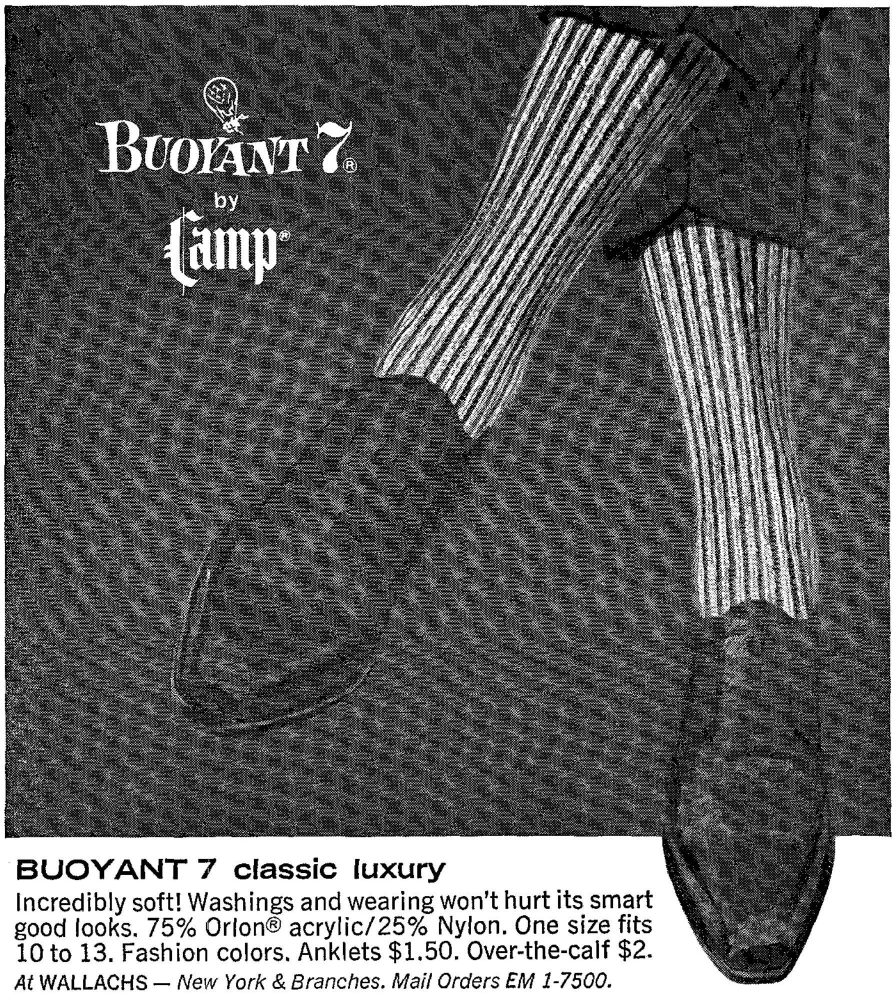

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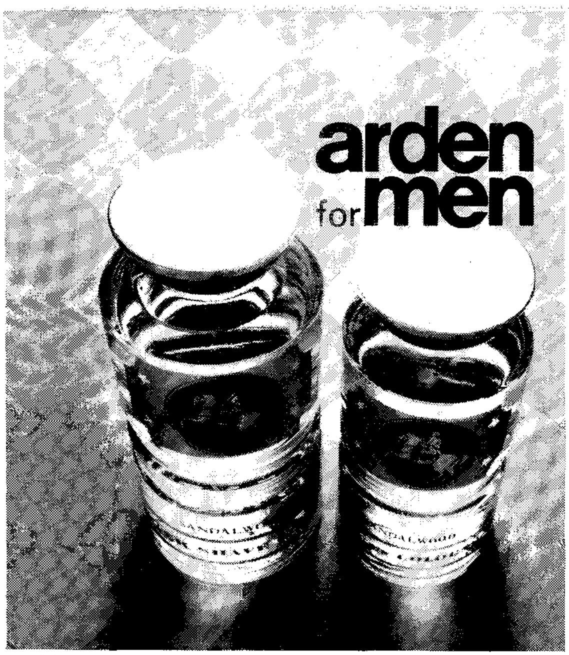

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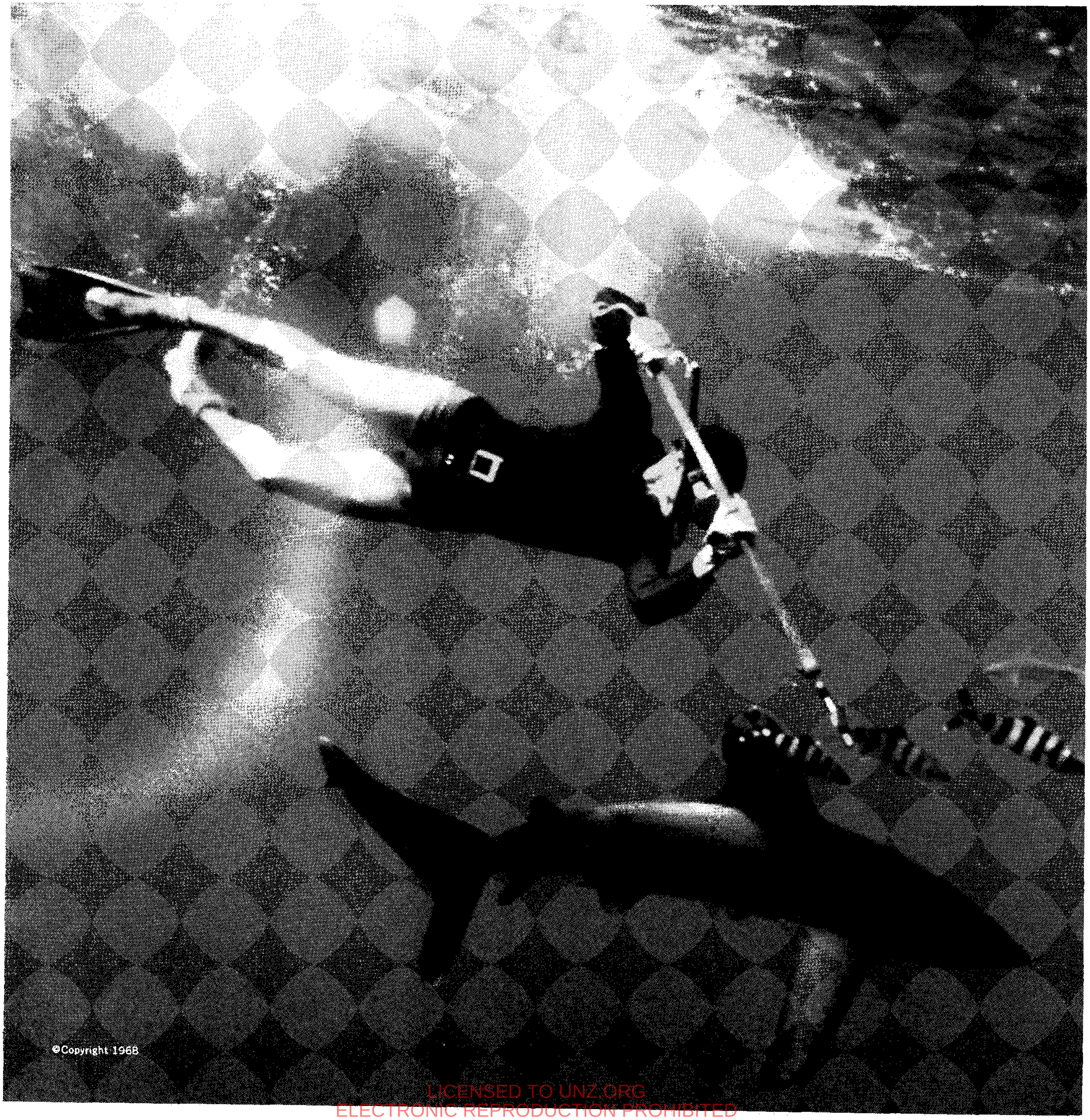

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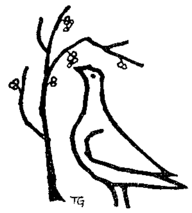
mobilized political and religious organizations. The Holy Relic Action Committee, voicing the public resentment against such state-government institutions as the police, who they said were "past-masters in converting truth into untruth, and vice versa," demanded that the Central Government take over from the state the direction of the search for the relic, that a judge from outside the state try the case, and that the people be told the details of the investigation, whatever the political consequences. When a group of political leaders—Ghulam Mohiuddin Kara, Khwaja Sadruddin Mujahid, Ghulam Mohammed Shah, Haji Mohammed Isaq, Sheikh Abdul Rashid, and others—were arrested, the Holy Relic Action Committee demanded their immediate release. These demands were expressions of a revolutionary movement that was continually threatening to pass into more violent hands. Gangs of thugs, thought to be in the pay of politicians, roamed the streets, terrorizing Hindus. Local papers called for primitive justice, as when an editorial printed in *Hamdard* (Urdu for "Sympathizer") advocated lynching: "The accursed person who has committed this reprehensible act . . . is not only an enemy of the state but an enemy of the whole country and the enemy of humanity. Such . . . an accursed person deserves to be pelted to death." In the meantime, inflammatory reports were finding their way into the Valley from Pakistan, where the news of the disappearance of the hair had set off sympathy demonstrations, and where the Secretary General of the Kashmir Liberation Movement, stating a popular belief, hinted that India was behind the theft by calling it "the latest attack on Muslim culture by the enemies of the people of Kashmir." There were riots in East Bengal—East Pakistan—in which many Hindus died; order was restored only after hundreds of rioters had been arrested.



In Kashmir, all attempts of the Shamsuddin government to limit the expressions of grief, to check the revolution, and, by constant recourse to the Indian Army, to restore some measure of order were confounded by general and complete disobedience. The government, invoking Section 144 of the Criminal Procedures Code, banned all meetings and processions not having specific permission, and it imposed curfews, censored press reports, tapped telephones, arrested more leaders, restricted the freedom of movement of others, and threatened with dismissal anyone in government service who took part in the agitation, but all these measures proved ineffective. It was no secret that for many years most Kashmiris had been discontented with their accession to India, with the *de-facto* division of their state, and with the government imposed upon them, and that if they were given a choice they would prefer either integration with Pakistan or independence. And now a sense of religious outrage, combined with the smoldering political grievances, threatened to turn the Valley yet again into a battleground between India and Pakistan. Shamsuddin made desperate pleas to the people. He would, if it were any use, sacrifice his eyes for the recovery of the hair, he assured them, and he declared:

> It is the belief of a Muslim that as long as he does not entertain more love for God's Prophet (may peace be on him) than he has for his children and for his property, his faith is not complete. I am a Muslim by religion, and I have the same belief. Thus, the removal of the holy hair of the Holy Prophet (may peace be on him) has injured our spiritual sentiments. It has actually injured the heart of humanity. I share in equal measure the grief that is being expressed by the common people. . . . I can offer my very life for recovery of the holy hair. If my transitory life be of any use toward this end, I will not hesitate to offer it. It is indeed a miracle of the holy hair itself that today Hindus, Muslims, and Sikhs are all mourning alike.

The Hindus and Buddhists to the east of the Valley, in Ladakh (part of Kashmir), did indeed offer prayers of sympathy, and the Hindus and Sikhs who formed the majority in Jammu, and who actually wanted complete and final integration with India, nevertheless now made common cause with the Kashmiri Muslims, preventing new outbreaks of religious rioting. And so the life of Shamsuddin's government was prolonged. Non-Muslims marched in procession with their Islamic brethren, red Hindu flags embroidered with "*Om*" alongside green Muslim flags embroidered with couplets from the Koran. Such a display of unity had not been seen in Kashmir since its division, and the unity persisted even when two bronze statues were stolen from a Hindu temple in Jammu—supposedly in a Muslim act of retaliation. Nevertheless, the Shamsuddin government could not have survived without the intervention of the Central

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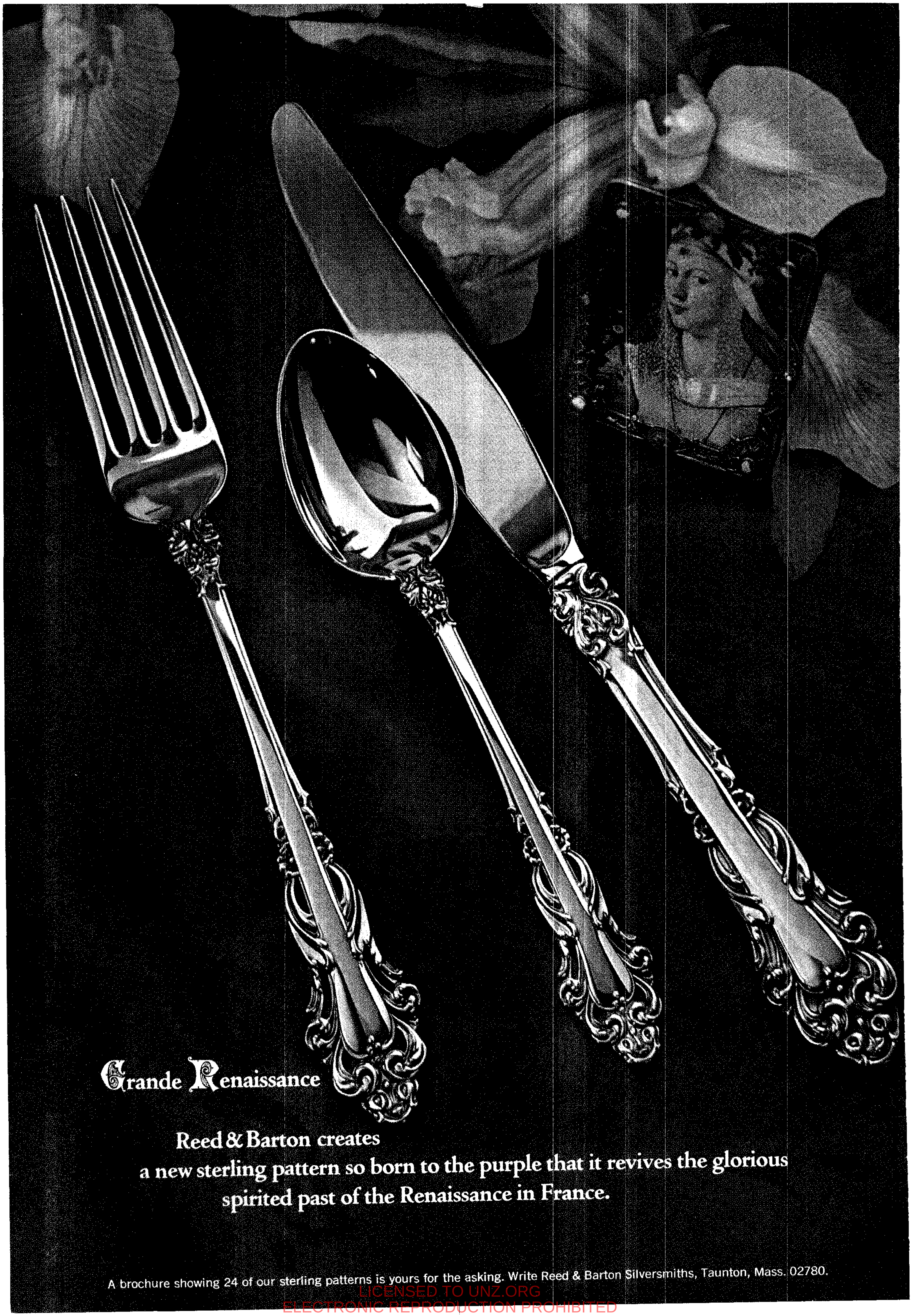

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Government; in fact, the Central Government had assumed the powers of the Shamsuddin government in all but name, and considered invoking a provision of the constitution called the President's Rule, which authorized the President of India to take over the administration of any state if its own government proved unable to exercise authority. Travel plans of Ministers in the Central Government were postponed, messages of condolence were dispatched, and Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru went on the air to calm the nearly fifty million Muslims living in India, many of whom feared a repetition of the Hindu-Muslim riots that had accompanied the partition. In Delhi, there were frantic meetings between Nehru and Karan Singh, the son of Maharaja Sir Hari Singh and the nominal head of the State of Jammu and Kashmir; between Nehru and Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, the President; between Nehru and Lal Bahadur Shastri, the former Home Affairs Minister (within the next few months he acquired a sort of portfolio in the Kashmir problem); between Nehru and M. C. Chagla, the Education Minister and a student of Muslim tradition; between Nehru and Gulzarilal Nanda, the Home Affairs Minister; between Nanda and B. N. Mullick, Director of the Central Intelligence Bureau, who was dispatched to Srinagar with a staff of detectives; and between Nanda and his Home Secretary, V. Viswanathan, who was also sent to Srinagar. However intense the activity in the Central Government and in the government of Jammu and Kashmir, it was all futile in the eyes of Kashmiri Muslims as long as the hair was missing and possibly destroyed—never to be seen again. Sheikh Abdullah, who had been in prison for virtually a decade (he had had a few weeks of freedom in 1958), wrote in a letter to the President:

> You are aware that this holy hair was brought to Kashmir about three hundred years ago, during the Mogul regime, and that it was installed by the Mogul rulers at Hazratbal, in a specially built chamber. These rulers had attached extensive estates to the shrine for keeping it provided with expenses for maintenance, et cetera. This shrine has been considered the greatest one and is a sacred spiritual center for Muslims. Throughout the centuries it has been respected as such. Since the people deeply love the Prophet of Islam (may peace be on him), they throng to this place on different religious occasions for spiritual benefits and blessings. . . . I think a conspiracy is at the root of what has happened. My eyes and the eyes of my friends are concentrated on you in this hour of darkness. We are sure that be-

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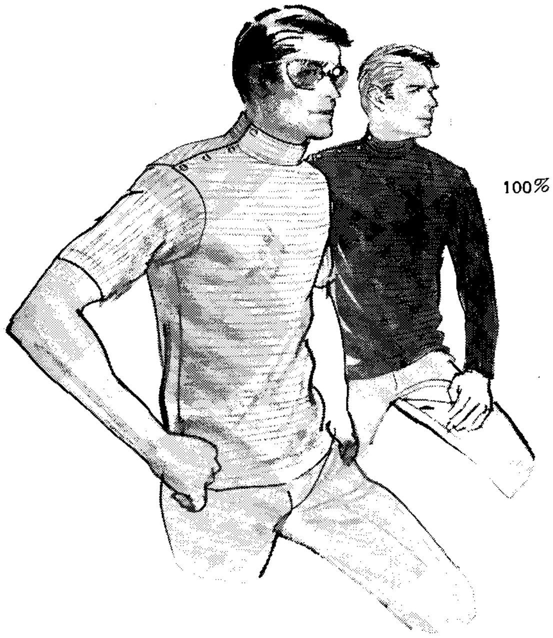
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hind this theft there are intricate political aims. It is very clear that the accursed person who is responsible for this theft will do everything in his power to keep himself untouched and hidden.... I hope you will excuse my audacity, but the tragedy is so great and so painful that I have been forced to gather the courage to address you directly.

After pleading with the President to "take a bold step to save the people of Kashmir," he stated that the sacrilege was a logical outcome of corrupt Indian practices in Kashmir:

> Of late Kashmir has been going through a process of dehumanization, which was actually initiated in August, 1953, when the murder of the democracy was committed in the state.... Crores of rupees of the Indian exchequer have been used to corrupt the people of Kashmir and almost kill their very souls, so as to drug them against any possible resistance to the onslaught on their basic human rights.... I ask for early action in the direction of revising the Kashmir policy. It is the root cause of all evils....

A LIFE burnt and scorched
If Kashmir it would enter,
Be it even a roasted bird,
It would surely grow wing and
feather.

So the Persian poet Urfi Sherazi celebrates the home of the relic. And other bards of Islam tell of pilgrims who, coming to see the relic through the centuries, have so fallen under the enchantment of the beauty of Kashmir that they have been prepared to surrender their lives after being vouchsafed a mere glimpse of the place. So the poets sing, but always they return to the theme of the relic, saying that, compared to the constant, undiminished light that it sheds on the soul, all things—even the marvels of Kashmir—are ephemeral.

Attempting to establish the existence and the authenticity of the relic, the author of an Urdu pamphlet called "The Second Medina," Mohammed Husam-ud-Din, whose nom de plume is Johar, and who is a relative of Abdul Rahim Bande, records that the Prophet Mohammed, on the night of his ascent to Paradise, was told by Allah, "With each of your sacred hairs, I will deliver thousands of the sinful among your followers from the burning fires of Hell." There are, says Johar, two ways of authenticating such episodes—the revealed way and the empirical way—and both are sanctioned by the Sunna. Johar cites instances of the two ways. In a revelation, the Prophet Mohammed appeared to a Kashmiri named Hazrat-e-Khwaja-e-Khwajgan Khwaja Ahmed Yasvee and told him that the relic was his own "fragrant

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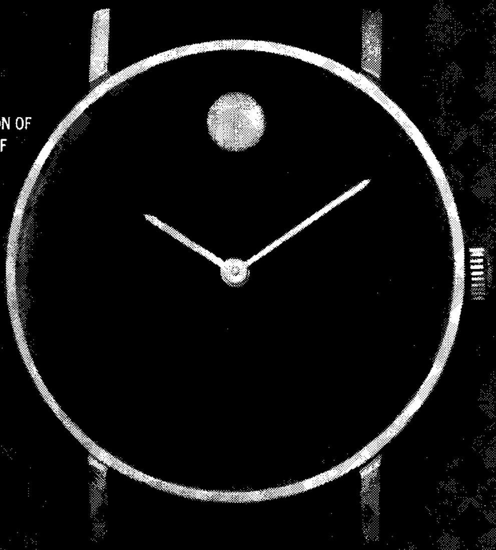

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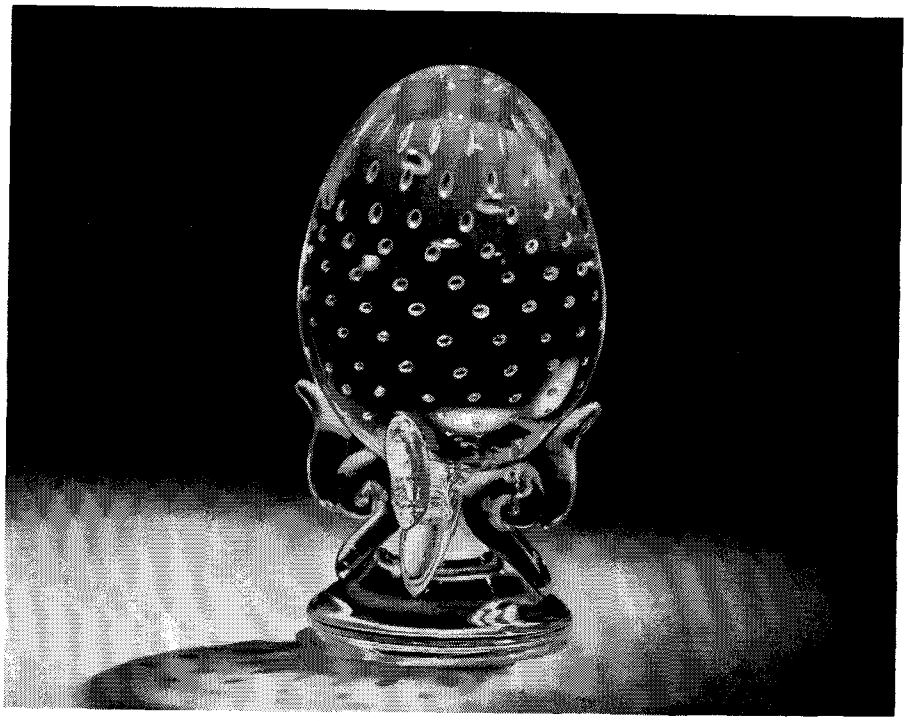

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hair" and that it was from the tresses of his "right lock." Wishing an empirical basis for faith in the hair, another believer, Abdul Muzzafar Alamgir, tested it successively in fire, sun, and honey. He placed the hair in fire, and the hair did not burn; he placed the hair in the sun, and the hair did not cast a shadow; he placed the hair in honey, and the hair did not thereafter attract a single fly. According to Johar, the hair was originally in the custody of the descendants of Mohammed in Arabia, who were also the hereditary attendants of his mosque in Medina. The hair remained in Medina until 1634, when its custodian, Sayid Abdullah, earned the displeasure of the ruling caliph. The caliph confiscated Sayid Abdullah's property and banished him. Sayid Abdullah managed to take the hair into exile with him, and also two other relics—the saddle and the turban of Ali, the Fourth Caliph of Islam and the son-in-law of the Prophet Mohammed. Sayid Abdullah reached India two years later, where, probably because of his possession of the three relics, an estate in Bijapur, in the Deccan, was settled on him by Emperor Shah Jehan. Sayid Abdullah and his family, who had come with him, lived in comfort in Bijapur for the next twenty-three years. Then Sayid Abdullah died and the relics passed to his son Sayid Hamid. (Sayid Abdullah's benefactor, Shah Jehan, was ill at the time, and his sons were fighting over his throne.) Thereafter, the fortunes of Sayid Abdullah's house declined and Sayid Hamid was left destitute. Toward the end of the century, Sayid Hamid confided his financial difficulties to a Kashmiri trader named Khwaja Nuruddin Ashawari. "How could a true lover of the Prophet (may peace be on him) bear it?" Johar asks, in his account. He continues:

> Khwaja presented a sum to him in the garb of a loan. . . .
>
> Khwaja also had the chance of being blessed with a sight of the sacred relics. . . . He . . . abandoned all his other desires and hopes for the sake of his love for the hair of the Prophet (may peace be on him). [Probably because Johar is primarily interested in the hair, the saddle and the turban of Ali get little attention at this point in the narrative.] The flame of love in him became more intense every day, and at last there came a day when he presented himself in a state of spiritual intoxication and prayed:
>
> "With thy benevolence grasp my
> needy hand
> And grace me with one out of these
> gifts."
>
> The great Sayid did not relish this request. He said, "Oh, Khwaja, take care

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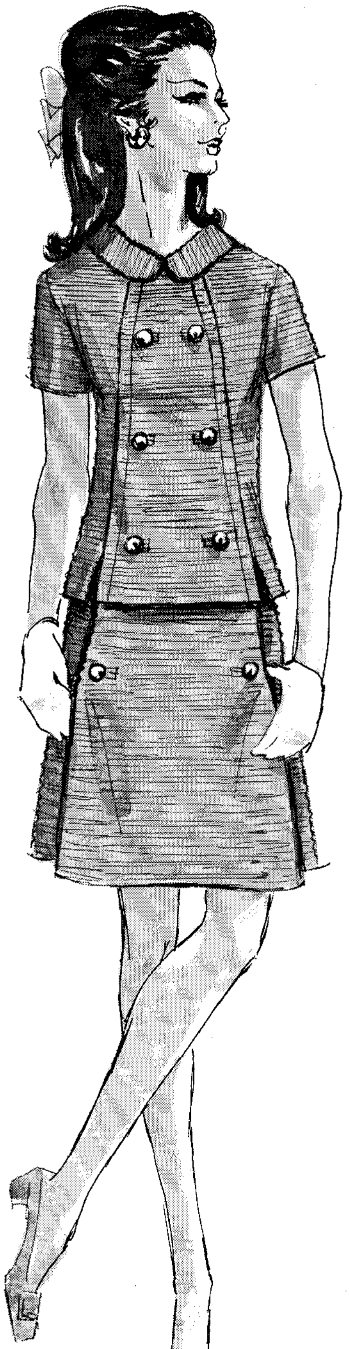

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of your lost senses and steady yourself.... Is it your plan to deprive me of this everlasting treasure?"

When the distraught lover of the Prophet (may peace be on him) appears to be sinking in the whirlpool of disappointment, the Loved One himself turns into favorable wind and extricates the distressed lover from the whirlpool.... During the same night the exalted Sayid had a vision in which he saw the Prophet himself. In his own dignified speech he addressed Sayid and gave him instructions with regard to Khwaja's desire:

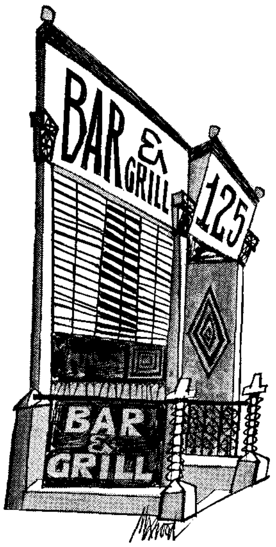
> "Don't disappoint the trader.
> Grace him with the everlasting
> treasure."

In the tradition of Urdu literature influenced by the Koran, Johar uses appropriate verse in his text—in his case, verse taken mostly from the Kashmiri poet and scholar Hazrat Mirza Qalandar Beg, whom Johar compares to the great Persian poet Firdausi.

Khwaja Nuruddin Ashawari, having thus obtained the hair, set out with it for his native Kashmir. He broke his journey in Lahore, where he was besieged by crowds eager to have a glimpse of the hair. Emperor Aurangzeb, the son of Shah Jehan who had won the throne, and who happened to be in Lahore, in the Punjab, summoned Khwaja and appropriated the hair, saying, "This supreme blessing ranks higher than all my domain, my throne, my crown, my faith, and my world." Emperor Aurangzeb decreed that the hair be taken to a famous shrine in Ajmer, a city some distance south of Lahore. When the people of Lahore heard that the hair was to be taken from them, they were inconsolable. They wept; they held funeral processions. There were meetings of viziers and amirs, who chose a delegation to plead the cause of Lahore with Emperor Aurangzeb. Meanwhile, Khwaja Nuruddin Ashawari, after begging a friend, Medanish, to devote his life to the recovery of the hair and its preservation in Kashmir, died of a broken heart. Khwaja's last wish was that his remains be buried near the hair. The Emperor, of course, was not likely to be swayed by the entreaties of such a humble man as Medanish if the petitions of the powerful viziers and amirs had no effect, but when the hair had been in Ajmer for nine days, Mohammed appeared to the Emperor in a dream and announced:

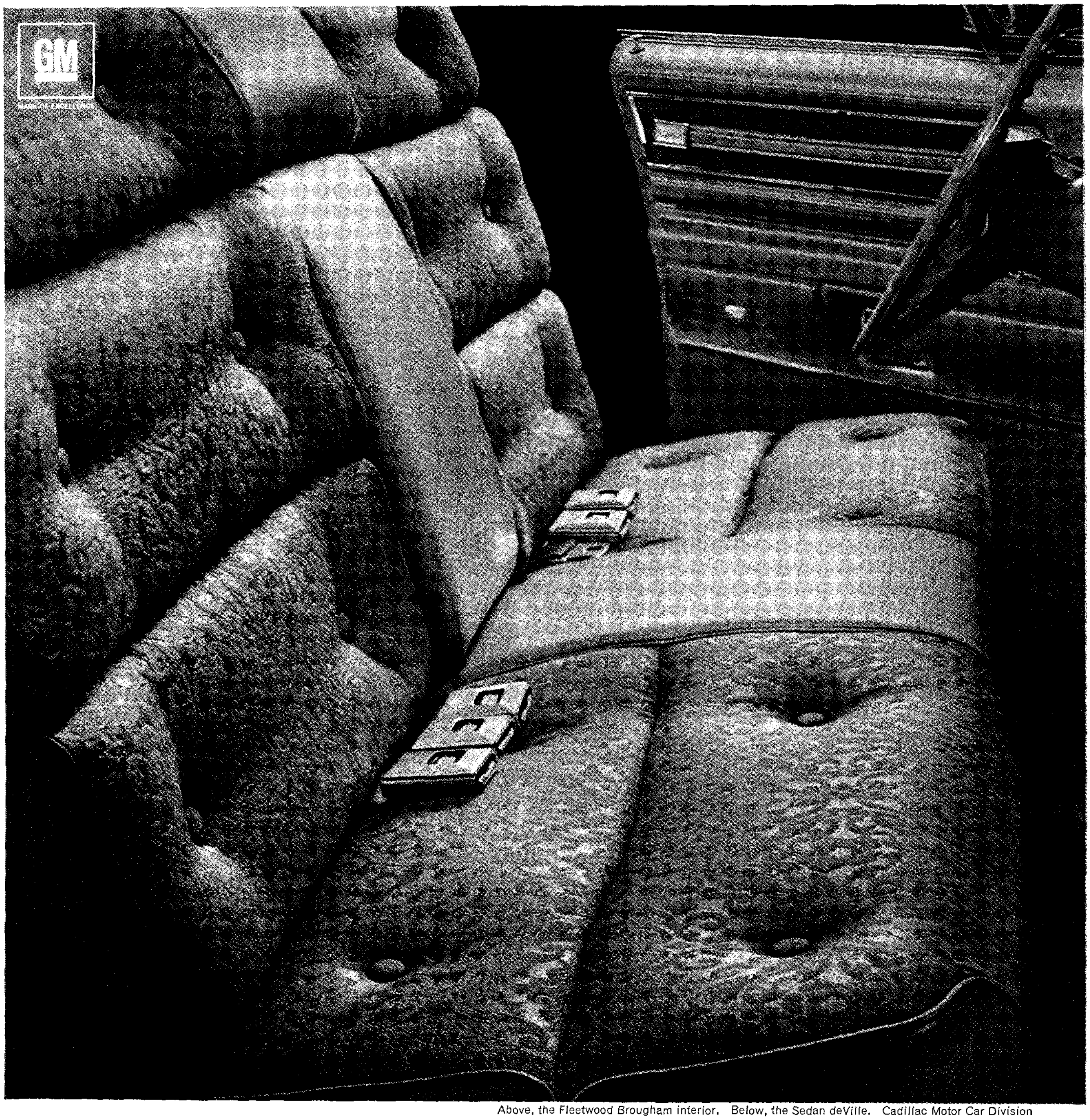
> "You have grieved the heart of
> Khwaja.
> He was mad with love for me.
> I have appeared before you only to
> tell you that
> You must aid the fulfillment of his
> desire."

Wonderful! Wonderful! All this was wonderful! [Johar exclaims]. This is exactly what ought to have happened, otherwise the hearts of the helpless and the friendless would have been trampled.



With the Emperor's blessing, the hair was now placed in a fragrant sandalwood box, and the sandalwood box placed beside the body of Khwaja Nuruddin Ashawari in an ornate palanquin. The palanquin was borne by believers to Kashmir—hailed along the way by cheering throngs—and when it arrived, believers there were waiting to receive the hair, the Prophet Mohammed having told their spiritual leaders in a vision that they should make themselves ready to receive his gift. The hair was installed in a mosque called Bagh Sadiq Khan, whose name was soon changed to Hazratbal (Urdu for "hair of the Prophet"). Khwaja Nuruddin Ashawari was buried in the garden of the mosque, through the efforts of his daughter, Inayet Begum, and her husband, Khwaja Balagi Bande, presently arranged for a ceremonial *deedar*, or exhibition, of the hair. The descendants of the couple inherited the functions of giving *deedars* and managing the mosque, the future of which was secured by revenue from estates donated by the government. It is these same functions that Abdul Rahim Bande and his several brothers and Mohammed Husam-ud-Din (Johar) performed.

Johar's highly embellished narrative, on which the preceding account primarily relies, is confused, but not any more so than other narratives, which differ on such points as when, if at all, the hair was submitted to empirical tests, why Sayid Abdullah was exiled from Medina, whether Sayid Abdullah smuggled the relics out of Medina or took them out with the blessing of the caliph, whether Sayid Abdullah journeyed to India on foot or by ship, whether the hair reached India in 1634 or 1636, why the relic was relatively



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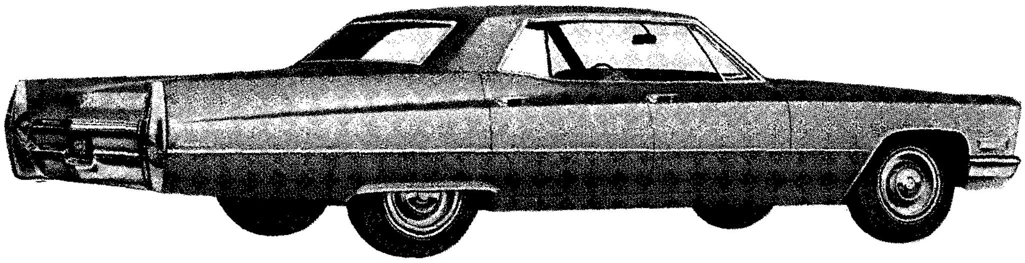

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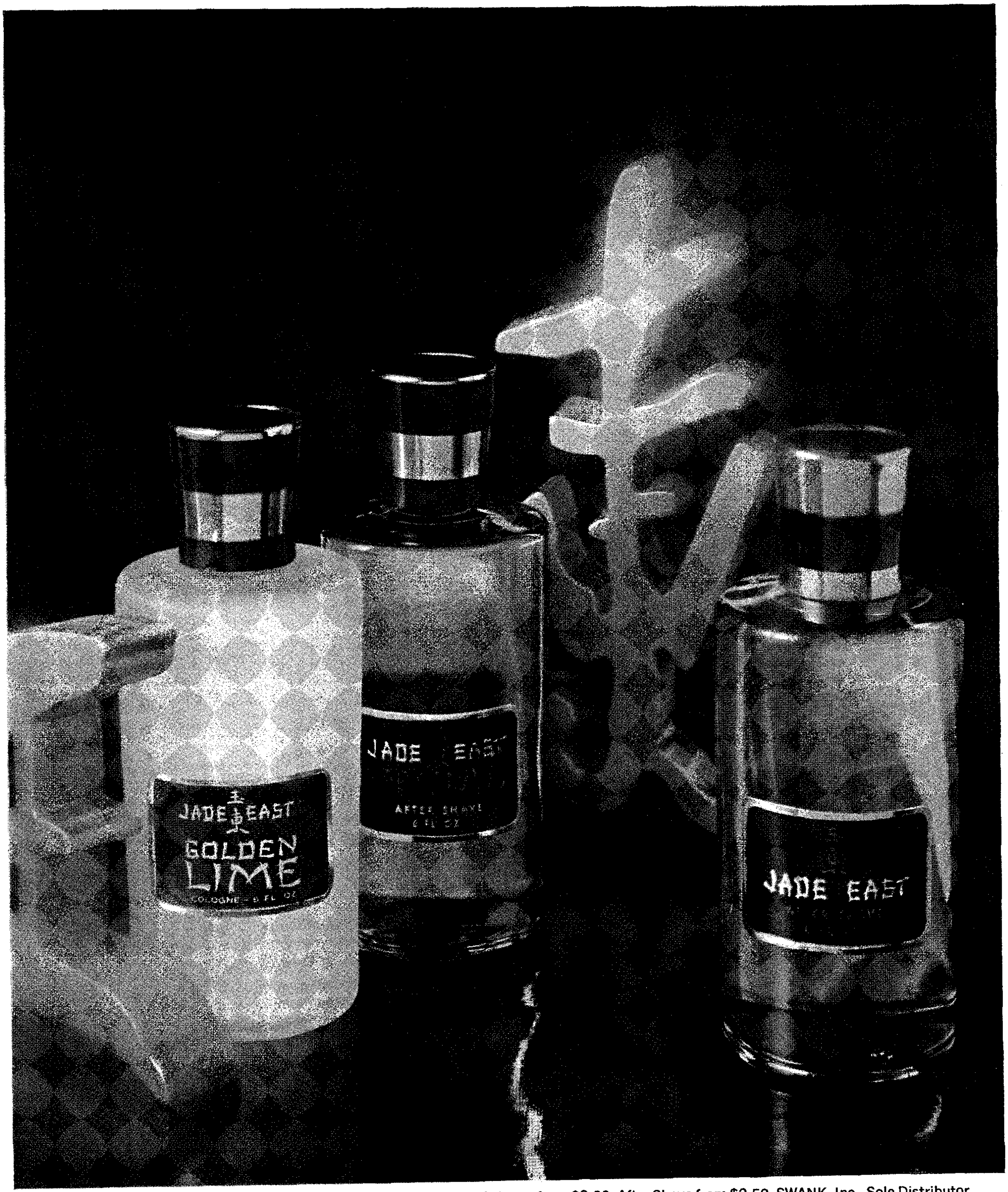
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unknown in India before Khwaja Nuruddin Ashawari inherited it, whether the hair was ever taken to Ajmer, whether Khwaja died of a broken heart or of tuberculosis, whether it was a revelation or an advance party that informed the Kashmiris about the coming of the gift, whether the turban and the saddle were lost or are still extant—in fact, on practically every point. But then it has to be kept in mind that the history of the relic is based on a combination of legend, hearsay, and inspiration.

ON the evening of Saturday, January 4, 1964, a little over a week after the theft of the hair, members of the Holy Relic Action Committee—among them Maulvi Mirwaiz Mohammed Faruq, who was its president, although only in his teens (his family had been prominent in the religious and political affairs of Kashmir), and Maulana Mohammed Sayid Masoodi, who was fast becoming the head of the revolution—were called to a house from which Mullick, the Director of the Central Intelligence Bureau, was conducting an investigation. They arrived at exactly 7 P.M., the appointed time. By then, they had heard an All India Radio bulletin announcing the recovery of the relic. The bulletin had first been broadcast from All India Radio at five-thirty that evening, and it had been regularly repeated in English, Urdu, and Kashmiri, along with self-congratulatory messages from Indian leaders. On their way to Mullick's quarters, the members of the committee had passed through snowy streets crowded with women throwing off their veils and men tossing their caps and turbans in the air and shouting, "Long live the Central Intelligence Bureau!" The committee members, however, had remained very much on their guard. The bulletin had been suspiciously terse. It had not given a single detail about the circumstances of the recovery, about the present whereabouts of the hair, about the identity of the thieves, or about any steps to bring them to justice. Nor had there been any mention of who, if anyone, had vouched for the authenticity of the hair. For a decade, ever since Sheikh Abdullah's arrest, the state government had been derided for its obvious corruption, for its rigged elections, and for its attempts to whitewash its failures, but until the sacrilege strong police measures had succeeded in suppressing the opposition. Now, with the complete breakdown of law and order, might not the government go to any lengths to re-

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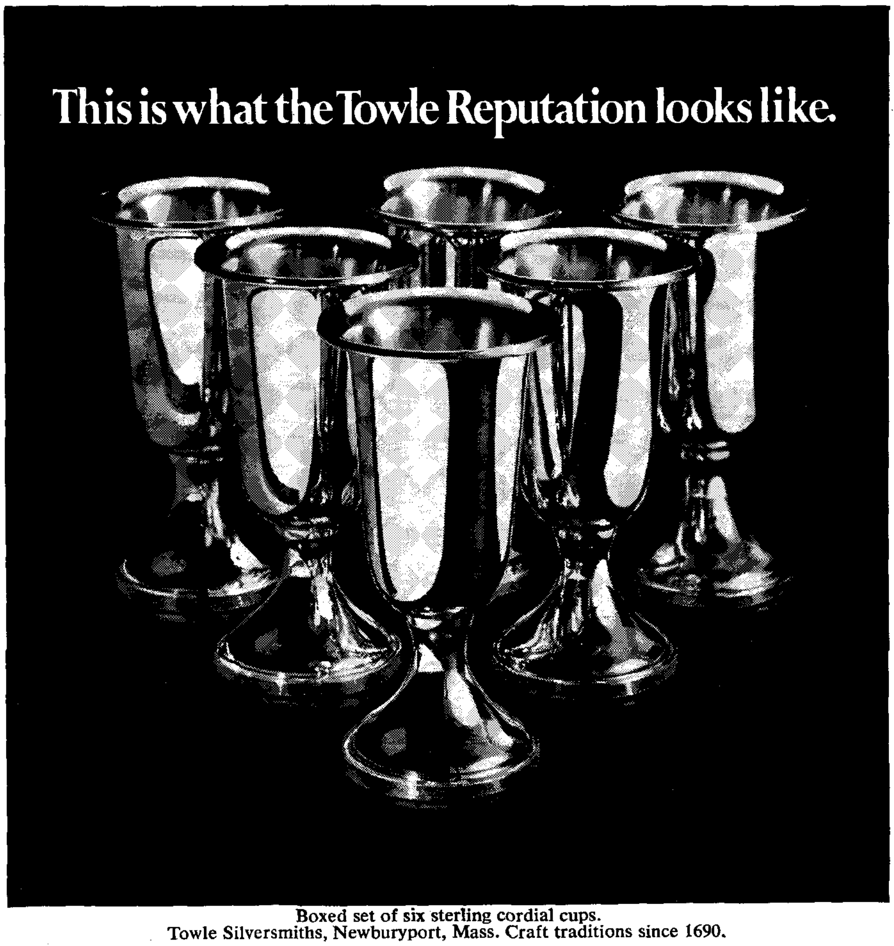

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store its authority? Might it not even simulate a holy hair? Indeed, the lack of detail about the recovery of the stolen relic augured ill. True, the bulletin originated with the Central Government, which was considered more reliable than the state government, but, after all, the Central Government had been behind the arrest of Sheikh Abdullah, and had kept in power the state governments of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed and Shamsuddin. Now that the theft threatened India with the loss of Kashmir, the Central Government might stop at nothing. The members of the committee, who wanted to examine the hair for themselves and have their religious elders verify it, knew that it was in their interest to prolong the agitation over the theft of the relic and use the incident to rid Kashmir once and for all of an unpopular government. It had already been suggested that the loss of the hair might be the Prophet Mohammed's way of leading the Kashmiris at long last to a successful revolution. The momentum had to be sustained.

Mullick kept the members of the committee waiting for hours. His intention may have been to prevent them from airing their doubts among the people celebrating in the streets, but the long wait had the effect of deepening those doubts. When the members of the committee were finally ushered into his presence, at 3 A.M., his manner with them was rather offhand. He congratulated them on the recovery of the relic and said that now they could go about their everyday business. They tried to elicit details from him. How had the hair been found? Just as it had been taken away, they were told—in mysterious circumstances. Mullick said that his investigation had made it so hot for the thieves that they had expeditiously returned the relic to Hazratbal Mosque. Had anyone been apprehended? No. How was it that the thieves returning the hair had gone unnoticed by the crowd of mourners holding a twenty-four-hour vigil at the mosque? The government had its way of knowing things before anyone else; the fact was that the relic was returned. Mullick told them that the moment he was informed of the return of the relic he had gone over to the mosque himself and retrieved it. Was the hair now going to be reinstalled, with due respect and honor, in the *hujra-e-khas* at Hazratbal, where at least the elders could view it? Mullick said that for a time it would remain in the custody of the Central Government and no one would be allowed to see it. There were

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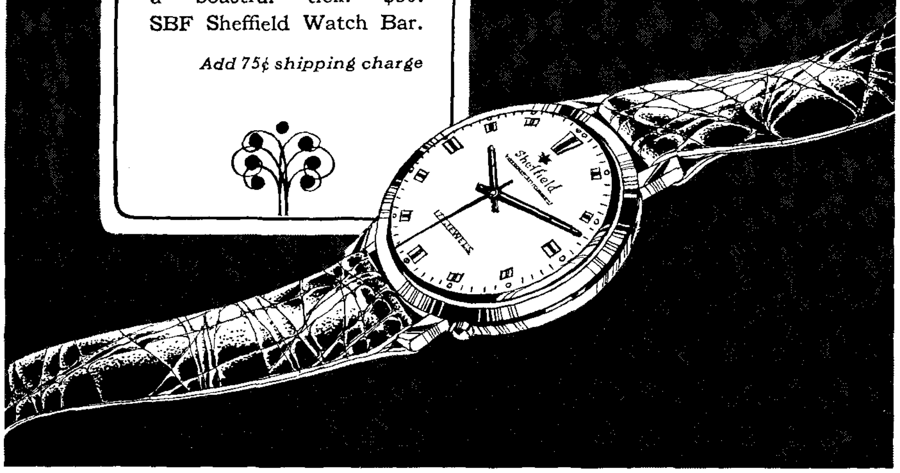
legal difficulties in the way of its verification and installation; any precipitate action would be ill-advised. Could the members of the committee perhaps see the hair now and satisfy themselves? No.

The members of the committee did not press the point further. Though they were not fearful men, they knew that under the Defense of India Rules they were liable to arrest without any such legal remedy as habeas corpus. (The Defense of India Rules, instituted by Presidential proclamation during the Chinese advance on the Himalayas in 1962, were a set of regulations that empowered the Central Government to suspend fundamental constitutional rights. Although the regulations were extremely unpopular, they had been kept in force and had been invoked in the arrest of, among others, friends of the committee members.) They left Mullick's presence convinced that the Central Government, like the state government, was out of touch with the realities of the revolution. The people in the streets, after a few hours of uncertain jubilation, had gone back to mourning. *Hamdard* expressed some of the doubts of the public: "Some ask how it could be possible for anybody to take back the holy hair to its place while the whole area was being watched by government detectives and other officers. How could anybody get such an opportunity? Some are heard asking why the person could not be caught red-handed while he was trying to put it back. There are other questions like these which are raised in the light of these statements and are asked in various circles." (The editors of the local newspapers were also well acquainted with the Defense of India Rules.)

Processions and public meetings soon adopted the slogans "Get the holy hair identified by the elders!" and "Expose the conspiracy!" and "Hang the conspirators!" Almost every day, there were skirmishes between crowds and the police. (The crowds would assault the police with brickbats and *kangris*—pots of burning coals that individuals carry around for warmth—and the police would open fire with rifles.) Since the government's announcement of the recovery, the newspapers could no longer overtly praise popular agitation, so they cunningly ran stories about the heroic conduct of the people in the interval between the theft of the hair and its supposed recovery. One such story read:

> It is the miracle of the greatness of the Prophet (may peace be on him) that none



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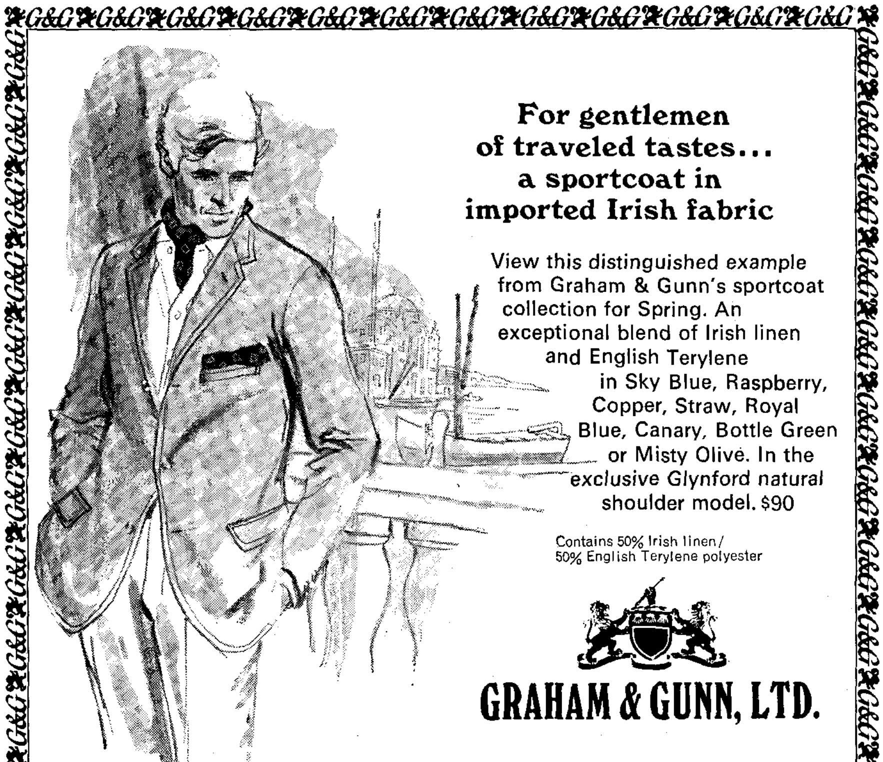

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How Renault scrimps on gas without scrimping on car.

The Renault 10 can scrimp at the rate of 35 miles a gallon.

One of the chief reasons for this remarkable mileage is the Renault 10's engine. Quite simply, if you don't waste power, you don't waste gas. Which isn't all that simple.

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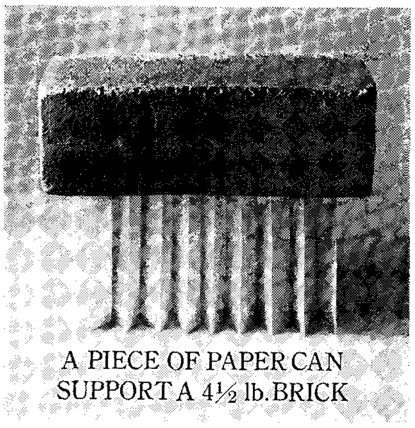
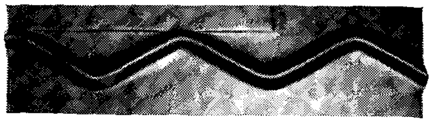


A PIECE OF PAPER CAN SUPPORT A 4½ lb. BRICK

To explain the next bit of gas-saving we've set up a little demonstration. *(above)*

Without those pleats, the same paper would never even support another piece of paper. That, in principle, is the kind of extra wrinkle we design into the steel structure of the Renault 10. It allows us to increase strength and rigidity without increasing sheer dead weight. And by not increasing dead weight, again, we don't increase gas consumption.



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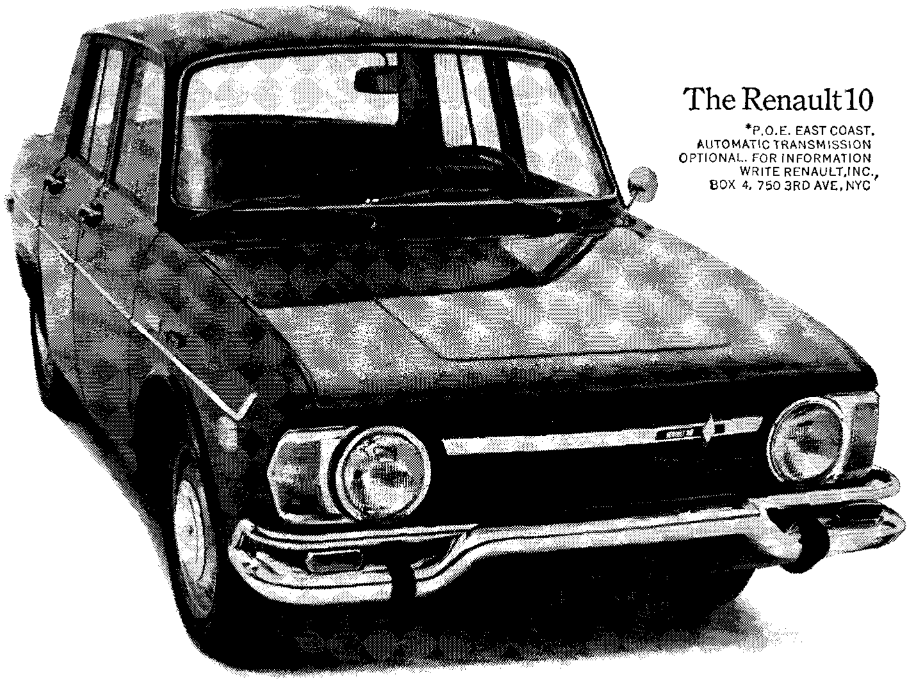

The Renault 10

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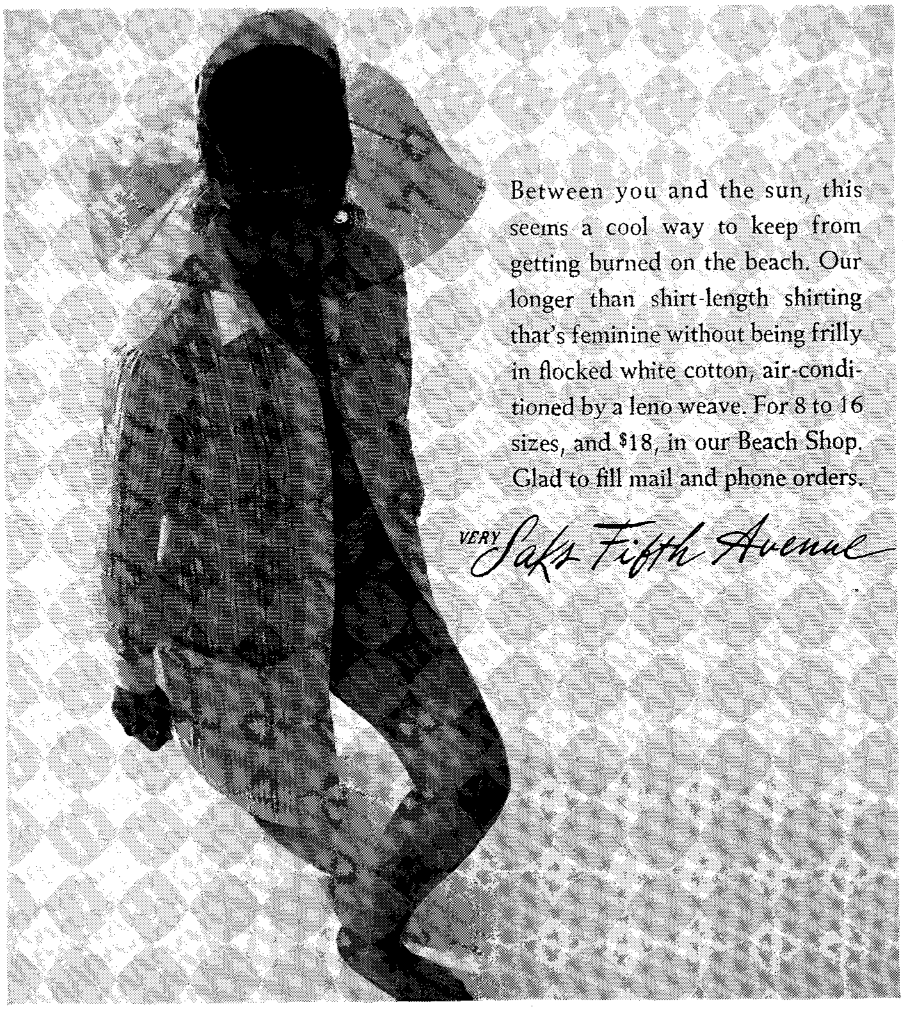
dared sell anything in the black market, nor did anybody think of profiteering. As a matter of fact, milk and vegetables became cheaper than usual, differences ended, people were recharged with feelings of love and affection, fresh sentiments of fellowship and brotherhood could be noticed all round, a new atmosphere came into being, and a new life emerged from noble feelings.

Perhaps because the agitation showed no sign of subsiding, the authorities declared the eleventh of January a public holiday; on the eve of that day escorted the supposed relic to Hazratbal and, without any attempt to get it verified as Mohammed's hair, had it ostentatiously locked in an iron safe that had previously been installed in the *hujra-e-khas;* took charge of the keys; assigned a twenty-four-hour guard to the mosque; for further security, set up a permanent police post near the mosque; announced that the Department of Public Works had been instructed to reinforce the walls and doors of the *hujra-e-khas;* and stated that henceforth the relic would be handled and exhibited only by written order of the District Magistrate. The authorities explained that the government had decided to return the relic to the *hujra-e-khas* now because an investigation and trial would take time and meanwhile the government did not wish to deny the people the satisfaction of praying in a mosque once again blessed by the presence of the relic. Around nine o'clock that same evening, many of the Ministers of the state government (all with bodyguards), the Inspector General of Police, the District Magistrate, Mullick, and the Home Secretary, Viswanathan, gathered in the mosque with the reluctant members of the committee. They all sang and prayed and offered thanks for the return of the relic to the *hujra-e-khas.*

In the days following, however, commerce remained paralyzed. The members of the committee and other leaders of the revolution harangued excited crowds about the consequences of any failure to have the hair verified and the real conspirators brought to justice. The old demands and slogans were repeated day after day: "Let the elders identify the hair," "Let Sheikh Abdullah and Maulana Masoodi identify the hair," "Tell us the results of the investigation," "Stop covering up for the accursed criminals," "Produce those accursed criminals," "Release prisoners," "All Kashmiri politics is corrupt," "Give us honest police from the Central Government," "Give us an honest judge from the Central Government," and "Call *hartal.*" Parties that had



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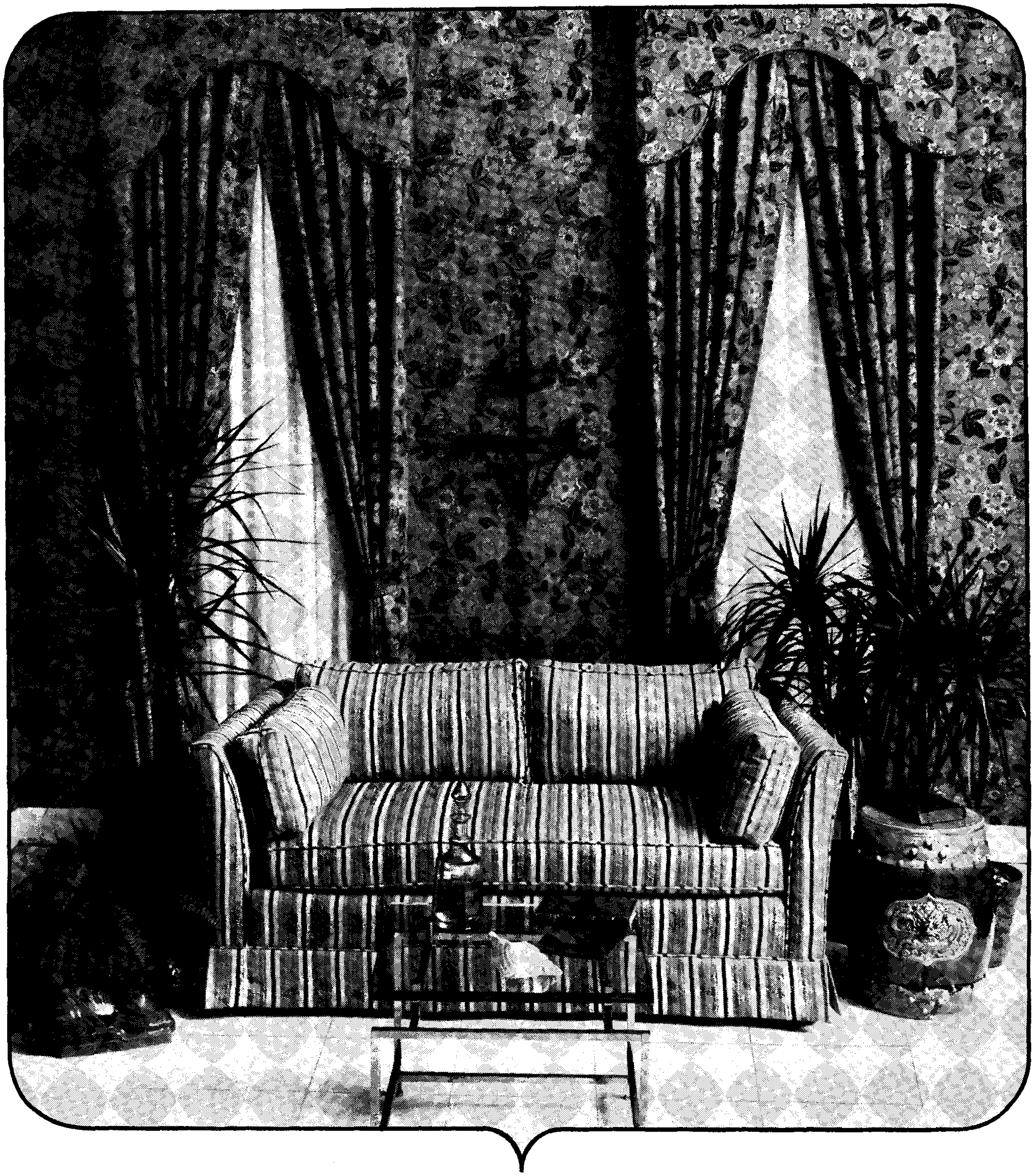

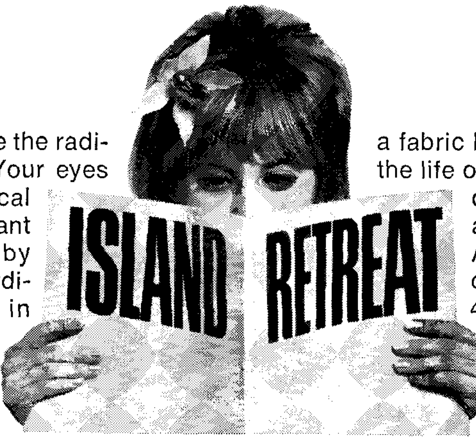

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been regarded as subversive—among them the Plebiscite Front, which, taking its lead from Sheikh Abdullah, stood for a free ballot to settle the future of Kashmir—had been muzzled for years, but now they presented their programs publicly. The Holy Relic Action Committee openly proclaimed that the struggle over the hair had all along had political as well as religious aims.

The Central Government conducted itself with aplomb, as at a press conference given by Viswanathan in Srinagar:

Q: You have said anybody who doubts the integrity of the recovered holy hair is speaking with the voice of Pakistan. But on last Sunday [January 12th] people repeated this demand in a public meeting at Jama Masjid [an important mosque in Srinagar]. What have you to say about that?

A: I do not want to indulge in discussion about this. I can say only that the holy hair which has been recovered is absolutely genuine and there should be no doubt about it.

Q: You have said that no black flags in a public meeting will be tolerated. But following that warning black flags have continued to appear on jeeps and other vehicles and they were hoisted also on the stage of the public meeting at Jama Masjid. What have you to say about this?

A: The officers on the spot have complete freedom to act in such a situation.

Q: The holy hair . . . was not shown to any member of the Holy Relic Recovery Committee [another name for the Holy Relic Action Committee]. This was not shown to them even when they came to meet you.

A: I cannot show the holy hair to all the people who visit me.

Q: Will you show it to the people whenever they demand it?

A: It depends upon circumstances. . . .

Q: The Holy Relic Recovery Committee complains that the ruling party has reappeared and is harassing people. Does your warning against the disturbance of the peace apply to these people also?

A: The warning that I have issued will apply . . . to everybody in the same measure.

Q: Are you satisfied with this warning?

A: Yes.

Perhaps because Prime Minister Nehru was ill (he never quite regained his health afterward), the official statements from Delhi, for the most part, reiterated that the Central Government would not allow itself to be coerced by a mob, that the relic was authentic, and that all the agitation had been inspired by Pakistan, and stipulated that resumption of normal life was a precondition of any political reform in Kashmir. In private conversations, the authorities admitted that they were in a dilemma: if they gave in to the demand for verification, the relic might be repudiated, yet if they tried to suppress the demand—for instance, by arresting all the leaders of the revolution—they ran the risk that the revolution might turn violent and uncontrollable. It was thought that the Shamsuddin government was too weak, and the case for the presence of India in Kashmir too attenuated, for the Central Government to take any strong action. The authorities vacillated and followed a policy of compromise. For instance, they allowed the fundamental liberties of free speech and free association to flourish in practice, although in theory these had all but been abolished. The compromises were useless. On the twenty-fifth of January, mobs—one of them numbered at least nine hundred—attacked small parties of policemen in three different parts of Srinagar. The police tried to repulse them first with *lathis*, then with tear gas, and finally with rifles. Four demonstrators, it was said, were killed in the clashes, and eight demonstrators and a dozen constables were injured. All this was the official version of the day's events. The popular version put the number of dead at eighteen and the number of wounded at sixty-one, and had it that for that entire day the whole of Srinagar had risen up in arms and had taken over the rule of the city because trigger-happy policemen had massacred innocent Kashmiris, some of whom were doing nothing more provocative than sitting on their verandas. In the month since the upheaval began, Maulana Mohammed Sayid Masoodi had emerged as the most important leader of the people. In the Holy Relic Action Committee, he had all along been an advocate of restraint and patience. On the twenty-fifth, he was ill in bed, but as soon as he received word of the riots, he sprang up and rushed over to Jama Masjid and declared in a speech to the throngs assembled there that the police, by shooting innocent Kashmiris, had destroyed the last vestige of the people's confidence in the government, that the dead had not shed their blood in vain, that the people of Kashmir would one day be rewarded for their sacrifices, and that the people would never rest until the authenticity of the relic was established beyond all doubt. The dead were given a martyrs' burial, and the trouble quickly spread from Srinagar all over the Valley. For the next three days, in protest against the "government of hooligans" (a term that had been applied to the state government for years), there was a com-

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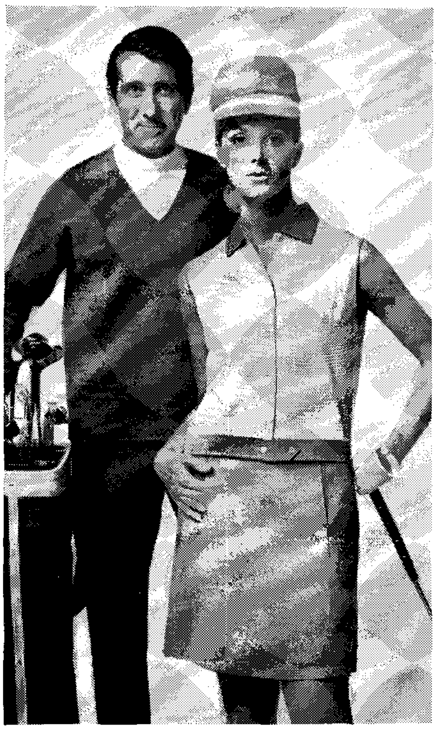

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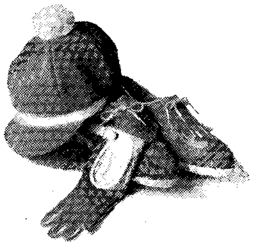

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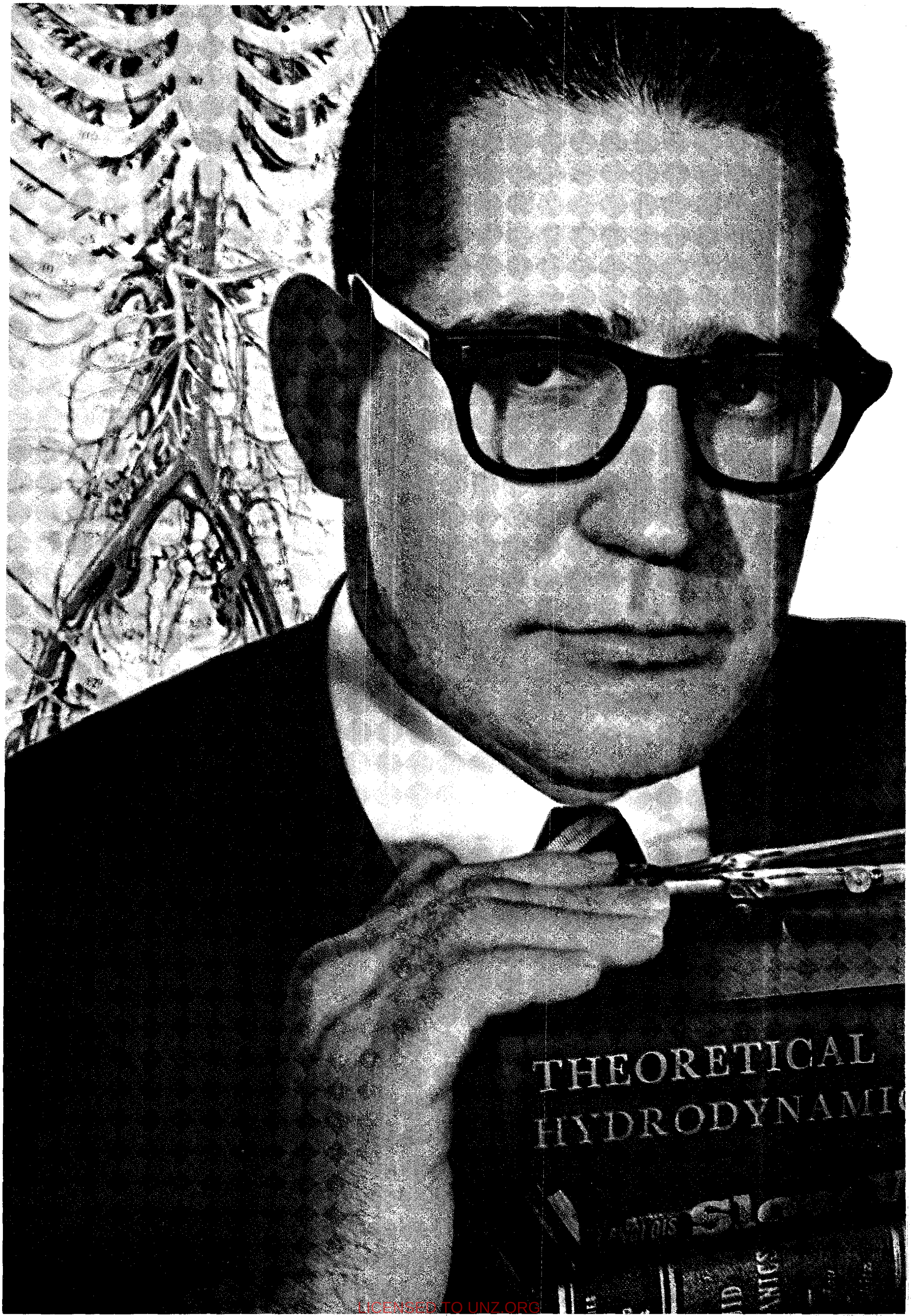
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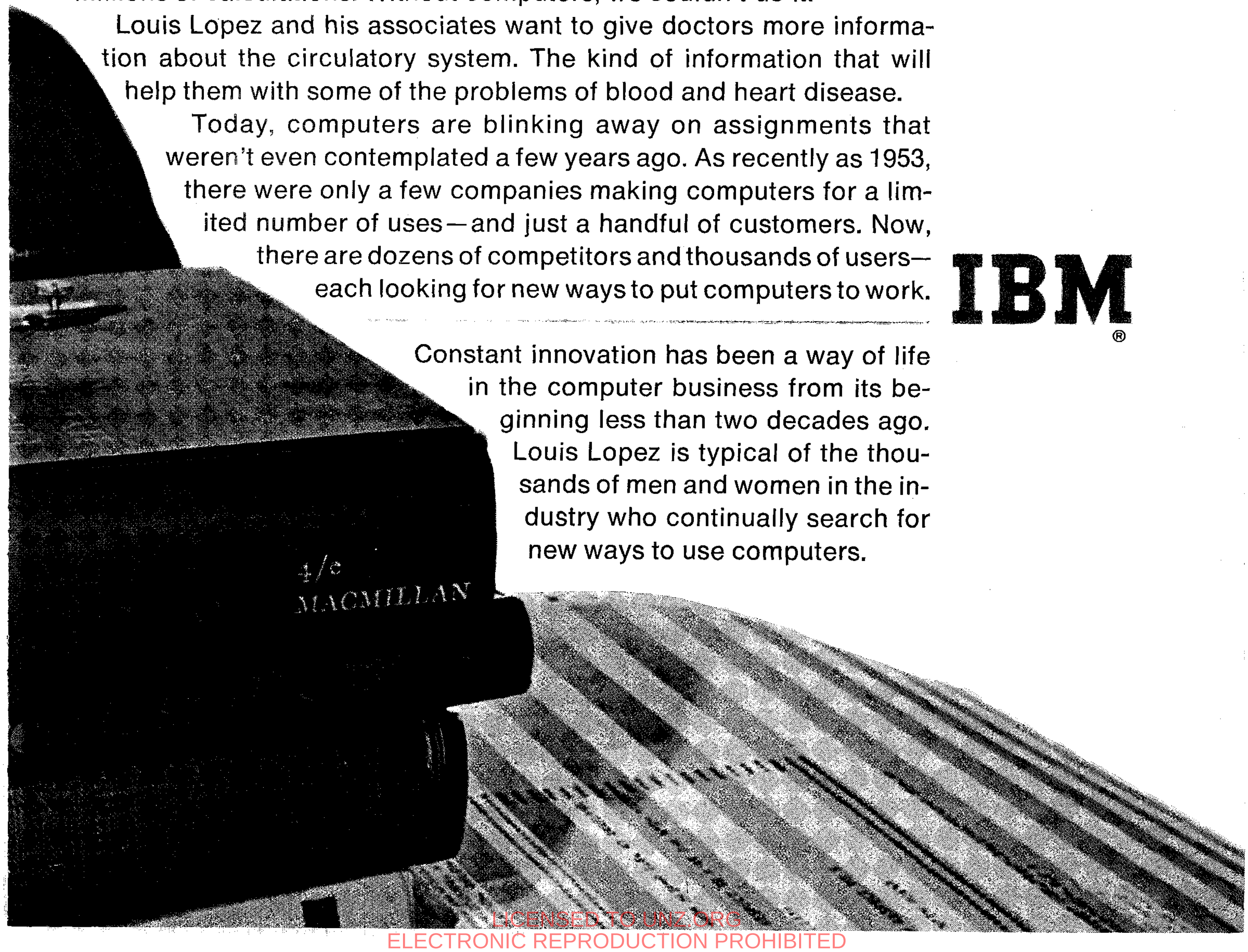

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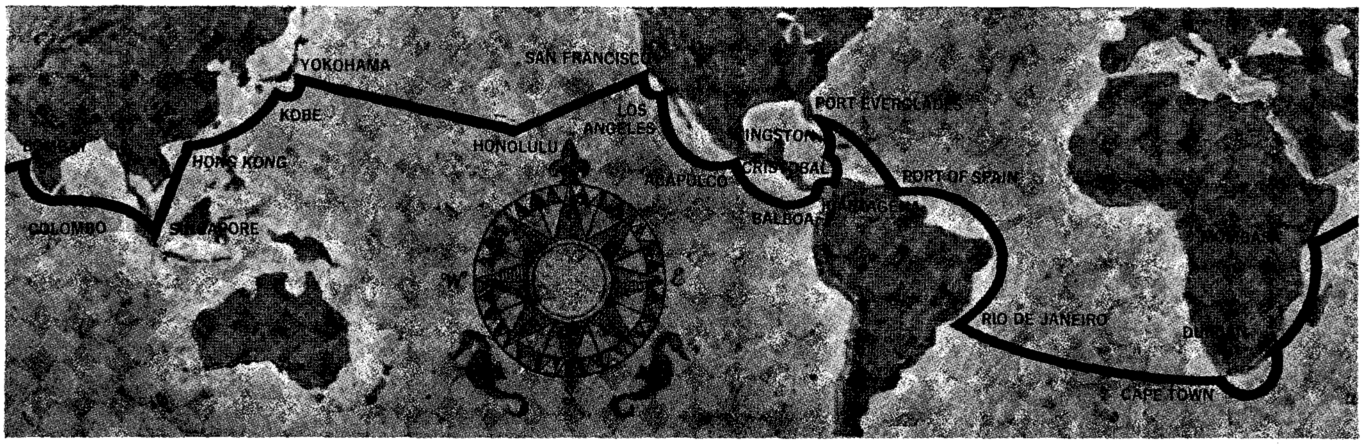

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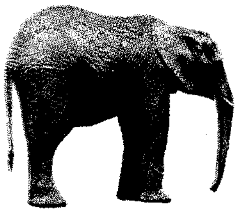

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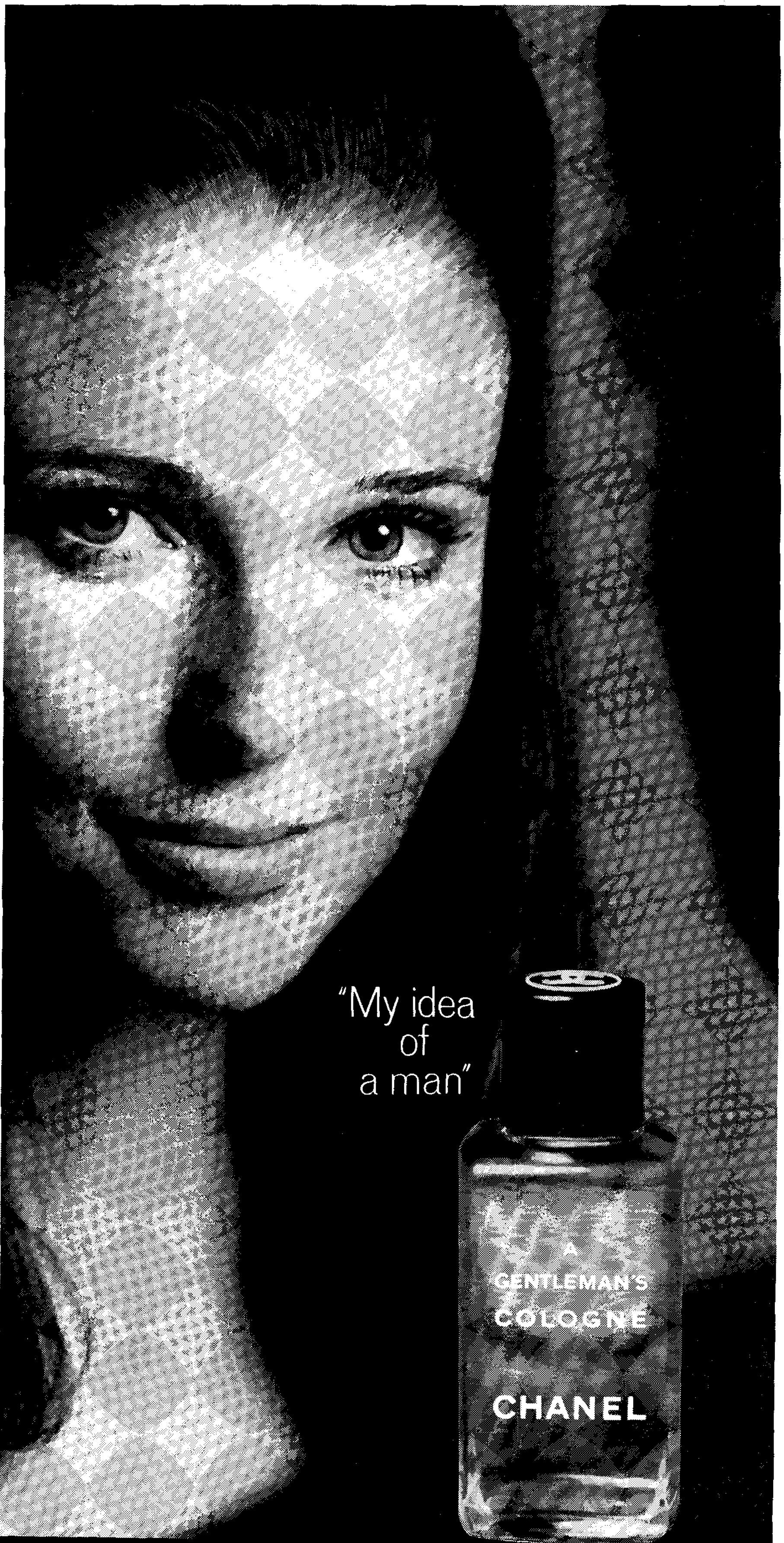
SAFETY INFORMATION: The SS President Roosevelt, registered in the U.S.A., meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960.

American President Lines, Dept. 2-Y, International Bldg., San Francisco, California 94108 plete *hartal*. Even after the three days were up, the situation in the Valley did not improve. On the strength of a mere rumor that Maulana Masoodi and Mirwaiz Mohammed Faruq had been imprisoned, *hartal* began all over again in Srinagar. It was repeatedly charged in public meetings that the same political bosses who had stolen the hair so that they could later come to power by taking credit for restoring it had, upon failing in their initial design, hired "hooligans" to instigate riots and disorder, so that anarchy might give them an excuse to make another effort to seize power. An editorial in *Rehnuma* (Urdu for "Leader") read:

> The movement that was conducted in the Valley of Kashmir for the relic's recovery has brought the history of the state to a turning point. . . . The truth is that the movement was peaceful and non-political. But certain hooligans have given it a violent character and succeeded in disrupting the peace of the Valley. The local administration, police, and judiciary have become almost helpless against them. . . . The state government should have suppressed these hooligans and satisfied the people. . . . Even the tragedy of the theft was turned into a medium for power politics. Under the circumstances, certain demands are made, and fulfilling them would in any case be advantageous for the state. It is a pity that power-seekers, instead of sharing the troubles of the people, are busy demanding a termination of the present constitutional government and a promulgation of the President's Rule in the state. They are aware that even this would not succeed in controlling the present situation in the state. On the other hand, this would render conditions less settled. Such people are not worried about the results. They want to come to power. . . . It is these people who are responsible for giving birth to hooliganism in Kashmir. It is these people who never uttered a word in favor of protecting the life and property of the common people and saving their honor. If they had raised their voices against steps that gave rise to hooliganism, conditions would not be as bad as they are now. . . . If the people demand anything at all from the Kashmir government, it is that the state be liberated from hooliganism, hooligans, monopolists, and power-seekers. These evils have taken root in the state. Peace will not be established in the state by merely bringing in big officers from other states, by importing a police force from outside, or even by establishing the President's Rule in the state. The best and the only remedy is that hooliganism, corruption, nepotism, and inefficiency should be terminated. The government should also terminate the means and methods that were introduced to feed hooliganism. . . .

At the time of the theft, there were about ten million Hindus living in officially Islamic Pakistan (primarily in East Bengal, since Pakistan was created mostly by the separation of East Bengal



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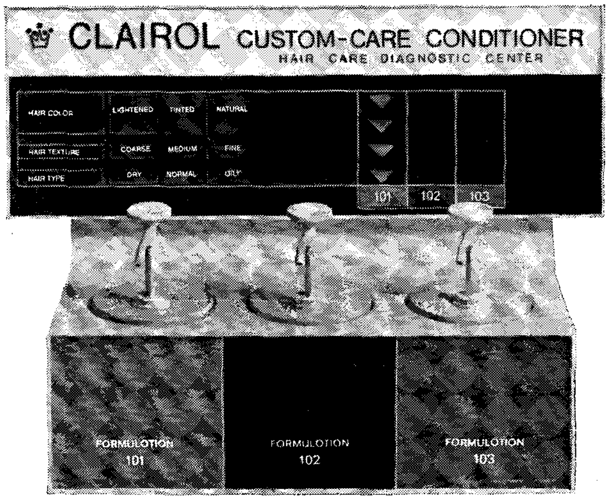
For the Coiffures Americana® Beauty Salon nearest you, see the opposite page.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NATURAL
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COARSE
MEDIUM
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HAIR TYPE
DRY
NORMAL
OILY
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102
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FORMULOTION 103

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BATON ROUGE, LA.	D. H. Holmes
BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.	Haggarty's
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BOSTON, MASS.	Jordan Marsh Company
CHARLESTON, W. VA.	Stone & Thomas
CHICAGO, ILL.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co. State St., Evergreen Park, Hillside, Randhurst, Edens Plaza, Wilmette
CINCINNATI, OHIO	Shillito's
CLEVELAND, OHIO	Higbee's Downtown, Severance, Westgate
COLUMBUS, OHIO	Lazarus
DENVER, COLO.	The Denver Dry Goods Co. Downtown & Lakeside
DETROIT, MICH.	Hudson's Downtown, Dearborn, Lincoln Park, Eastland, Northland, Westland
EL PASO, TEX.	Popular Downtown & Bassett Ctr. Northgate
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NEWPORT NEWS, VA.	Miller & Rhoads
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PORTLAND, ORE.	Best's Apparel Lloyd Center
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ST. PAUL, MINN.	Field Schlick Downtown, Har Mar Mall
ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.	Maas Brothers
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SAN JOSE, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
SAN MATEO, CAL.	Joseph Magnin
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STOW, OHIO	O'Neil's
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TAMPA, FLA.	Maas Brothers Downtown & West Shore Plaza
TOLEDO, OHIO	Lamson's Downtown, Colony, Maumee
TUCSON, ARIZ.	Steinfeld's
TULSA, OKLA.	Vandever's Utica Square
URBANA, ILL.	Carson Pirie Scott & Co.
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.	Miller & Rhoads
WALTHAM, MASS.	Grover Cronin
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YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO	Strouss'

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and West Punjab from India) and about fifty million Muslims in predominantly Hindu India. The original news of the theft touched off violence against Hindus in East Bengal, which is about a thousand miles away from Kashmir. In a sort of reflex action, Muslims were killed in West Bengal, with the result that more Hindus were killed in East Bengal. Thousands of refugees crossed from West Bengal into East Bengal and thousands more from East Bengal into West Bengal, each group bringing stories of arson and looting, and prompting further reprisals. The attacks and counterattacks may have had causes other than the theft itself. (Some of the Hindu refugees were merchants who had managed to prosper in certain Muslim villages and towns in East Bengal and as a consequence stored up ill will in these communities, and some of the Muslim refugees were impoverished residents of Calcutta slum tenements owned by Hindu landlords, and there was evidence to suggest that these landlords had hired arsonists to burn down the tenements so that they might later put the land to more profitable use.) However that may be, in each country the police and the local authorities seemed to lose control of the riot-stricken areas, and authority passed to the Army. There had been some disturbances and a flow of refugees ever since the creation of Pakistan, but the present disorders were the most violent since those of 1950, which themselves had a precedent only in the disorders of the partition, when tens of thousands were killed and millions were displaced from their homes. In a sense, the Muslims in India and the Hindus in Pakistan were all hostages.

Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan and the President of Pakistan, Field Marshal Ayub Khan, both made appeals for religious toleration, but any coöperation between the governments of the two countries was impossible because of the strong feelings about the question of Kashmir. Pakistani officials now claimed that India was using the disturbance over the theft as a cover for moves to settle the Kashmir question unilaterally. By their account, the Indian constitution, which was adopted nearly two years after the 1948 United Nations cease-fire in Kashmir, had tacitly acknowledged Kashmir's special, disputed status, in that the State of Jammu and Kashmir had a prime minister and a head of state, like the Central Government itself, whereas every other state in the Indian Union had a chief minister and a governor; recently, how-

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A gentle whisper of bygone Americana, with two little drawstring bows to gather up a high waist. Marvelously precise and tiny wildflowers and meadow-weeds, on Dacron polyester and cotton. In darkening tones for the approach of Fall: Copen Blue, Redwood, Nugget. 3 to 15. About $23.

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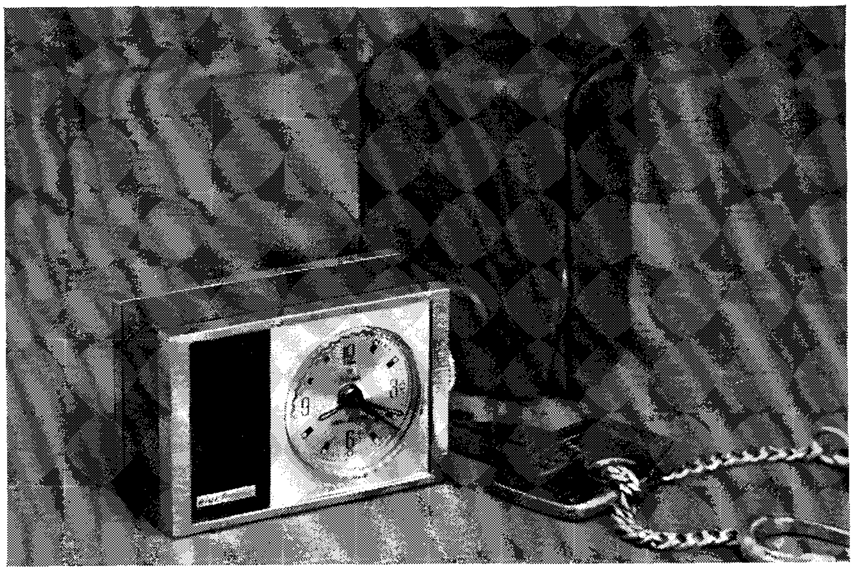

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The better halfs by Olga . . . her nylon body-fit camisole with **Lycra*** spandex lace stretch straps and trim 4.50 . . . matched to the famous Panti-slip, a divided tribute to freedom in fashion 6.50. At stores with fashion spirit.

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ever, India had announced that Kashmir, too, would have a chief minister and a governor. The contemplated change may have been more semantic than political (so Thomas F. Brady, writing in the New York *Times*, maintained), but the government of Pakistan, perhaps to call world attention to the uprising in Kashmir over the theft, denounced it as "a violation of India's commitments to the United Nations." Pakistan said that any move to integrate Kashmir further into India was a violation of Security Council resolutions to hold a plebiscite in Kashmir under United Nations supervision. Both countries considered the outcome of a plebiscite a foregone conclusion: because Muslims made up over ninety per cent of the Valley's population, most of the votes would go to Pakistan. India claimed that such a vote along religious lines would compromise the principle of secularism and religious toleration on which she was trying to build her society, and so put the Muslim minority within her borders in jeopardy. Pakistan dismissed this claim as a pretext for an Indian occupation of Kashmir. On February 3rd, the Security Council met, for its one-hundred-and-tenth debate on the issue of Kashmir, this time as a result of the disorders touched off by the theft. The Pakistani Minister of External Affairs, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, warned the assembled powers that the theft had mobilized an oppressed people, saying, "The people of Kashmir have unmistakably risen in open rebellion. . . . We can no longer doubt that they are unreconciled to Indian occupation." He insisted that because India's "colonial hold" had now been loosened, India was employing police-state tactics in Kashmir, with the result that Pakistan and India were heading toward a second war over Kashmir. But the hope that the United Nations would take any decisive action on Kashmir that was acceptable to Pakistan had been dissipated two years earlier, when Russia used her veto to side with India; debate in New York could do nothing to dispel the threat of a holy war of a kind that the West had not known since the seventeenth century. The Calcutta correspondent of the London *Observer* wrote:

> In most of India—and Pakistan—the tension between the two communities [Hindu and Islamic] has never abated, even when it has been kept within tolerable bounds. The tiniest spark can always set fire to the powder barrel and it is not really surprising that the theft of the sacred hair of the Prophet Moham-

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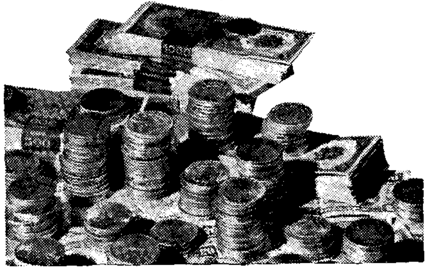
Markets: We have 7 million people here who spent $9 billion in retail sales last year. And our position geographically puts you within a day's reach of another 85 million consumers. Money. Money. Money.



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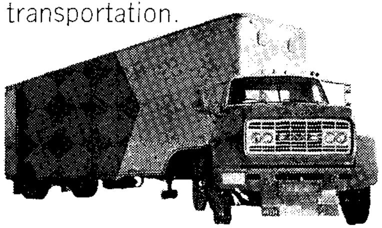


Sites and financing: Serviced industrial sites are available throughout the Province for almost any type of plant you care to build. And, in many regions a new programme of area development grants will give you up to $500,000 to build with. (For plants with 10 or more employees loans can be interest-free). This programme and others offered by the Ontario Government put us on equal ground with almost any financing scheme you'll find at home.

Services: We don't expect you to make the move without knowing what you're getting into. To this end, the Ontario Government's economists, industrial experts and researchers can give you the answers.

The Trade and Industry Division of the Department of Trade and Development can provide up-to-date, pertinent data on every municipality in the Province and assist with a direct plant investment, joint venture, licensing arrangement and marketing. Just start asking.

In closing, we should point out that the charms of Ontario and Canada have not gone entirely unnoticed. As recently as January this year, the Chase Manhattan Bank forecast that there is a strong chance Canada will achieve one of the world's highest economic growth rates during the next three years.

For more detailed information about Ontario, write:
Department of Trade
and Development,
Special Projects and Planning,
Suite 401, 950 Yonge Street,
Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada.

Offices in New York, Chicago,
Los Angeles, Cleveland,
Boston, Atlanta.

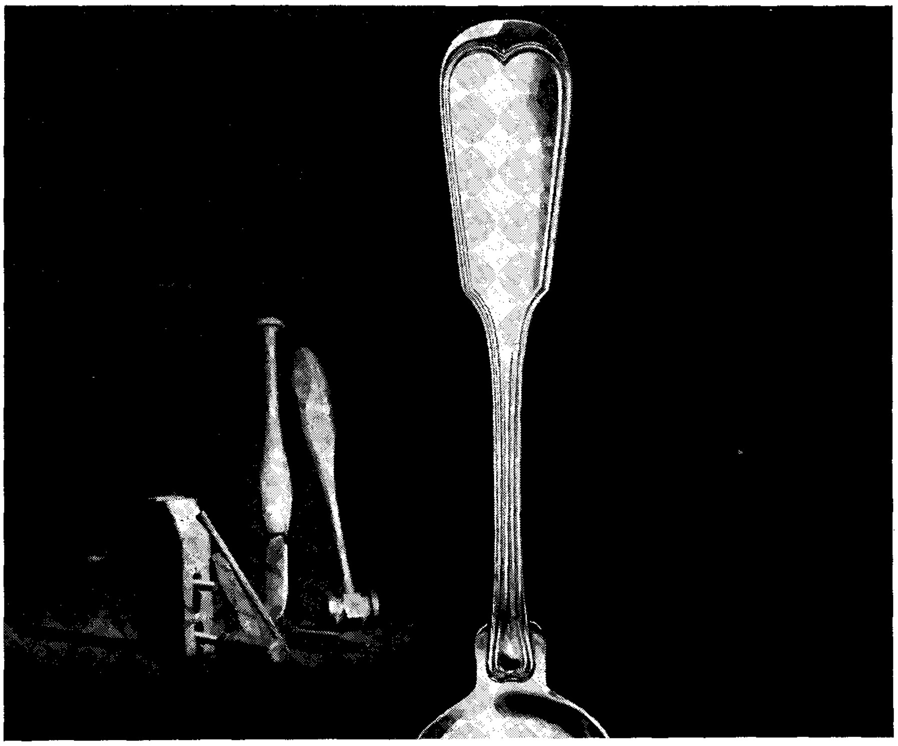
Government of Ontario—Province of Opportunity med in a Srinagar mosque should have started the chain reaction that ended in the bloodbath of Calcutta.

In West Bengal the situation is particularly explosive because of the tens of thousands of refugees from Pakistan who are crowding the camps and the slums. When anti-Hindu rioting started on the other side of the nearby border, these refugees saw friends and parents whom they had left behind [arrive in] Calcutta with highly coloured stories of wholesale murder in East Pakistan. . . . Nobody accepts the official figure, which sets the number of dead at no more than 100, and the usual estimate is around 500 killed, while tens of thousands have lost their homes through fire, or dare not return to a place where they feel insecure.

The riots in East Bengal and West Bengal continued well into 1964, displacing hundreds of thousands of people. Meanwhile, toward the end of January, Lal Bahadur Shastri, who was now virtually acting as Prime Minister, flew to Srinagar to take charge. He heard out officials and politicians of all shades of opinion on the subject of the crisis over the relic. Some counselled him not to yield, under any circumstances, to the demand for verification of the relic, because even to entertain a question as to its authenticity, especially after the Central Government had vouched for it, could set off popular agitation on such a scale that India might well lose Kashmir to Pakistan; others advised him to yield to that demand at any cost, because as long as the slightest doubt remained about the authenticity of the relic popular agitation would not subside, nor would India be able to feel secure in her control over Kashmir. Shastri soon realized what had been apparent to Kashmiris for weeks. In the words of *Hamdard*, "Without a proper identification, the Muslims would not have believed that the hair was genuine even if all the governments of the world combined in declaring that it was." Shastri therefore committed the Indian government to the cause of "proper identification," but not before he had conducted long secret talks with all the religious leaders who might be called upon to verify the relic and had satisfied himself that they were honest men who would not repudiate it simply for political ends.

The third of February was the day settled upon for the verification of the relic. The weather that day was exceptionally bleak. As the climax of a week-long cold wave, parts of Dal Lake were frozen over, many streets were impassable, and the water in some wells had turned to solid ice. At the appointed time of 3 P.M., thousands of believers had gathered below on the terraced lawns around Hazratbal Mosque and

Once you had to inherit it



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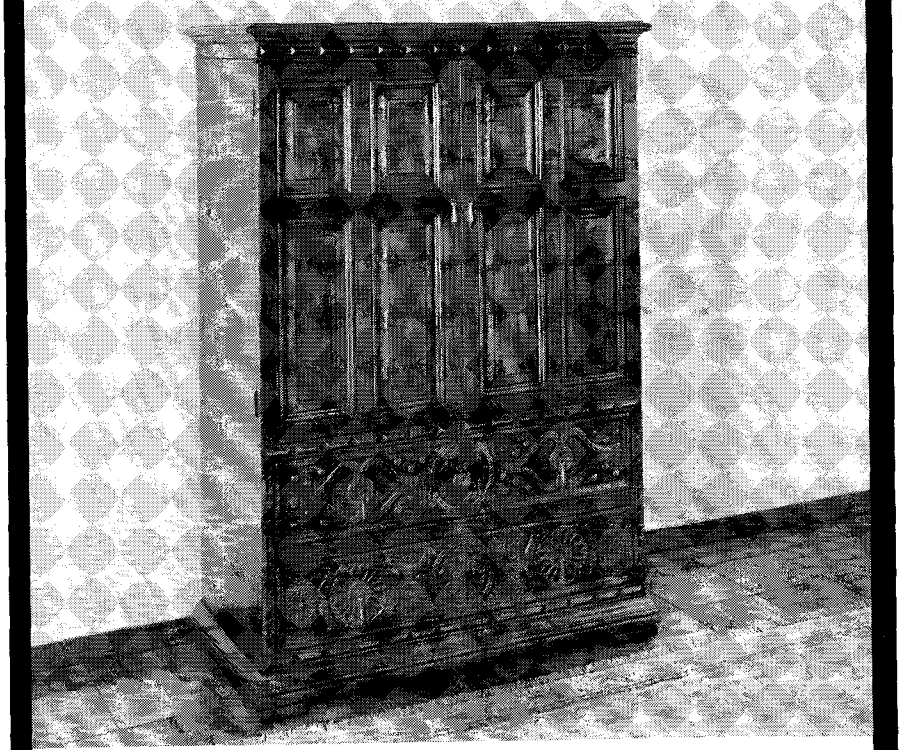

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(Yet another astonishing feature of KLH stereo equipment)

KLH & CONVERSATION

Last time, we reported that our recent survey has proven beyond doubt that ownership of a KLH stereo set makes you a far more loving person. This week, we wish to report that our survey also found that to own a KLH increases human contact.

How do we know this?

In our survey we asked each respondent to say how much he'd spend, above his present outlay, to keep his telephone; *a means of communicating.*

Here are the crucial data.

KLH owners said they would pay $4.84 *more* than persons who do not own KLH equipment. KLH owners, then, are more interested in conversation by almost five dollars!

Now when our previous ads appeared, demonstrating that KLH also produces more loving persons, there were those who accused us of juggling the statistics, or at the least interpreting them to our own advantage.

While we admit such statistical juggling is possible, in all candor, reader, we ask you this:

If KLH owners are not achieving greater joy and human understanding through conversation, then why are they valuing phones so highly?

So much for that.

Turning now to what it is in all KLH equipment, record players and fm radio alike, which creates such open, generous qualities in people:

First, there is the superb walnut cabinetry. (See photo above.) Then too there is the throaty fullness of our woofers and the delicate precision of our tweeters and the very notion of the three piece music system of supreme quality, allowing every smidgen of musical nuance to reach your ears without enormous cash outlays for more complicated systems.

There is no doubt that with such equipment as this, you will hear music as if for the first time, and thenceforth your ears will be forever alive to all manner of sound, voices included.

There you have your explanation.

Yes.

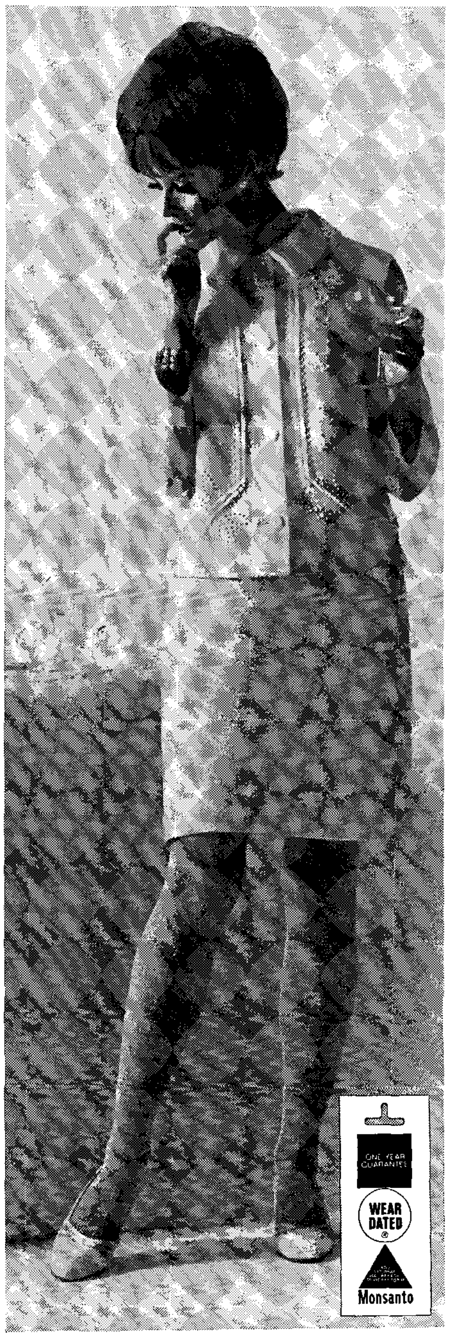
ADDENDUM: *For complete survey data revealing additional scientific findings on other things: (toothpaste, wives, mechanics, tv programming, etc.), you have only to drop us a line at the address below, saying "Conversation." (If you would also like a KLH Catalog, showing our product closer-up, also say "catalog, please.") Yes.*

KLH RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT CORP., 30 CROSS ST., CAMBRIDGE, MASS., 02139.

SOME PEOPLE COLLECT CINTURA®

Connoisseur: Cintura's splendidly turned out Acrilan® acrylic doubleknit. The jacket is deliciously detailed and beaded, the skirt is a lean stem. White, newport, buttercup. Sizes 8 to 18, about $27. Look for the Cintura hallmark wherever good clothes are sold. For your store write Cintura Knits, 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 10018. *Designed by Pierre*

Prices slightly higher in the West.



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in the streets, and inside the mosque were the same officials, the same political dignitaries, and the same members of the Holy Relic Action Committee who had been present for the installation ceremony, but this time prominent among those assembled, besides Shastri, were fifteen divines led by Fakir Mirak Shah, the most venerated ascetic in Kashmir. Maulana Masoodi recited, "All of you are in the house of God and the Holy Koran is before you. Whatever you will say will be only the truth." From the iron safe in the *hujra-e-khas*, a silver-capped vial containing a silver pendulum to which a strand of hair was attached was brought out. While the other divines recited verses from the Koran, the vial was ceremoniously raised to the face of Fakir Mirak Shah. Because his eyesight was failing, the vial was held close to his eyes. He peered at the hair and cried out, "The Garden is bright with the light of Mohammed. The light of Mohammed is reflected in every flower and every plant." The congregation sobbed with joy, people embraced and gave thanks, and many of the leaders made offerings and congratulated one another on the restoration of the hair.

Later that afternoon, the officials and dignitaries, even while commenting to the press on the verification of the relic, reverted to their old postures and themes, indicating that the events in the mosque had settled nothing. "The authorities and the officers who helped the recovery of the holy relic were sure about the genuineness of the recovered holy hair, since they had taken all the necessary steps before concluding that it was genuine," Shamsuddin said, in a statement that seemed to dismiss the tidings of the divines as gratuitous. Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, for his part, seemed to dismiss the political importance of the relic. "Although I have had the rare luck of repeatedly seeing the holy hair for about thirty years, I did not present my name as one of those who might finally identify it, because I consider it to be a purely religious matter," he said. Shastri's comments were a warning both to the Kashmiris, who might mistake India's about-face over verification of the relic for a sign of weakness, and to the Pakistanis, who had hopes of a United Nations intervention in the uprising over the hair in Kashmir. "India's stand on the Kashmir issue is clear," he said. "We cannot budge an inch from it. The relic is our domestic question. I do not know how Pakistan comes into the picture." As for the members of the Holy Relic Action Committee, the following day they went over to Jama Masjid to give the tidings to believers assembled there. On that occasion, Maulana Masoodi repeated many of the old charges and demands. He reviled the party of Shamsuddin and derided the authorities for trying to discredit the revolution over the hair by charging that it was the work of a handful of Pakistani agents. He demanded that the leaders of Azad Kashmir have free access to the Indian-held part of Kashmir. He asserted that the government was continuing to shield the real conspirators and to persecute innocent men. (Abdul Rahim Bande had been held in prison as a suspect since the morning of the theft.) Maulana Masoodi raised the slogans "Produce the real culprit," "Send an honest judge from outside for the investigation of the case," and "Terminate hooliganism." Asking Kashmiris to make themselves ready for further sacrifices, he announced that the *hartals* and the public meetings would continue, and that the Holy Relic Action Committee would remain in existence. One part of Maulana Masoodi's speech, however, was completely new. In a surprise move, he asked for the release of Sheikh Abdullah and for his reinstatement as the leader of the Kashmiris. The Holy Relic Action Committee, as a matter of prudence, had avoided asking for the release of Sheikh Abdullah; it had not agitated publicly for his leadership. Maulana Masoodi, in now bringing this explosive political issue officially into the open, seemed to be declaring that the uprising was in fact revolutionary in character—a point immediately grasped by the crowd at the mosque, who shouted, "Long live the Lion of Kashmir!" (The *Hindustan Times* conjectured, "It appears that today's reference to Abdullah's release by Maulana Masoodi has been done at the instance of the pro-Abdullah wing of the Action Committee. . . . A feeling within the committee seems to be that the present controversy could be utilized to strengthen opposition to the government.")

After the meeting, Maulana Masoodi partly retracted his words about Sheikh Abdullah, but now it was clear

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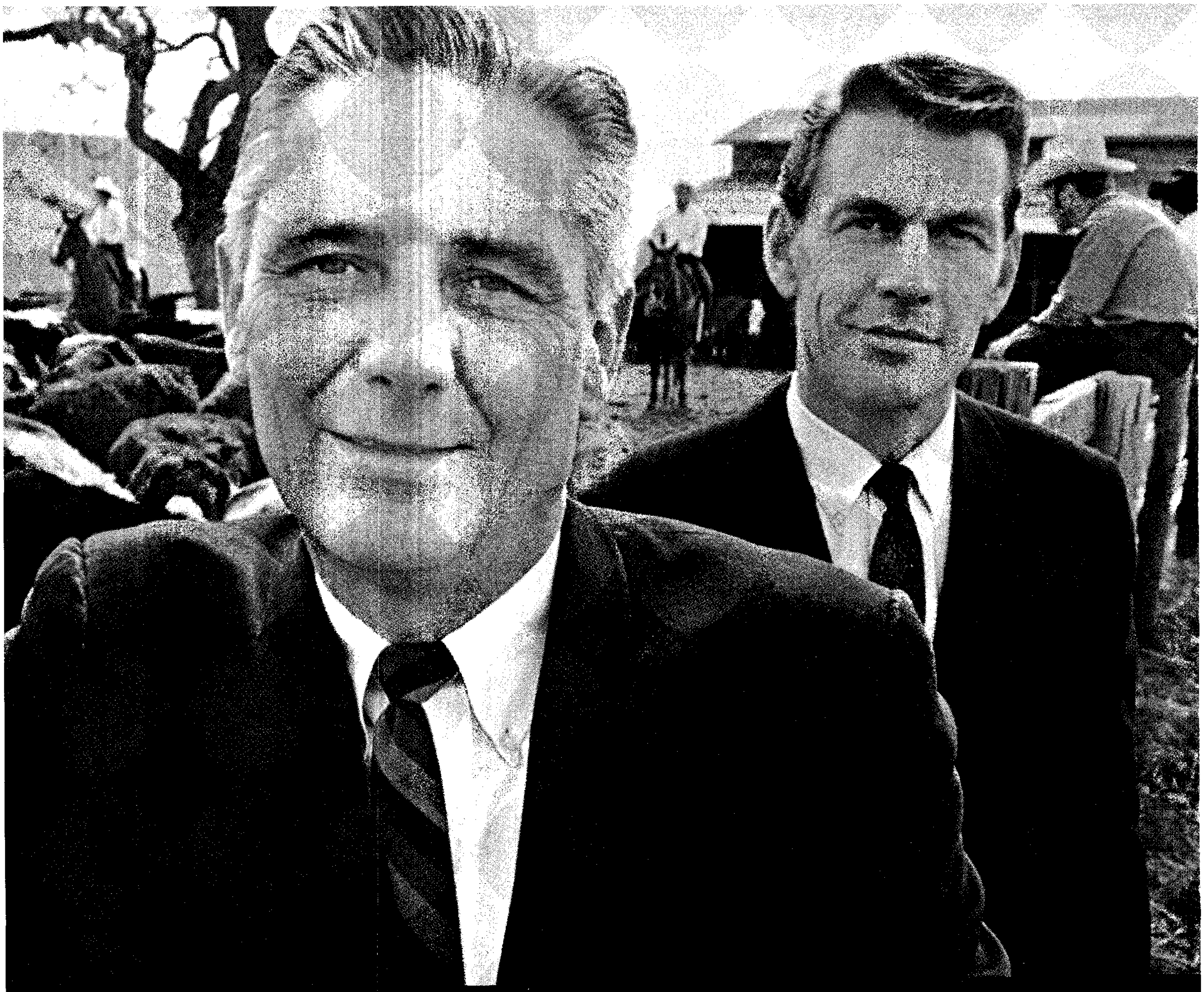

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that the feelings released by the theft of the hair and unassuaged by its restoration would not subside with its verification. Tension rose as the sixth of February neared, for this date, the anniversary of the death of Ali, the Fourth Caliph, was one of the ten days of the year on which there was a *deedar*. Police armed with rifles and *lathis* were stationed everywhere that day. But Kashmiris who had walked for miles in the cold to reach Hazratbal patiently squatted for hours in the snow, waiting for their *deedar*. Finally, they saw an unfamiliar figure—it was Khwaja Nuruddin Bande, a relative of the imprisoned Abdul Rahim Bande—walk out on the balcony in the traditional green robes and raise the vial high. The people cried out and recited the Darood, the Salam, and Naats in praise of the Prophet Mohammed. But although there was no violence that day, and, on the surface, things had returned to normal, the basic conditions were thought to be unchanged. The political correspondent of the *Statesman*, who visited Kashmir a few days after the *deedar*, analyzed some of the deeper causes of the revolution.

> The winter of Kashmir's discontent [he wrote, in part] is unlikely to end until the promises of drastic political and administrative reforms lately emanating from New Delhi are translated into action. . . . To imagine that with the recovery, verification, and peaceful *deedar* of the holy relic the mass upsurge in Kashmir is over would be a grave error. The only thing graver than this would be the belief that all the trouble in Kashmir, past, present, or potential, is caused only by Pakistan agents or pro-Pakistan elements. . . . Interestingly, the greatest exaggeration of Pakistan influence over the mass movement has been directed by the Kashmir Government, which, for all practical purposes, continues to mean Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed and a few co-sharers in power. That they are wide of the mark in magnifying Pakistan influence is a matter not so much of opinion as of facts which speak for themselves. First, nothing would have suited Pakistan's purpose more than giving the agitation in Kashmir a communal turn. Yet there has not been a single communal incident in the Valley even during the days when the Srinagar administration simply did not exist and when neither Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed nor any functionary of the Government cared or dared to face the people. Curiously, the former Prime Minister [Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed] is unable or unwilling to move about in Srinagar even today without heavy police protection, and his house is among the most heavily guarded buildings in Srinagar. Secondly, the arson during the lawlessness in Srinagar was highly selective, directed against the property of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed's family and against a police station which had acquired notoriety as a centre of strong-

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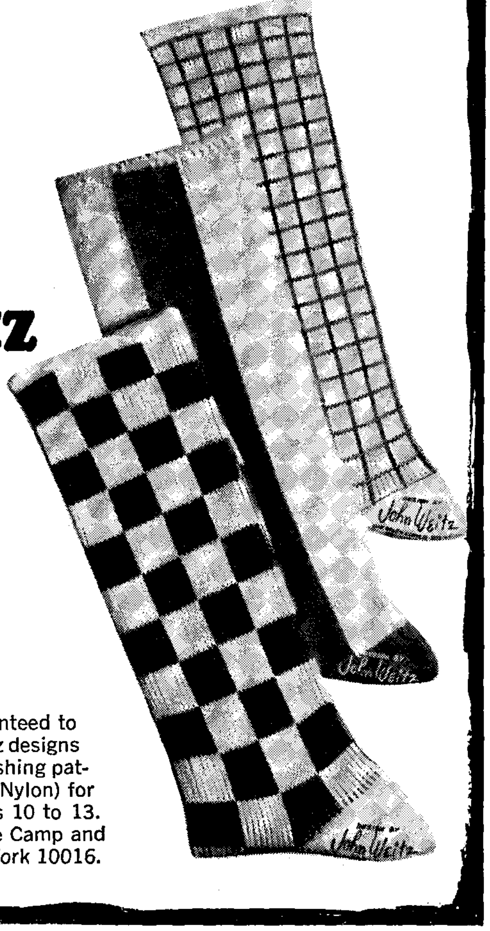
arm methods on behalf of the Bakshi regime. Thirdly, in sharp contrast to Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, the dissident leaders of the National Conference, Mr. G. M. Sadiq and Mir Qasim, whose love for, and identification with, India is no less pronounced than Bakshi's, were able to move about freely among the mob. . . . Having thus established the approximate proportions of the undoubted Pakistan element in the recent mass upsurge, and with the religious sentiment now out of the way, one comes to the heart of the matter, which is, beyond reasonable doubt, the widespread and deep-seated discontent against Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed's rule. This discontent has been building up over a period of ten years, getting more and more pronounced as time went by, until the Hazratbal incident proved to be a flash point of the repressed feelings of resentment and anger. The reasons for this discontent . . . can be broadly summed up as widespread corruption and strongarm tactics often described by observers as "political gangsterism." These resentments are further fanned by the evidence of the sudden affluence acquired by some of those who wield power, and suspicion about the methods by which support is secured. Little wonder, therefore, that both the National Conference party and the party organization have been effectively stultified and made subservient by a judicious use of the spoils system and unabashed intimidation. If Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed had gone only thus far, he would have done practically the same thing which some other Chief Ministers have done elsewhere, more noticeably in the neighboring Punjab. But things in Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed's Kashmir went much farther . . . because Kashmir has always been treated as a "special case" and therefore immune from checks and balances operative in the rest of India. The judiciary can be left out of this discussion, but to talk of an independent civil service in Srinagar would be an invitation to ridicule. Indeed, the extent to which the Kashmir administration is dependent on Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, even after he has technically ceased to be Prime Minister, is horrifying. The worst thing to happen in Kashmir, however, was the systematic and ruthless suppression of any attempt to organize a democratic opposition. The instrument of destruction invariably was a paramilitary organization paradoxically called the "Peace Brigade," or the strongarm gentlemen within the National Conference itself, whose tribe has steadily increased during Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed's ascendancy. In fairness, it must be recorded that the authoritarian and other objectional developments in Kashmir would not have reached the proportions they did if only the Centre [that is, the Central Government of India] had done its elementary duty. But there has been a strange mystique in Delhi that nothing unsavory about internal affairs should be brought to light lest Pakistan should make unscrupulous use of the disclosure—a logic which should have led to a suppression of the news of recent riots in Calcutta. Far from being a brake on Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed's authoritarianism, Mr. Nehru took the ex-



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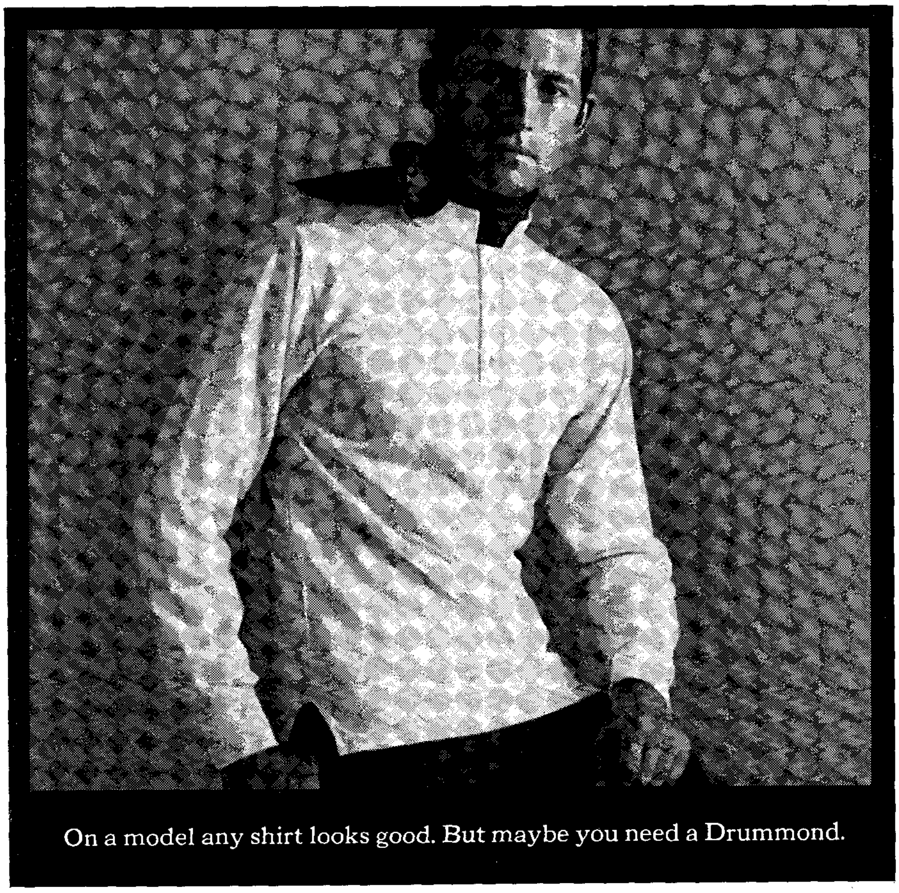

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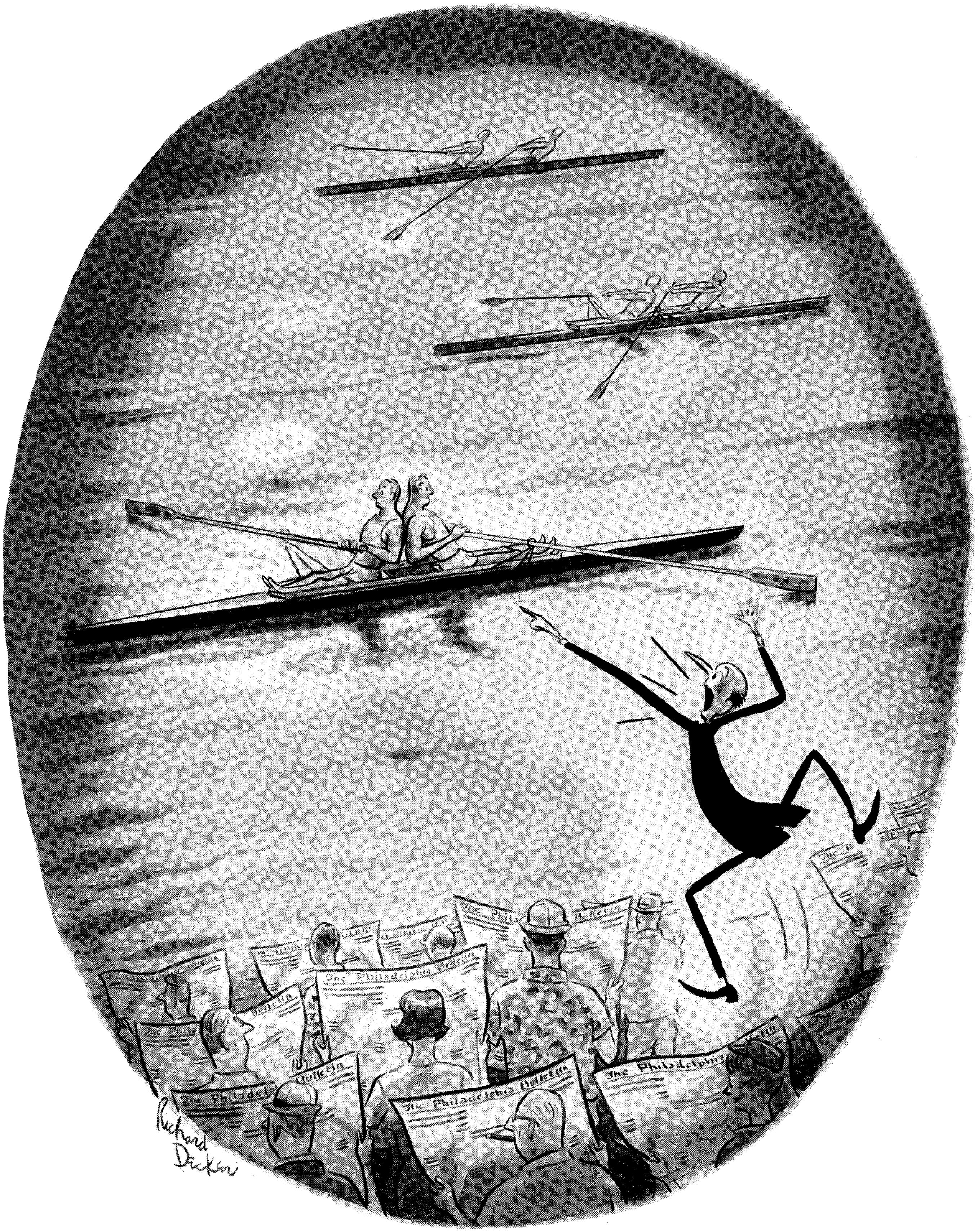
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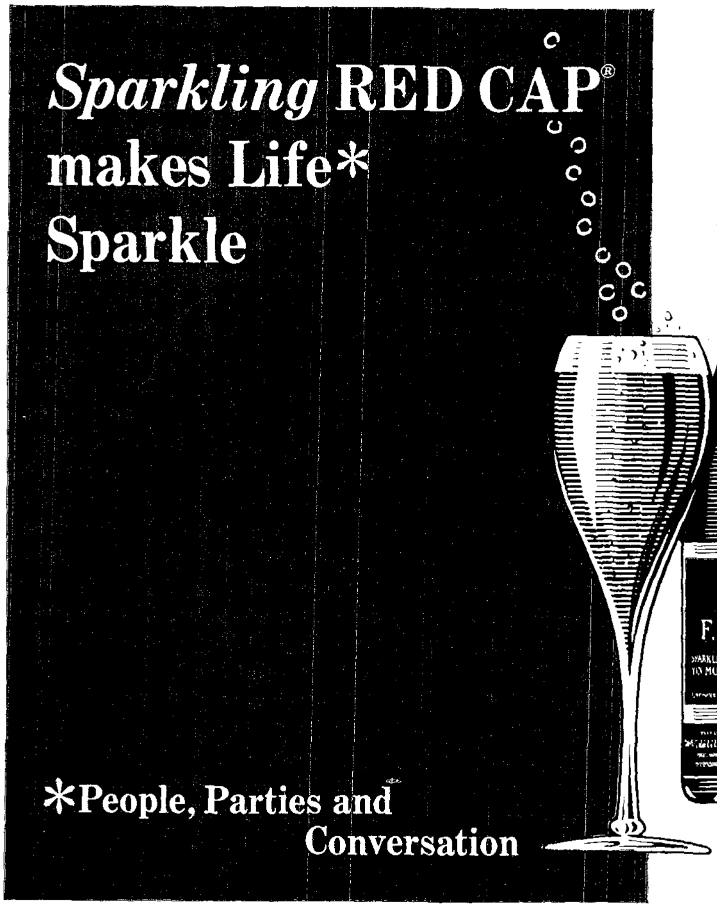
traordinary step of destroying the only worthwhile opposition Mr. Sadiq, Mir Qasim, and Mr. D. P. Dhar had organized, ordering these leaders to go back to the National Conference fold. Under the circumstances, it should be no surprise to anybody that the people of Kashmir want a clean break with the past. They want Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed to be removed from the scene, for as long as he is there it would not be possible to free the administration from his stranglehold, "assiduously and ruthlessly" built up over a decade. . . . Mr. Shamsuddin, the new Prime Minister, is a nice and well-meaning gentleman. In a long interview, he tried hard to explain that he had a mind of his own and that he intended to allow no extraneous interference in the administration. But he hastened to add that he would not pick a quarrel with Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed just to convince his critics. Unfortunately, however, not even Mr. Shamsuddin's friends take this statement seriously, not to speak of his critics, who attack him merely on the ground that he is Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed's "shadow." From this it should follow that any arrangement under which Mr. Shamsuddin continues to be the head of the Government would be unpopular. . . . A National Conference Government headed by Mr. Sadiq would certainly be more popular than the present one. But judging from the present mood of Kashmir people the change would not be considered adequate. . . . First, Mr. Sadiq and his associates have neither a hold on the National Conference nor a tremendous mass appeal. They are honest and honorable men, and in their hope of displacing Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed they depend entirely on New Delhi and Mr. Nehru. Secondly, they had been members of the Bakshi regime for long periods, not once but twice. . . . At any rate, in all fairness, Mr. Sadiq and his friends cannot claim credit for all the good things that happened during the Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed regime, and many good things have happened, including an impressive economic advance, and disclaim responsibility for all the bad things. All this brings one back to the "clean sweep" and the "complete break with the past." . . . But it is recognized that the time and opportunity for such a drastic step has passed. . . .

In the absence of any freely elected representatives of the people of Kashmir, Sadiq, Mir Qasim, and a few other leaders of the National Conference were the only men whom the Central Government could trust to form another government in Kashmir that would be loyal to India. And so, on the twenty-eighth of February, Shamsuddin was replaced by Sadiq. Kashmiris saw the advent of Sadiq and his new government as a mere changing of the guard. *Aftab* commented in an editorial:

> More or less the same people will come back who have been in power for a number of years. For this reason the people do not show interest in this Ministerial change. . . . The main trouble is that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the democracy is talked about by the ruling party and their yes-men. If anybody else talks about it he is painted black and dubbed an enemy of the country.

Maulana Masoodi and the other members of the Holy Relic Action Committee were still unsuccessful in obtaining satisfaction on many of their demands. For instance, the authorities had at first made no attempt to investigate the police shootings on the twenty-fifth of January, which came to be known as a "Martyrs' Day." *Aftab* had noted, "Whenever firing is resorted to in any other part of the country, the Central Government takes steps so as to give satisfaction to the people. What sins have Kashmiris committed that all their legitimate and constitutional demands are being treated lightly?" Then, when the authorities appointed a commission to investigate the shootings, it consisted of only one man, a sub-magistrate of Jammu named Ghulam Mohammed Taq. Within a week, *Aftab* was complaining:

> But people, so far, know neither where the Magistrate is nor whether any inquiries have taken place anywhere.... Are we to understand that this announcement was only a political stunt?... People had not expressed any satisfaction or joy at this announcement because nobody was certain that this inquiry would be held according to the principles of justice.... It was expected that they would invite all the people who had any knowledge of the facts. It is a pity, however, that the people know nothing about it so far.

A more important demand was the apprehension and trial of the "real thieves." On the nineteenth of January, Gulzarilal Nanda, who, as Union Home Affairs Minister, was chiefly responsible for the maintenance of law and order, promised Parliament in Delhi that the thieves would be tried in "a week or two." On the twelfth of February, he assured Parliament that he would give the names of the accused the very next day. But on the thirteenth of February he changed his mind and, pleading "the public interest," postponed disclosure of any of the names. Finally, on the seventeenth of February, he named, of all people, Abdul Rahim Bande, along with two other Kashmiris—Abdul Rashid, whom Nanda identified as a man caught running away from the shrine about the time the relic was returned, and Kadir Butt, of whom Nanda said that he "has been coming and going from and into Pakistan-held territory and therefore it cannot be ruled out that there has been some kind of inspiration [*sic*] of complicity." Nanda's announce-

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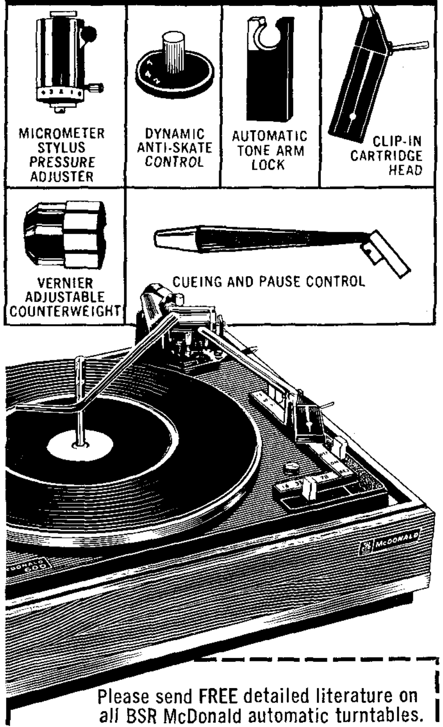
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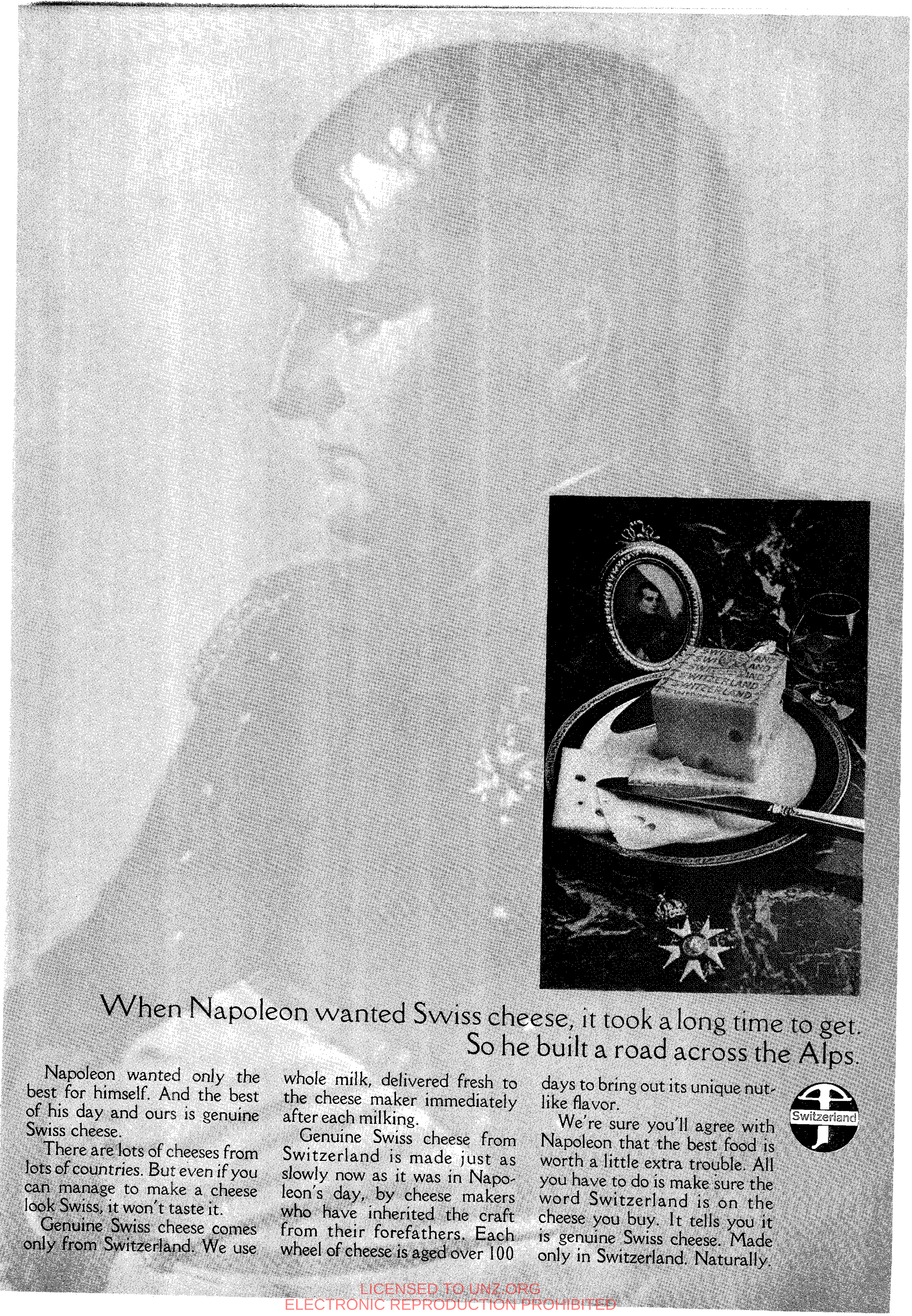
ment touched off more disturbances in Kashmir. Maulana Masoodi declared, "Muslims of the state are convinced that the real culprit has not been arrested and that they have been hoodwinked."

A few weeks later, Maulana Masoodi expressed the general discontent of the leaders of the revolution over their unsatisfied demands by saying, "The mass upsurge all over Jammu and Kashmir is the melting of snow that has been collecting for ten years. It is now up to us to channel these floodwaters to better our lives, or let them destroy us." But in the subsequent months, under Sadiq's government, the leaders of the revolution were not so much destroyed as made impotent by a combination of token concessions and delays. In March, Sadiq's government restored to office civil servants who had been dismissed for their part in the agitation and released most of the political prisoners taken during the uprising. In April, almost as a direct result of the uprising, even Sheikh Abdullah himself was released, and was allowed to make a triumphant return to Srinagar and, as a spokesman for the Kashmiris, to hold discussions both with leaders in Pakistan and with leaders in India. These gestures toward Sheikh Abdullah were interpreted as signs that Nehru was finally moving in the direction of an accommodation with Pakistan over Kashmir. In May, Nehru died, but the hopes for this accommodation did not diminish, for Shastri was credited with bringing about the change in Nehru's position on Kashmir, and Shastri was Nehru's successor. And that autumn, on a vague charge of corrupt practices, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed was arrested. In eleven weeks, however, Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed was released. December 27th, the first anniversary of the theft of Mohammed's hair, came and went with no progress made toward a trial of the accused thieves; instead, the Central Government turned the case over to the state government, and it was rumored that the state was only waiting for a politically opportune moment to drop the charges. Gradually, as the months passed, the force of the Holy Relic Action Committee was spent and the urgent need that had been felt in India for a political settlement of Kashmir was relieved. Sheikh Abdullah was put back in prison for, among other things, holding a private meeting with Chou En-lai in Algeria. Kashmir's special status under the Indian constitution was gradually abolished, and the state was fully integrated into India. August, 1965, marked the beginning of a second war between India and Pakistan over Kashmir, which soon spread to a second front, in the Punjab. The war, though it was short and, for the most part, inconclusive, had bitter religious overtones, and whatever its causes—India's failure to grasp the full meaning of the theft of Mohammed's hair; waning hope in Pakistan over Kashmir; India's uneasiness at the new friendship between Pakistan and China; the appearance of large numbers of Pakistani infiltrators in Indian-held Kashmir—it was generally agreed that after such a war a permanent settlement between India and Pakistan over Kashmir and other questions would be a long time in coming, if it ever came at all.

BELIEVERS AT THE GATE: In Kashmir, I am surprised to find that even now, in 1966, a mention anywhere of Mohammed's hair stirs up emotions as if it were still missing and the conspiracy were still to be investigated. (A university professor in Srinagar solemnly assures me that the real relic has been auctioned in the international market and bought by a devout Muslim who lives in the Middle East, where he gives private *deedars.*) Some of the members of the Holy Relic Action Committee, including Maulana Masoodi, are behind bars and incommunicado, but in Srinagar I am able to meet Khwaja Sadruddin Mujahid, a leader of the Plebiscite Front, and Abdul Rahim Bande, who is still the government's prime suspect. I also talk with Abdul Rahim Bande's successor at Hazratbal, Khwaja Nuruddin Bande, and the ascetic Fakir Mirak Shah.

Khwaja Mujahid is out on parole, granted because he is in poor health. Indeed, when I call on him, in a tenement house where he lives with relatives, he seems to be near physical collapse. He is stretched out on a pallet on the floor, and, with an effort, raises himself to greet me, only to sink back against the pallet. I mention to him my researches into the events connected with the theft of Mohammed's hair. Although I have received advance per-



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sonal assurances from the authorities, including Chief Minister Sadiq himself, that they no longer have any interest in the activities and views of Khwaja Mujahid, I nevertheless ask him if he thinks our conversation could in any way jeopardize his parole.

"I don't care what the conditions of parole are," he replies, in vigorous Urdu. He sounds as if he has always talked through a megaphone at a street-corner rally. "I was exiled from Kashmir when I was ten and a half, for violating the law of the state—I had joined a movement against the despotic rule of the Maharaja. That was in 1931, and I've been making trouble ever since."

In reply to a couple of questions, he tells me that in 1932 he returned to Kashmir from his exile, which he spent in Lahore, and that in the next thirty-odd years he was repeatedly tried and imprisoned for sedition—first for agitating against the absolutism of Maharaja Sir Hari Singh, and later for agitating against the undemocratic state governments of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed and Shamsuddin. (Sometimes the ground for his arrest was his trade-union activities—organizing the tonga wallahs, for instance—and sometimes his journalistic activities; he was managing an Urdu weekly at the age of eighteen.) He announces that between 1932 and 1965 he spent, all told, sixteen years in jail. "This time, they released me only because of my asthma, my ulcers, and my heart condition," he says. "In my last few months in jail, my weight dropped from a hundred and twenty-five pounds to eighty pounds. You must understand that I've always considered it my only duty to follow Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah's lead. It is his aim to obtain for the people of Kashmir the right of self-determination. Any deviation from the path laid down by him has given me a sense of unfulfillment. In 1953, when Sheikh Abdullah was unconstitutionally dismissed, I happened to be in a government job, and I resigned at once in protest."

I ask Khwaja Mujahid about his reactions to the first news of the theft.

He seems so weak that one would scarcely imagine he could sit up, but at this he leaps to his feet and starts marching excitedly around the room. "The theft was nothing but a conspiracy to destroy this Muslim center!" he cries out. "All Kashmiri Muslims regard Hazratbal Mosque as the second Kaaba. Thousands go there every Friday to pray. We Muslims have the same regard for the holy hair that we

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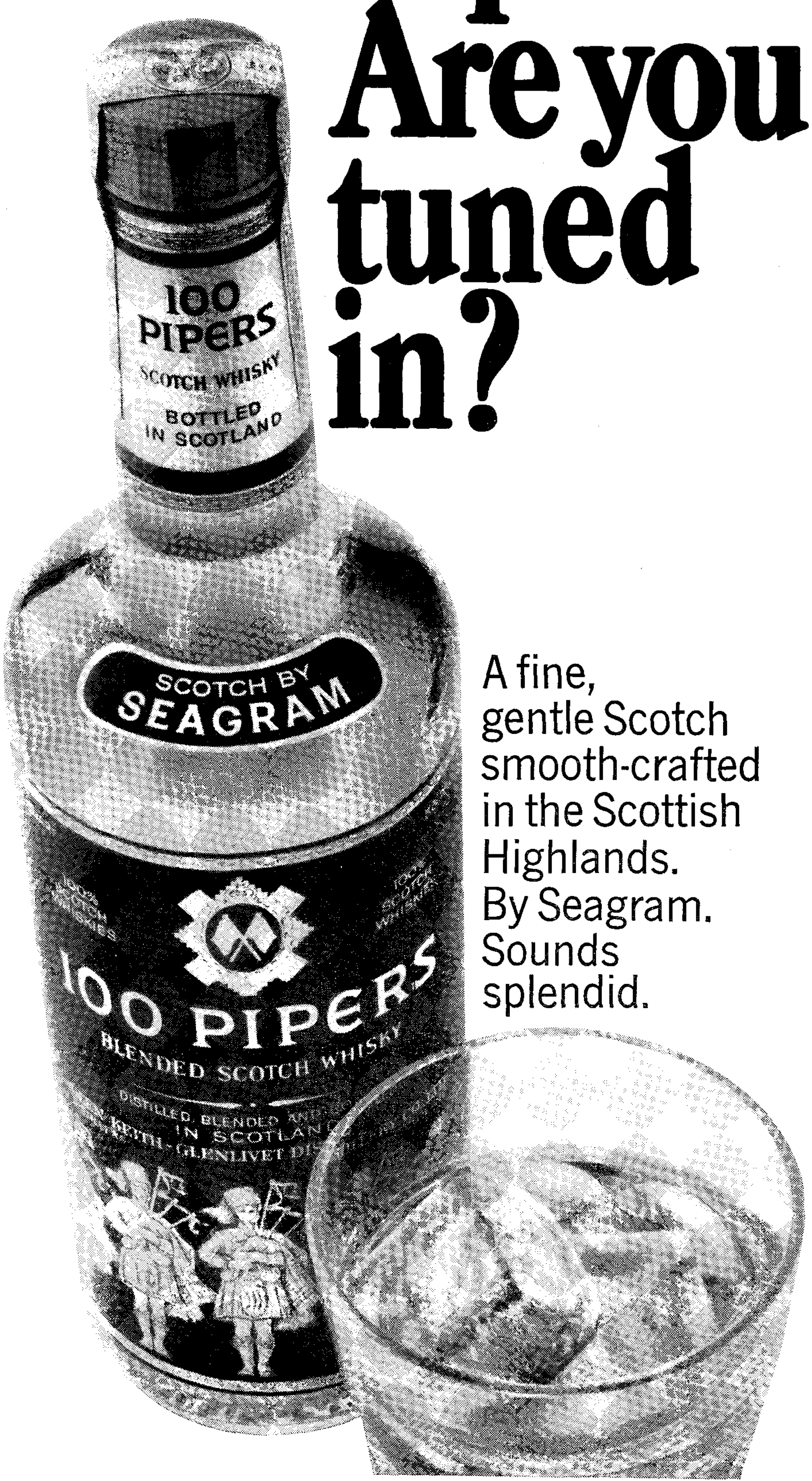

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have for the Prophet (may peace be on him) himself, since the hair is a part of his sacred body, and when we see it we have a feeling that we are seeing the Prophet (may peace be on him) himself."

I ask about what, actually, he did when he heard about the theft.

"The rumor was impossible for me to believe," he says. "But more and more people came to my house with the same report, so I went out to learn the truth for myself. The streets were full of people—barefooted, bareheaded, beating their chests. They were rushing toward Hazratbal. In truth, the holy hair had been stolen. Maulana Atta Ullah Suhrawardy, a leader of the Plebiscite Front, went with me over to Lal Chowk, one of our main intersections. Thousands of people were already there. Maulana Atta Ullah Suhrawardy, Maulvi Faruq, and I addressed them. We appealed to them to maintain communal harmony. We demanded that the tragedy immediately be investigated, and so we were arrested, but our work was continued by the Holy Relic Action Committee. Sheikh Abdullah sent a message from jail urging the people to maintain communal harmony at any cost, so all his relatives, friends, and associates were arrested, on one pretext or another. One of these relatives—a businessman not at all interested in politics—was not only arrested but, it has been acknowledged, tortured for days. The theft of the holy hair was the result of a deep-laid conspiracy." He was off again. "Everyone knows that the thievery was part of a planned attempt to keep a certain political clique of hooligans in power. The clique had controlled the government for ten years. The clique engineered the theft because it was tottering and wanted to strengthen its position in any way that it could. When it was rumored that the clique was behind the theft, the hooligans didn't have a word to say about it. Some of them just disappeared, and later it was learned that they had taken up residence in Delhi. They returned to Srinagar months later, and they could travel to their houses from the airport only by lying down in the back seats of their cars, hidden under bedsheets, and some of them haven't dared to show their faces in the streets since. The hooligans had banked on the fact that the theft would create widespread disorder in Kashmir—communal riots, and murder and arson—and that they could then stabilize their power by ruthlessly suppressing the riots, but there were no communal riots. The clique had always

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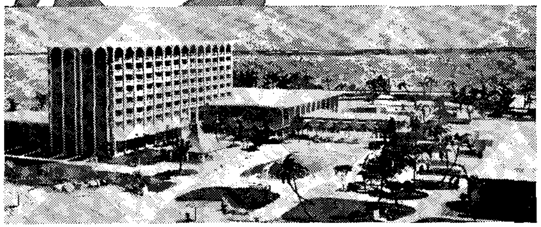

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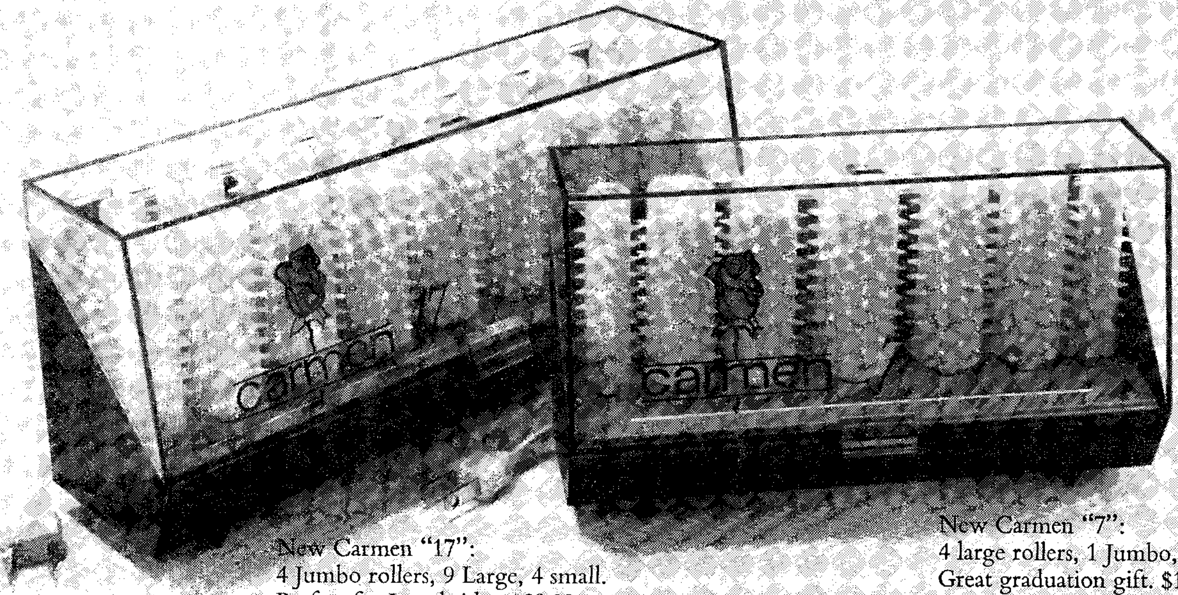

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ruled the state by means of the Army—a reign of terror. People had been detained, implicated in trumped-up cases, or released—at the whim of the clique. People had tried to draw Mr. Nehru's attention to the clique, but he had taken no action, and the hooligans had been rampant for a decade."

LIKE Khwaja Mujahid, Abdul Rahim Bande has been released for reasons of health, and he is back at his home—a small, modest house in the shadow of the mosque. He has a round face, with friendly eyes, and, perhaps because he has a white beard, he looks older than his age, which is sixty-eight. When I call on him, he is wearing a turban, which is white, a long robe, which is green, a shawl—the same color as his robe—which he continually pulls and folds around him, like a man afraid of catching cold. I put only one question to Mr. Bande: What is the present state of the case against him?

"I am often summoned to court," he says in Kashmiri, absently. "I go there and am kept waiting for hours, and then I'm told to come back another day. They say the case will be resumed on another date. The case has already been going on for several years, and the judges have been changed again and again. A judge used to preside over hearings at the Central Jail, where I was locked up. He retired, and another judge took over. He has also retired. And now the case is with still another judge. I hear that the charges against the two others accused have been dropped, and that the charges against me will be dropped, too, when the government can safely do it. In the meantime, I must go to court, and in the meantime, too, I must not be allowed a *deedar* of the holy hair."

Mr. Bande starts at a sound from the street. He listens for a few moments and then, pulling his shawl more tightly around him, goes on, "I exhibited the holy hair for thirty-eight years, and now I'm not even allowed to see it. The holy hair has been a source of livelihood and honor for my family, all of whom have served at the Hazratbal Mosque over hundreds of years. How could anyone believe that I would lift a finger against the very source of our livelihood and honor? It was because of the holy hair that we occupied a position of honor in the courts of Maharaja Gulab Singh, Maharaja Ranbir Singh, Maharaja Pratap Singh, and Maharaja Hari Singh—all the Dogra rulers of Kashmir. All those Hindu kings used to award robes of

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honor to us Sayids. We have been held in high esteem by many of the tourists who visit Kashmir. How could anyone be made to believe the charge that I committed the theft? I have been implicated in the case on political grounds, because I never sided with the embezzling politicians—the hooligans.”

ALMOST as soon as I walk into the Hazratbal Mosque, Khwaja Nuruddin Bande appears out of the hammam, on the far side of the main hall. He has an expansive air. “Sahib, Sahib, Sahib,” he says in Urdu, raising his palm to his forehead and bowing in salaam. “I know exactly who you are. It is to friends like you that we look in promoting the welfare of this shrine and the hair. You're a big sahib from All India Radio—yes?” Over a black *kurta* and black pajamas Mr. Bande sports a handsome black *achkan*, or tunic. He wears the traditional skullcap, and his beard is neatly trimmed according to the specifications for a Muslim divine.

Overwhelmed by his greeting, I rather reluctantly explain that he has taken me for someone else.

“Then it is a simple case of mistaken identity,” he says, with a deep, full laugh.

Mr. Bande sets about showing me around Hazratbal. It is like many other small mosques, but Mr. Bande regards the twelve ceiling fans in the main hall, its many hanging lamps, its three wall clocks (they do not show the correct time, or even the same time), its red-yellow-and-black patterned carpet—everything in the hall, in the mosque, as a part of the heritage of the relic.

I ask if the hair in Hazratbal is the only relic of its kind.

Mr. Bande takes a long breath and says, “There are many holy hairs in Kashmir. There is a holy hair in Kalashpur, there is a holy hair in Saoora, there is a holy hair in Andarwara, there is a holy hair in Islamabad, and Mr. Ansari, former president of the Anti-Corruption Board, also possesses a holy hair, all his own, which I have seen myself. He will not show it to many people.”

“Is there, then, some special quality associated with the hair at this mosque?” I ask.

“We have *deedars* for the public,” he says proudly.

When I take leave of him, he is standing near the engraved silver doors of the *hujra-e-khas*, which are just then being guarded by an elderly man with a long, flowing beard. The guard is softly intoning the Kalmá: “*La ilaha il-*

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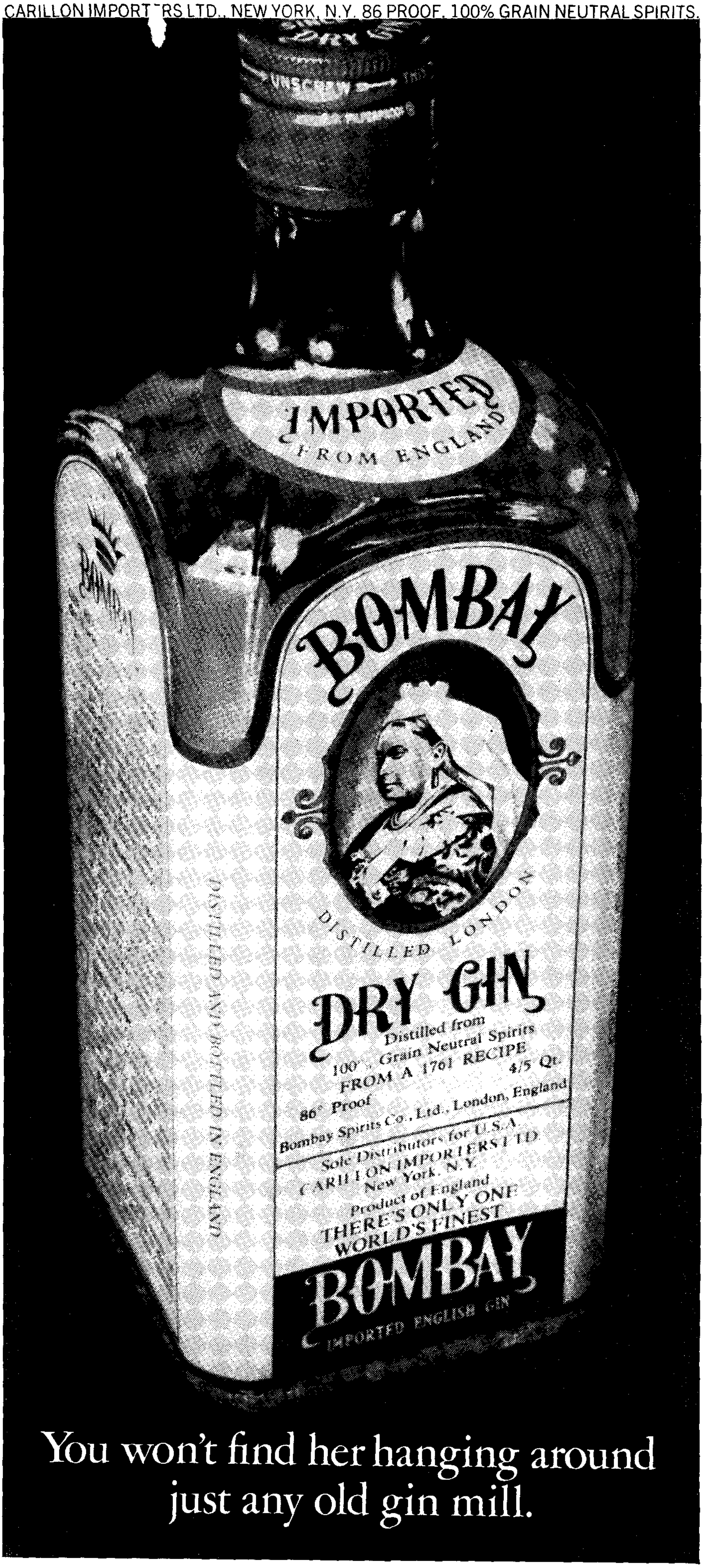
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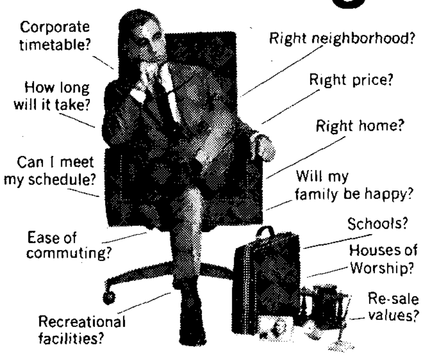
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lal 'lah, Muhammed Rasul Allah" ("Allah is one God, and Mohammed his greatest prophet").

"A GLIMPSE of Fakir Mirak Shah, for believers, is like a *deedar* of the holy hair," says a Kashmiri friend who is a Muslim. "You can see him any time, any day, in his house in Shalimar. He has been sitting on the same *gaddi*, in the same spot, in the same room, in the same house, for at least forty years, and maybe longer."

The entrance to Fakir Mirak Shah's house, a two-story structure near a mosque, resembles a cobbler's stall: dozens of pairs of slippers, leather sandals, clogs, mountain boots, pumps, and high-heeled shoes are lined up on the floor. All the way to the top of a narrow, dilapidated stairway, people sit, nursing babies or tidying up children or eating out of newspapers or tiffin-carriers while they wait for their audience. At the top of the stairway is a large, bare hall. Here there are more people—all sitting on the floor cross-legged. At the far end of the hall is Fakir Mirak Shah, in a white turban and a loose wheat-colored robe. He is old and small and bearded, and his expression is stern. He is sitting upright on a *gaddi*. In his hand he holds a cardboard box of incense sticks that he nervously waves about like a wand. Men, women, and children, a few at a time, move across the floor to his *gaddi*. They receive blessings, make offerings, and then move away. Eventually, I am one of the circle around his *gaddi*. "I do not distribute any charms," he is saying in Urdu. "I offer prayers, which are as a pinch of dust. This place where I am squatting is the seat of my spiritual preceptors. I have sat on this *gaddi* since childhood. My ancestors migrated from Kashan. The first to come over and settle here was Sayid Habib Ullah Kashan. I belong to the family of Sayids and am a descendant of the Prophet. Listen to my *silsillah* [Urdu for "genealogy"]: Fakir Sayid Mirak Shah Talib II, Abdul Qadus Shah Talib Sheikh II, Abdul Qadir Talib, Lal Shah Sahib Talib, Rasul Sahib Ludhianvi Talib, Sheikh Mohammed Ganai Talib, Shah Mohammed Faruq Qalandar, Mir Sayid Ali Hamdani, Hazrat Ali, Hazrat Mohammed." The names of his ancestors now come so fast that sometimes it is difficult to catch more than a syllable. Other times, a name is simply a breath, but the people within hearing distance listen throughout with full attention. He breaks off and turns to me.

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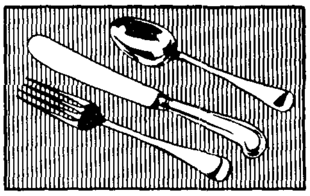

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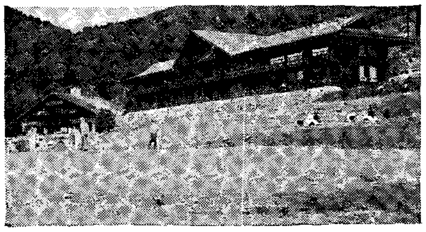

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but that I had wanted to meet him because he had verified the hair.

"It was not at all difficult for me to recognize the holy hair," he says. "I had seen it many times before. I knew the exact color of the hair. I knew it to be brownish. I remembered even the smallest details about the vial and knew that one side of it looked very clean and the other side not so clean. I found the vial in absolutely the same condition. But even before I saw the holy hair I had an inner vision that testified to the genuineness of the hair. My soul had spoken that the holy hair was real. I had a premonition that the real hair had been restored to its sanctuary, even before I saw it. I had a premonition, even before the theft was committed, that the hair would be disturbed, but only temporarily. But the subject is closed, and no one should talk about it."

Fakir Mirak Shah thrusts a cup of *qahwa*, or Kashmiri tea, at me, along with handfuls of almonds, rock candy, and grams—first blessing them. I am not able to take more than a swallow of the Kashmiri tea, for it is as sweet and heavy as molasses. Descending Fakir Mirak Shah's stairway, crowded with expectant children in the faith patiently waiting to see him, I think of "Ash Wednesday," and of another stairway, and of other "children at the gate who will not go away and cannot pray."

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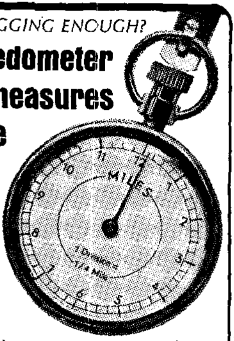

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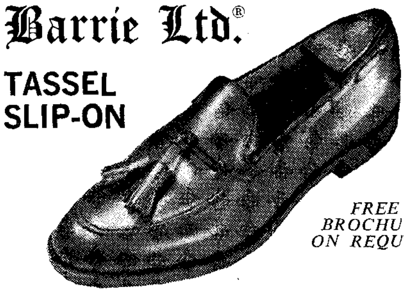

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Punjab—a war that threatened to spread throughout the subcontinent. And yet Kashmir had enjoyed a long tradition—maintained even during the worst days of the demonstrations over the hair—of exemplary religious tolerance. In 1895, Sir Walter Lawrence, in his famous work "The Valley of Kashmir," wrote of this tolerance:

> Kashmiri Sunnis are only Musalmans in name. In their hearts they are Hindus, and the religion of Islam is too abstract to satisfy their superstitious cravings, and they turn from the mean priest and the mean mosque to the pretty shrines of carved wood and roof bright with iris flowers where the saints of past time lie buried. They like to gaze on the saint's old clothes and turban, and to examine the cave in which he spent his ascetic life. In connection with the suggestion that the Kashmiris are at heart Hindus, it may be mentioned that certain places are held in reverence by Hindus and Musalmans alike. As an instance, at Fattehpura in the Vernag Ilaka, and at Waripura in the Magam Ilaka, I have seen the imprint of a foot in a stone worshipped by the Musalmans as Kadam-i-Rasul (the Prophet's footprint), and by the Hindus as Vishnu pad (Vishnu's foot).... It was only natural that the Musalmans, when they were converted to Islam, should cling with tenderness to the old religious places, and should adopt sacred spots already familiar to the countryside.... Certain ideas are common to the Hindus and Musalmans of Kashmir, but I attribute much of the delightful tolerance which exists between the followers of the two religions chiefly to the fact that the Kashmiri Musalmans never really gave up the old Hindu religion of the country. There are two reasons for this tolerance which should be mentioned. In the first place, the strict prohibition of kine-killing removes one of the principal causes of ill feeling, and, in the second place, the strong rule under which the people have lived for generations would not brook any quarrelling between Hindus and Musalmans. A government which maintained State Mullahs to celebrate marriages and farmed out the right of celebration was not likely to allow any signs of intolerance or fanaticism, and a revivalist in the old days would have met with short shrift.

Today, however, in divided Kashmir, most of the "delightful tolerance" has gone. Through the years of religious and political turmoil, many people, here and elsewhere, have believed that a solution to the problem of Kashmir would take India and Pakistan a long way toward peace. Proposed solutions include administrative reform, cession of Kashmir to Pakistan, independence for Kashmir, maintenance of the status quo, dilution of the Muslim majority by resettling Hindu refugees in the Valley, and accommodation with Sheikh Abdullah. As I make my way around Kashmir, I keep hearing more about each of these pro-

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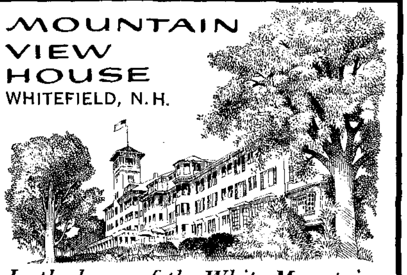

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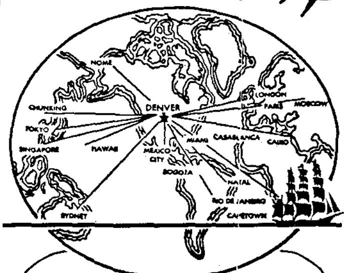
posals, and I set them down here in turn.

Administrative reform: Karan Singh would have the Indian government integrate the predominantly Hindu Jammu with the adjacent Indian state of Himachal Pradesh (a weak sister among the states of the Union) and make the predominantly Muslim Valley a separate Indian state. Karan Singh explains that this is only an interim solution (he says he does not know what the ultimate solution should be), but he argues that it would at least put an end to the present unwieldy state administration, which, to please both Hindus and Muslims, is ruled in the winter from Jammu and in the summer from Srinagar, though Kashmir lacks even the convenience of an all-weather road between the two capitals. The proposal has come under attack from a great many Indians. "If Karan Singh's plan were to go into effect," one critic tells me, "it would mean that the population of the new state of Kashmir Valley would be over ninety per cent Muslim. Such a communal solution would be the thin edge of the wedge that would eventually sunder the Valley from India. As for administrative problems, the road connecting the winter and summer capitals should soon be functional all year round."

Cession to Pakistan: One Kashmiri Muslim who would have the Valley join Pakistan says, "The argument is made that there would be political and religious chaos in India if Kashmir were allowed to join Pakistan, or even if it were given independence. It is said that Hindus would retaliate against Muslims in India and that parts of India would fight to secede. Maybe so, but why should we Kashmiris care what happens to India? Why should we care about chaos in India? We have chaos here now. By geography and by religion, we are connected with the Islamic people who inhabit all the area from Kashmir to Morocco. One day, these Islamic people as a nation are going to rule the world."

Independence for Kashmir: A Kashmiri Muslim in favor of this course explains, "We Kashmiri Muslims are very different from both Indians and Pakistanis. The Muslims who originally came to Kashmir came from Central Asia through Ladakh. Our culture today still bears distinct marks of Central Asian influence. The domes and arches in our architecture are like those to be found in Tashkent and Samarkand. Kashmiri Muslims have more in common with the Buddhists of Ladakh



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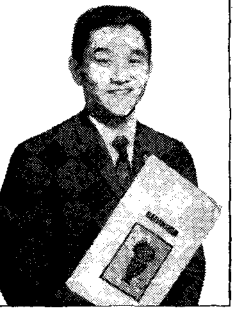

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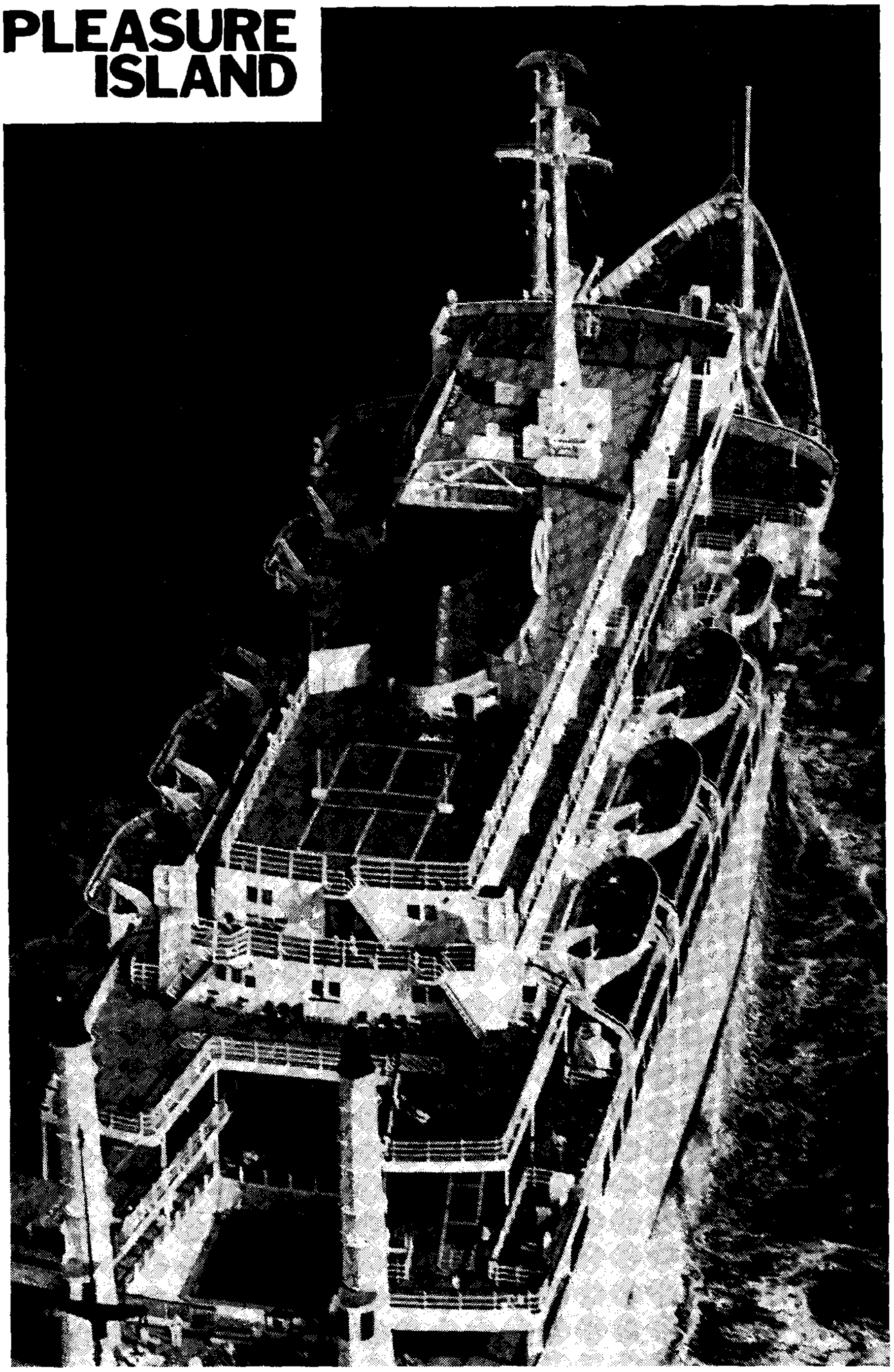
and Tibet than they have with the Muslims of India or Pakistan. Buddhists put a great deal of emphasis on relics. They revere Buddha's teeth, his nails, his hair. We worship the relics of our Prophet (may peace be on him). They say since the second Indo-Pakistan war that no Indian government could give us independence and remain in power, and also that even if we somehow got our independence we would not be independent for long—we would vote to join with Pakistan. This may be true, but the Indian government might be able to test us by giving us independence in stages and then we would grow so used to being independent that we wouldn't take any vote to join Pakistan."

Maintenance of the status quo: Arguing this view, an Indian official on loan to the Sadiq government says, "The status quo, the division of Kashmir at the present cease-fire line, will be accepted in time, as division has been accepted in Korea and Germany. In fact, there is a question in my mind whether Pakistan really wants a change in the status quo. Already, East Pakistan, which is separated from West Pakistan and Kashmir by about a thousand miles of Indian territory, resents the wealth and power of West Pakistan, and some people believe that East Pakistan would rather be with India. Annexation of Kashmir to Pakistan could have the effect of pushing East Pakistan into India's arms. You might well ask, then, why Pakistan has kept the Kashmir question alive all these years. Because Pakistan hoped to break up the Indian Union by fanning the fires of communalism. On our side, we made a mistake in continuing here the anachronistic British policy of gold and guns for all border areas; India poured money into Kashmir and then sent in the Army, which helped keep bad state governments in power. Even if we grant that there is mass discontent in Kashmir today, it has always been there, and we still have time to deal with certain basic grievances. In any event, what alternative do we have to the status quo? If we ever let go of Kashmir, we might as well give all of Ladakh to the Chinese. The best access to Ladakh is through the Valley, and though India could, at great expense, build a road to Ladakh that would not go through the Valley, Ladakh could never be militarily secure without Kashmir. You might say, 'Then give up Ladakh, too.' But a nation doesn't go about giving up territory just like that. In any case, the majority of the Ladakhis want to stay with India, and



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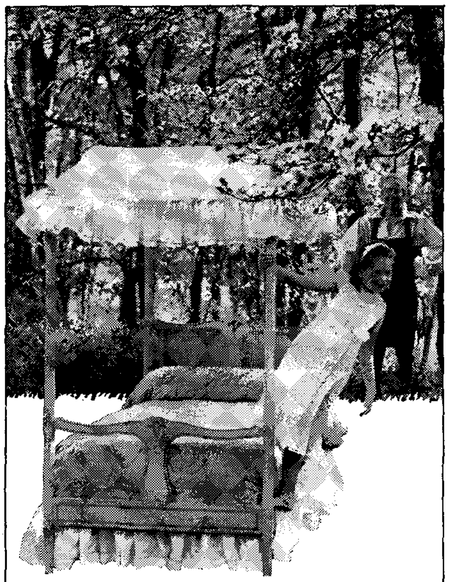

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they count on us. Are they just to be sacrificed?"

Dilution of the Muslim majority: A proponent of this policy says, "Nehru always had moral qualms about Kashmir, and in spite of all his talk about Kashmir's being part of India, he kept Kashmir cordoned off. The only Hindus whom Kashmiris ever got to know were government officials and soldiers. He should have resettled the Hindu and Sikh refugees from Pakistan here; they would have solved the problem once and for all. Then you could have held ten plebiscites in Kashmir and the state would have voted for India every time. But Nehru was a victim of his scruples. He sat on the problem, and, being a great man, he *could* sit on a problem. There is still time for us to outnumber the Muslims."

Accommodation with Sheikh Abdullah: One of the small minority of Indians who have all along considered the Indian position in Kashmir immoral and indefensible says, "Since the second Indo-Pakistan war, the idea of giving Kashmir independence has been out of the question. The only solution possible now is somehow to win over Sheikh Abdullah. We should tell him, 'Look, independence for Kashmir is now out. If you don't reach some sort of understanding with us, you're going to die in prison, forgotten. We will give you and your people anything short of complete independence. You may, like Sikkim, have the status of an associated state, with authority over everything except your external affairs, defense, and communications. Eventually, a time may come when the government of India will let you control even your own external affairs, defense, and communications. Of course, it may be too late now for any such understanding between India and Kashmir, and you, in advocating it, may be destroyed as the leader of your people, but the alternative may be to have your people destroyed in another war between India and Pakistan.' If Sheikh Abdullah was thus asked to choose between gambling on his own destruction and gambling on the destruction of his people, he might well choose to risk himself—though a friend of mine at the Home Affairs Ministry says that if *he* were Sheikh Abdullah he would not take any such risk, since, after all, Abdullah has suffered years of imprisonment at the hands of India. My friend also contends that if Sheikh Abdullah did agree to coöperate with India, he would simply lose face with his people and would be out of power before the ink was dry on any agreement to that effect. May-

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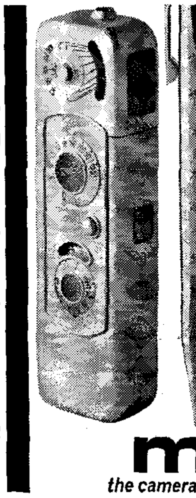

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be my friend at the Home Affairs Ministry is right. Maybe time has run out for India. Maybe Kashmir will always be here to prevent any hope for peace between India and Pakistan. Maybe India and Pakistan will have to continue spending money for defense and preparing for war, and, whether there is eventual war or not, maybe the chance to bring either India or Pakistan out of poverty will be forfeited. Maybe Kashmir will take India and Pakistan down with it in a war."

An outsider's view: a foreigner says, "Perhaps ultimately there is no solution for Kashmir other than to choose the least of many evils—U.N.-guaranteed independence—even if that does mean a risk of eventual integration with Pakistan." —VED MEHTA

(*This is the fourth of a series of articles. The fifth will appear in an early issue.*)

•

INFATUATION WITH THE SOUND OF OWN METAPHOR DEPARTMENT

[*From "Never Kill a Cop," by John B. West*]

He got the nod from Mike in a few minutes, slid the dead mackerel back onto the hook. —*Page 10.*

I wrote down the address as he spelled it out, and then thanked him and hung the dead mackerel back on the hook. —*Page 19.*

I thanked the boy and hung the dead mackerel back on the hook. —*Page 34.*

"I'll see you in church, baby," I told her, hanging up the dead mackerel and thinking . . . —*Page 40.*

This had to be it. I heard him ask the question and saw the frown spread over his face, and then he hung the dead mackerel up. —*Page 89.*

I gave him the address and the punk's name and hung up fast, giving the punk a mock salute as I walked away from the dead mackerel. —*Page 107.*

I hung the dead mackerel back on the hook. —*Page 115.*

"I'll be right up." He slammed the dead mackerel back on the hook. —*Page 126.*

•

LOCKPORT. (AP) — There have been some surprises here lately for maintenance staff men of the New York State Electric and Gas Corp. while descending into residential cellars. Noval Seeloff, hearing a hissing sound, turned his flashlight on it and learned it came from an alligator. In another basement, Roy Scinta was startled to have a pet monkey leap to his shoulder.

A hippo may weigh up to three tons and have skin two inches thick.—*Tarrytown Daily News.*

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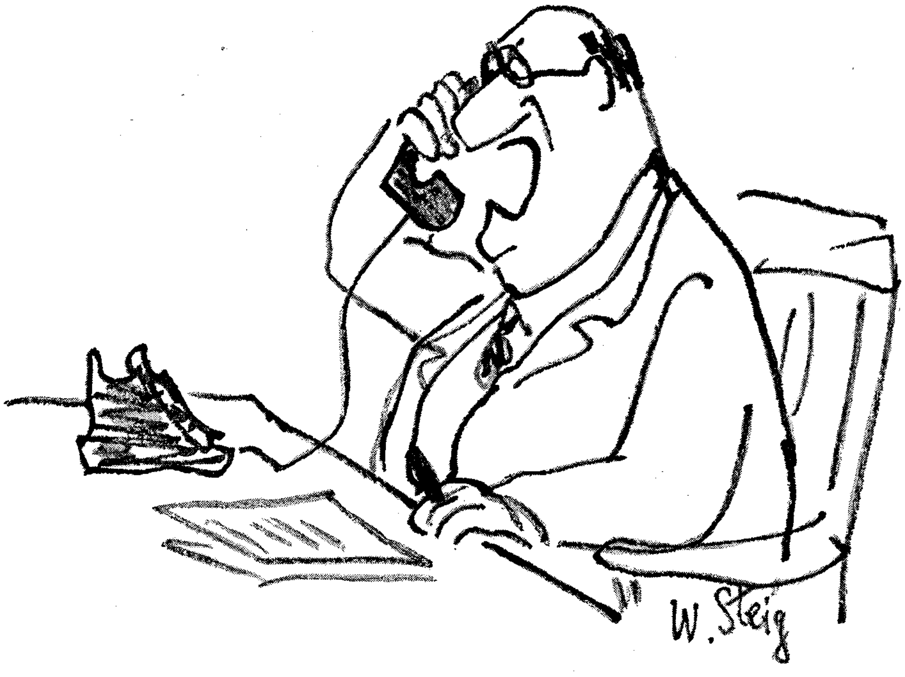
THE funniest play I have seen this season is the handiwork of a racy young Venetian lawyer-turned-author, and it was written something over two hundred and twenty years ago. The name of the play is "The Venetian Twins," and its author is Carlo Goldoni, who lived a life splendid in variety and duration (1707-93), and who found composition so light a burden that he was able to write a total of about a hundred and fifty plays, no fewer than sixteen of them in the course of a single *annus mirabilis*. "The Venetian Twins" has been brought to Henry Miller's Theatre in a handsome production by the Teatro Stabile di Genova; this is a repertory group that, though based in Genoa, emulates that sea city's Renaissance great captains by frequently sallying forth to such far corners of the earth as La Plata, Minsk, Edinburgh, and—here be dragons—Philadelphia. It is not only an exceptionally well-orchestrated company but an exceptionally comely one, and I am not surprised that its suavity and grace win the admiration of natives normally skeptical of foreign tongues and tales; on opening night here, it was given so many curtain calls that I quickly lost count of them, and since it will be in residence only until June 23rd, the sooner you hurl yourself with Pantalone-like guile upon the Miller box office the better.

I confess to having approached "The Venetian Twins" uneasily. The garrulous fops and yokels that people seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English comedies have wrung few laughs from me, so what was I to expect of an eighteenth-century comedy in an unfamiliar language? Moreover, I am especially wary of that snobbism which sees in any lingering manifestation of the commedia-dell'arte tradition a natural occasion for praise, on the ground that because it is a tradition that flourished among the anonymous folk it is close to some preliterate autochthonous "real thing" that the folk are assumed to possess (an assumption as ill-founded as that circus clowns are funny because they have funny faces, or, still more falsely, are tragic because they have funny faces; in my experience they have never been either). What gives "The Venetian Twins" its peculiar nervous vitality is the fact that Goldoni is simultaneously exploiting the conventions of commedia dell'arte and abandoning them, and in his wry, mocking, and often self-mocking text we encounter a dramatist working his way toward notions of personality and identity that remain a matter of concern to many writers today. It would be patronizing to congratulate Goldoni on being a premature Pirandello; the truth is that he drops hints that the theatre at large still pursues and is nourished by. The merry, morbid climax of "The Venetian Twins," which makes a jest of death and resurrection (eastward-looking Venice has always taken its religion with a pinch of pagan salt), throws a bright shadow athwart "Finnegans Wake" and as far forward as Behan's "The Hostage" and even Bellow's "The Last Analysis."

The plot of "The Venetian Twins" being preposterously labyrinthine, we can give thanks that I am incapable of recounting it. Let me just mention that one of the twins is brave and sensible and the other craven and foolish, that nobody can tell which twin is which, and that each of the twins is unaware of the other's presence. The complications that flow out of this highly unlikely state of affairs suffice to fill the evening with continuous confusion. The twins are played by Alberto Lionello, a youngish man of formidable charm and immense skill. By a miracle of energetic miming and speedy footwork, at one point he makes it appear that the two brothers are actually onstage at the same moment; by a further ingenuity of festination, at the end of the play he manages to take one bow as the brave twin and a second as the craven one, and I could swear that I saw them passing each other. Camillo Milli steals several scenes as a lecherous old humbug, and the two girls with whom the twins fall in love are attractively embodied by Silvia Monelli and Lucilla Morlacchi. The play was directed by Luigi Squarzina with a breezy directness that does much to make us forget that the words we hear, and soon come unselfconsciously to laugh at, are not in English. The simple scenery and piebald period costumes are by Gianfranco Padovani. Still, it is the company as a whole that deserves our bravos, and I offer mine here a second time, *di tutto cuore*.

—BRENDAN GILL



"I hope God punishes you for the way you do business!"

•

The Board of Elections has ordered its voting machine to investigate the cause of a ballot error in eight precincts of Ward 19 at the May 7 primaries.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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LETTER FROM PARIS

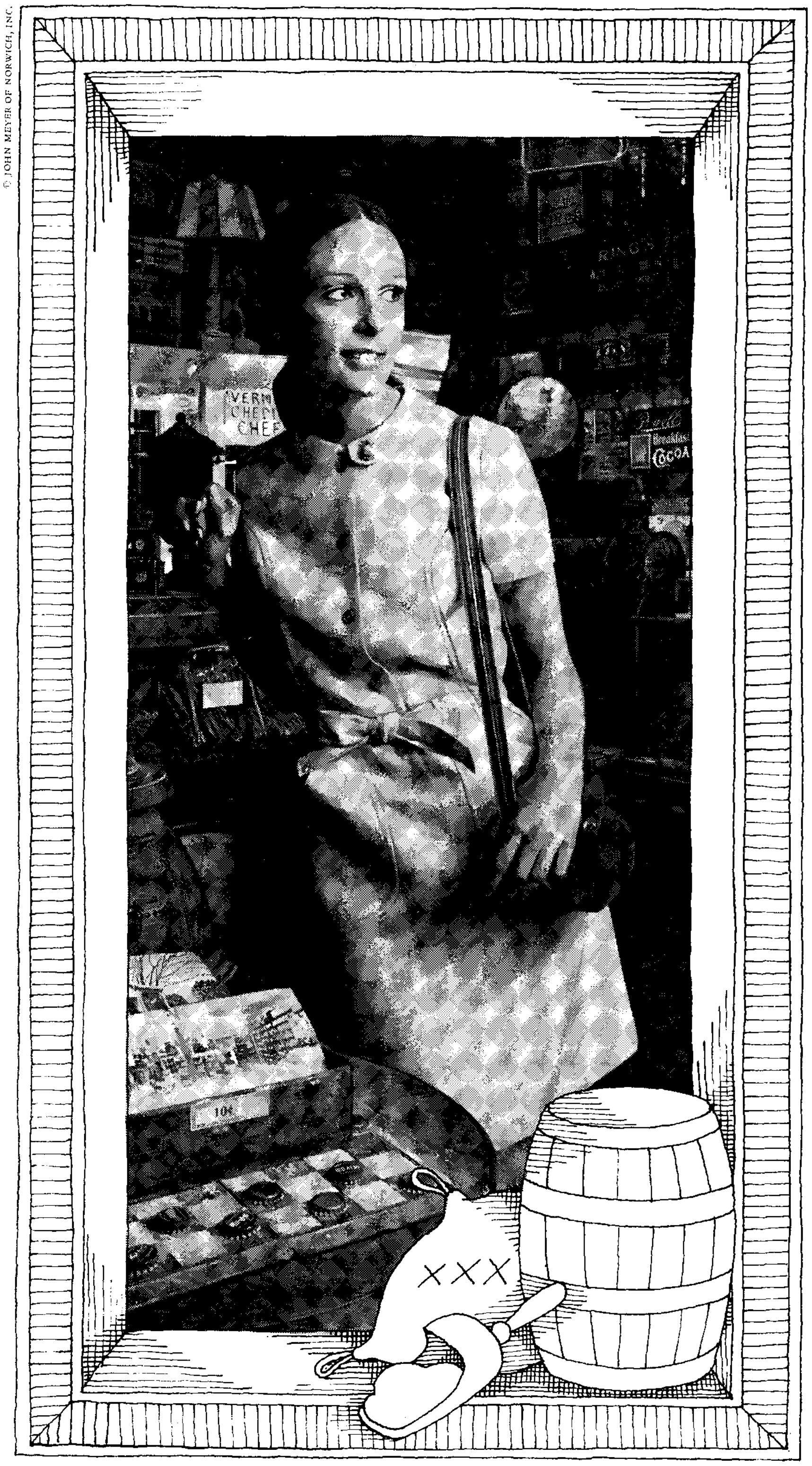
JUNE 2

THIS has been the decisive week since France's crisis began a fortnight ago, and probably last Wednesday was the decisive day, changing all that had happened before and much that will happen tomorrow and tomorrow, in long-drawn-out consequence. Paris had been physically calm since May 24th and that night's most unusual Latin Quarter student riot, in which the rioters arrived equipped with saws and hatchets, enabling them to cut down a reported seventy-two plane trees, some slender and young, some of a certain age and fine size, along the Boulevards Saint-Michel and Saint-Germain, down near the Cluny Museum, to make monster street barricades. Of all their destructive riots, this was the only one that left a pair of venerable Paris boulevards looking as if they had been cruelly ravaged by a Kansas cyclone—the only one after which French Army engineers had to carry off the debris with bulldozers and cranes. On Wednesday morning, the morale of Paris was at its lowest, with a contagious psychology of depression visible and audible on Parisians' faces in the streets and in their voices on the telephone—citizens who felt abandoned, drifting under a government that, as *Le Monde* trenchantly said, had "lost control." In past crises, de Gaulle more than once officially told his Fifth Republic nation that it could choose between him and chaos. Now, the French noted in increasing alarm, they still had him, yet also had chaos. A dominant public reaction was that this time it was de Gaulle's turn, as President, to make the choice, and that the best choice would be for him to resign, as his final, historic gift to himself and to his *belle France*. Then the noon news broadcast carried the startling announcement that he had failed to attend the Wednesday-morning weekly meeting of the Conseil des Ministres and had disappeared. Paris was alive with rumors, but the greatest credence was given to the rumor that he had bolted—as he had done in 1946, when, because of his disgust with French party politics, he went back to his country house in Colombey-les-Deux-Églises in retirement. This time, it was supposed that he had gone back home to compose his letter of resignation as President. One evening paper carried the headline "FRENCH PRESIDENT LOST FOR SEVEN HOURS," since officially nobody apparently knew where he was, but he finally turned up, in a later edition, at home in the country in time for supper. This semi-comic scenario of mystery baffled the public, and its bold plotting—surely by de Gaulle himself—will not be known in detail until the secret state papers of today become food for biographers fifty years from now. Through intelligent leaks to the press, it became known the next day that during the blank hours he had flown to Baden-Baden to consult with his son-in-law, General Alain de Boissieu, and the fierce loyalist General Jacques Massu, along with other *chefs de corps* assembled in special meeting, so that he might solicit their opinion as to whether the French Army could, in the main, be relied on to support the government in case of civil war. So far, the only photographic evidence of this melodramatic journey by helicopter and presidential Caravelle airplane is a picture of Mme. de Gaulle, who accompanied him, in the limousine as they finally entered Colombey, sitting beside her husband in that kind of conjugal destiny that draws a wife into the public tapestry woven by her husband's ambitions, her face like a porcelain mask (beneath her correct toque hat) of perfected, strained wifely patience.

If Wednesday was the day that civil war might well have broken out, it was also the day that the pro-Communist Confédération Générale du Travail, the great French labor union, would have had its hands too full to have attended to it. It was the day that—in misty, pearly warm sunlight, readying for June—the union had arranged for a massive march of more than a hundred thousand of its members from the Bastille to the Gare Saint-Lazare, where no trains had run since the previous Friday. The night before, the C.G.T. had announced on the radio that the march would not be made in the spirit of merely demanding higher wages but would be strictly political. In consequence, the marchers sang the "Internationale," and their main slogan was "*Gouvernement Populaire!*," meaning a popular-front government with Communist participation. "*De Gaulle, Démission!*" was the next most popular shout, along with "*Unité de la Gauche!*" and "*Adieu, de Gaulle, Adieu!*," plus an occasional derisive "*Adieu, Charlot!*" Since the C.G.T.

had previously honored its understanding with the government that it would try not to further tear down the waning French moral climate, this revolutionary aspect of its march, as *Le Figaro* said the next morning, "added weight to the already oppressive political atmosphere of Paris." All over France that afternoon, similar C.G.T. marches, with slogans and strikers' banners, were held in the big cities and in the towns like a ubiquitous funeral for the de Gaulle regime—which, in fact, was not yet defunct.

Though it was admitted that the student riots were what started the crisis, a resistance movement of the young, indulging in urban guerrilla warfare, was an enemy beyond and below de Gaulle's military respect or comprehension, and the crisis was abetted by his strange, disappointing, meaningless first broadcast, given in Paris after his return from Bucharest and after the first student riot. In puzzlement, both the public and political circles decided that he had suffered a *coup de vieux*—a kind of elderly attack of mental fatigue. In retrospect, that vacuous speech is now being interpreted as part of another artful scenario, intended to draw the Communist feeling out into the open, where it would be unmasked, by its own action, as a weapon sure to alarm the rank and file of the more ordinary non-Communist French, modest or wealthy (though the rich have never trusted de Gaulle), and rally them around their nation's familiar old leader once again. It was a brilliant gambit (if that is what it was) in the spirit of what is now called the psychology of "the party of fear." Like an old Frenchman playing political chess, with his government and, possibly, peace in France at stake, he let the men he considered his enemies fall into their own error of overconfidence, on which they lost. He obtained by his ruse a sudden burst of support, even from unexpected sources. Giscard d'Estaing, who holds the balance of power in the Chamber, stated in a broadcast that he was for de Gaulle but against Pompidou. That lonely, admirable Socialist politician Mendès France, who could be envisioned as a possible interim government leader, merely laid himself open once more to being forced into an undignified discard. Strength began coming back to the Gaullist party, and perhaps more aural sensitivity, after the too many years in which it had been hard of hearing where the protests of ill-paid workers were concerned, and in which the rebus of what to do with young students, eager for change and



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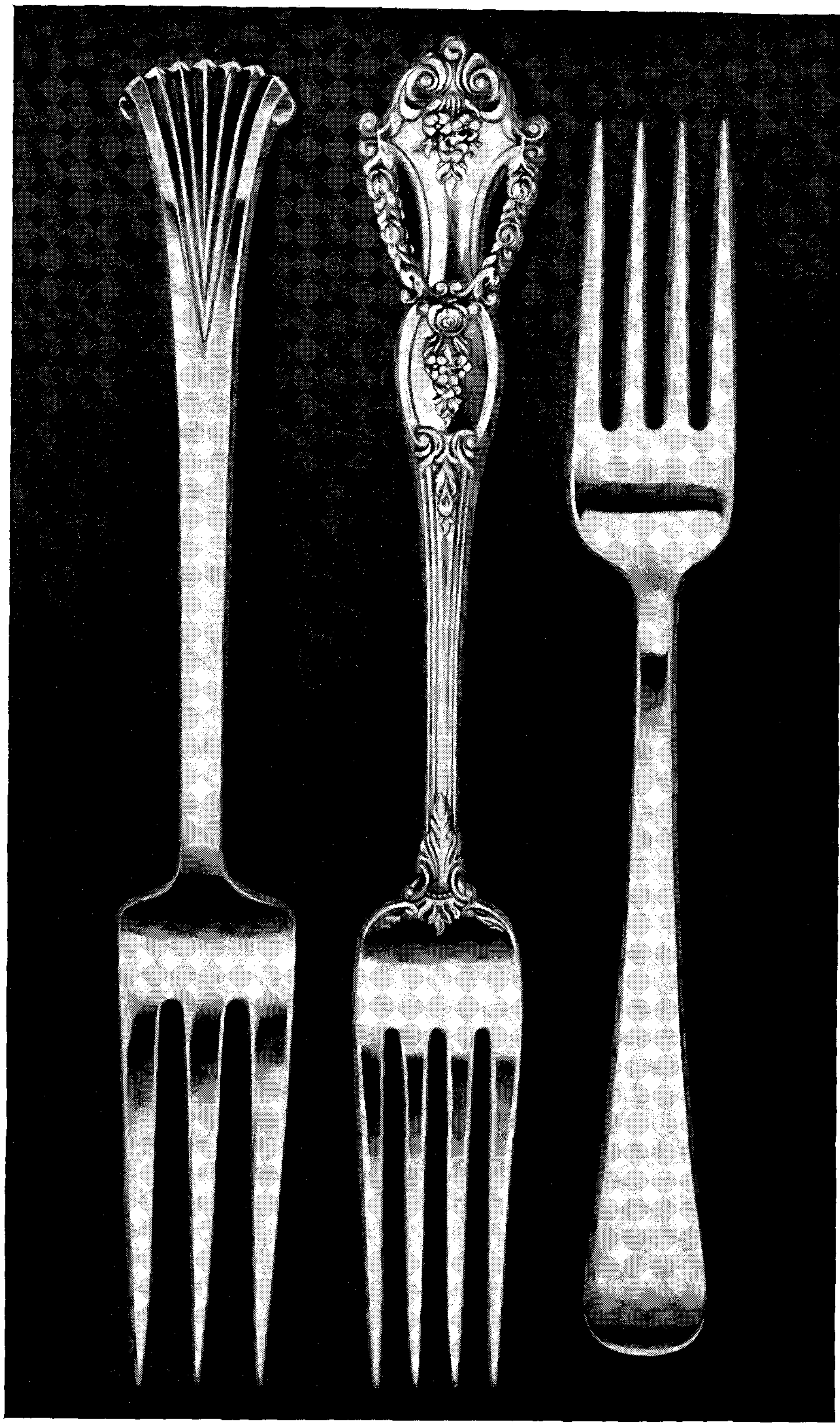

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new problems and answers, had not been solved in a Sorbonne where the class amphitheatres, crammed with youth, impatience, and angered hopes, were as overcrowded as tenement rooms.

On Thursday afternoon, de Gaulle made an upstanding old rallying-cry speech. It was harsh in its statement that the Communists were seeking an international autocracy—this coming from a man whose monarchical, autocratic methods over the past ten years have been the despair of those who have long known that the true French kings have been long since dead. The speech, which announced the dissolution of Parliament and the holding of new elections on June 23d and 30th, came just before a Place de la Concorde sundown rally in his honor. Until three o'clock in the morning, the Champs-Élysées was filled with what was left of the gigantic march up the avenue, in which French of all classes and ages carried the tricolor, the Union Jack, and even the Stars and Stripes, once more in honor. All that night, people with enough gasoline racketed up and down the avenue, sounding on their horns the rhythmic staccato toots that stood for "*Pour de Gaulle, Avec Nous.*"

The end of this crisis in such merrymaking was much too simple for the complexities and serious lack of answers that it had provoked. Those who never admired the General now in many cases ardently hate him, as having robbed them of their latest chance for a more modern democratic France. With election preparations starting next Sunday, the strike must perforce be ended at least in the post offices, in trains, and in transportation generally, so letters may be mailed and telegrams sent and received and political agents dispatched on their duties around the countryside for the election three weeks from now. Nobody is willing to prophesy on the election results. France has received a violent shock and setback. As a result of this strike (and of the General's victory, so far), there will be difficult, increasingly envenomed relations between French citizens of the left and those of the right—relations still unsettled and forever troublesome.

—GENÊT

•

CULTURAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Albuquerque Journal*]

James Morley will direct Dylan Thomas' "Under Milk Glass," opening tonight in the College of St. Joseph Theater.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Only Films Are Truly, Deep-Down Groovy

"I NEVER read fiction," a woman professor told me severely in New York the other day, fixing me with an eye that made me feel like an X-ray plate revealing fictional tendencies that would have to be dealt with. "Except at the hairdresser," she added, as people do. Then she attacked Pasternak, Beckett, and "your English novelists" as if they had done her a grievous ill, and I wondered how many sessions of hairdresser it had taken her to read "Zhivago." And then I asked her if she felt the same about films. "Oh, *no*," she said. "My students are the film generation." Tolstoy, here's the door. The students don't dig you.

"Painting!" said a usually intelligent man, scampering to keep up with the kids. The harsh discipline of grooviness creates a lot of Philistines. He had cleared the walls of his study, which I knew very well, and thrown out his old-fashioned prints. The walls were now alluvial green, and there was a chair—quite a pretty Danish-modern chair—hanging over the fireplace from a hook. The swinging idiot then lammed into all pre-1968 painting. It took ages. He had a lot of centuries to demolish. He disposed of Giotto ("outworn superstition"), Leonardo ("commissioned hack"), Michelangelo ("obsessed with muscle"), Goya ("faulty perspective"), and Holbein ("monarchist creep"). The Impressionists went down the drain, on the rigorous and peculiar ground that they were romanticists about weather. As he carried on, he looked increasingly revived, and downed a hashish-filled chocolate brownie. The brownie had been made at home by his wife, who was a painter, poor devil.

"You mean you *enjoyed* 'The Cherry Orchard'?" a Pop-music critic of intellectual standing asked me in London last week. "I hate plays. They're like picnics. You have to pretend you're having fun. The theatre's finished. Shakespeare is dialectically chaotic. The stage is as dead as Virginia Woolf."

Of course, literature has been finished for years, apart from autobiographies about homosexuality and accounts of bringing up lions/otters/spaniels. Everyone with it knows that. It has been out of touch ever since Joyce. No, ever since James. No, ever since Jane Austen. No; Austen and all that worn-out stuff about bourgeois marriage—what has that got to say to students? The last man was Chaucer, and then only maybe. You could hold that Robbe-Grillet was trying to do something in touch, but then his work is really filmic.

Filmic. Filmic is O.K. Filmic is always groovy. Even out-of-touch nincompoops can tell that it's groovy, because groovy opinion-makers, who may or may not read the ancient printed word under the bedclothes by flashlight, never stop yakking about movies. I don't mean that they necessarily like them that much, but they do tremendously like talking about them. In thirty years of going to the flicks, starting with a rapturous program of Roscoe Arbuckle that has endeared the fat to me for good, I've never before heard voluble intellectuals carry on so much about the cinema while they enjoy it so little.

One of the most companionable people I ever went with to London press shows is a seventy-year-old ex-barmaid. She has spent most of her life going to the local cinema three times a week. She knows the name of every English-speaking actor in the business. The notion of a director is unknown to her, apart from the name of Hitchcock, and so is the idea of a scriptwriter. She assumes that the actors make up the lines, and very clever, too. When I told her once that I was writing a film script, she looked at me with polite surprise at the redundancy of it, as if I were killing myself scrubbing a rug that had just been sent to the dry cleaner's. At the same time, her judgment is impeccable, even about the totally unfamiliar, maybe because it has nothing to do with guessing what the touted student generation is liable to think. She likes real innovation, and she can smell pretentiousness a mile off. When a film is disappointing, she says only that "something's lacking," which is all I want to say of "Boom!," as it happens. Joseph Losey directed it, and it was adapted from Tennessee Williams' play "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore." Mr. Williams is a stirring and tender playwright, capable of doing some things

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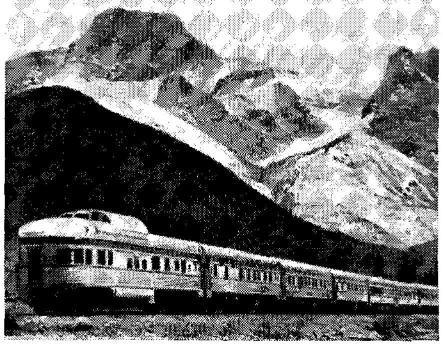

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with prose that are beyond any other writer in English, and there seems no good reason for intruding into the problems of an irreplaceable dramatist who may be in a technically difficult patch.

The O.K. intellectual put-downs of films now don't really mean anything much more than "something's lacking." They just sound more important. "Not of our time," for instance. In the language of grooviness, this is about as insulting an opinion as a film can earn. But you may well ask why. There is also a lot of very severe and rather unknowledgeable talk about camera technique. People of thirteen or fourteen usually get this right, but the adult film buffs' pronouncements are often lofty codswollop. In an English cinema recently, a stranger next to me leaned over in my direction as he rose to his feet and said that there wasn't much point in staying any longer, because there were three regrettable zoom shots coming. It suddenly made me feel immensely fond of Doris Day fan clubs. We talk such comic *rubbish;* I get nightmare imaginings of it:

"Satyajit Ray has fallen off since 'The World of Apu.' "

"Visconti hasn't really made anything since 'La Terra Trema.' "

" 'La Dolce Vita' was parochial. Fellini simply didn't know Rome."

"Well, I *suppose* Kurosawa is interesting. For the camerawork."

"Truffaut was always a commercial director. I'm ashamed to say I was fooled by 'Jules et Jim.' "

"Movies are the *only* medium to speak to the student generation."

"Frank Tashlin is the *only* director worth talking about."

"I always think Alain Resnais is essentially an editor. Not a filmmaker. All his great work was done in the cutting room."

" '2001' was structurally a disaster."

"Movies are the only *thing.* 'Planet of the Apes' when you're turned on—oh, boy!"

"I liked the first five minutes of 'Belle de Jour.' "

"The last two reels of 'Persona' were visually rather interesting, but the thought was ruinously muddled."

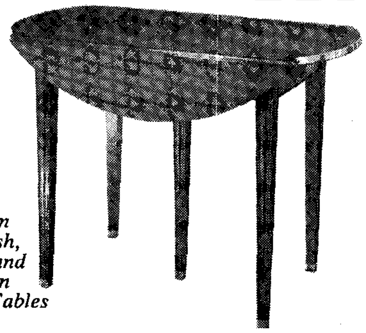
"Have you looked carefully at Eisenstein lately? He was very overrated."

"Something's happened to Tati's sense of humor. Maybe he never *had* a sense of humor."

"I haven't really laughed at a movie since the antique camerawork in 'The Cranes Are Flying.' The Russians are technically still in the ark."

"The Poles haven't done a thing

BON APPETIT



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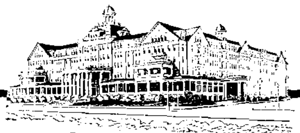

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lately. It's all the Czechs now. The Poles haven't honestly much to say to Columbia University any longer."

"Why does anyone carry on about showing Ozu here? We've *seen* it. What's so new about never moving the camera off the floor?"

"I'd rather have Kluge's 'Yesterday Girl.' That had something to do with our time."

"'Yesterday Girl' was totally derivative of Godard."

"Not derivative. Eclectic."

"Anyway, I walked out after the first two reels."

Does anyone else have fatal visions of carefully educated people getting more and more groovy and less and less intelligent? Can it possibly be true that the growing mob of with-it chasers in the West are turning into a kind of intellectual who hates art?

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

PENNY TRUMPET

I had a dog like a love.
And once I had a cruel
Dream: she was a milk-pool
Around a penny trumpet.

I bought button-candy, bright
As bulbs on a high marquee.
My mind was like a movie
Of myself eating until—

Deep in the box—a penny
Trumpet like a lost light!
I stayed outside that night
In woods which were stained black,

And when the first light hauled
Itself up on its back, I heard
Proclaiming clock and bird,
And played my penny trumpet.

And then I never stopped.
I played in every mood.
Till once, grass sang in my blood
While touching foot to top

With a girl who had no ear
For song and was not good
(Or so I understood).
The penny trumpet stayed

In my pocket like a boat
Sunk, trying to surface
Aright. Her face's
Remote, encircling lines

Broke in bars of light.
And her hard, feverish blooms—
Lips, breasts—led me to rooms
Where trumpets play all night.

—RAPHAEL RUDNIK

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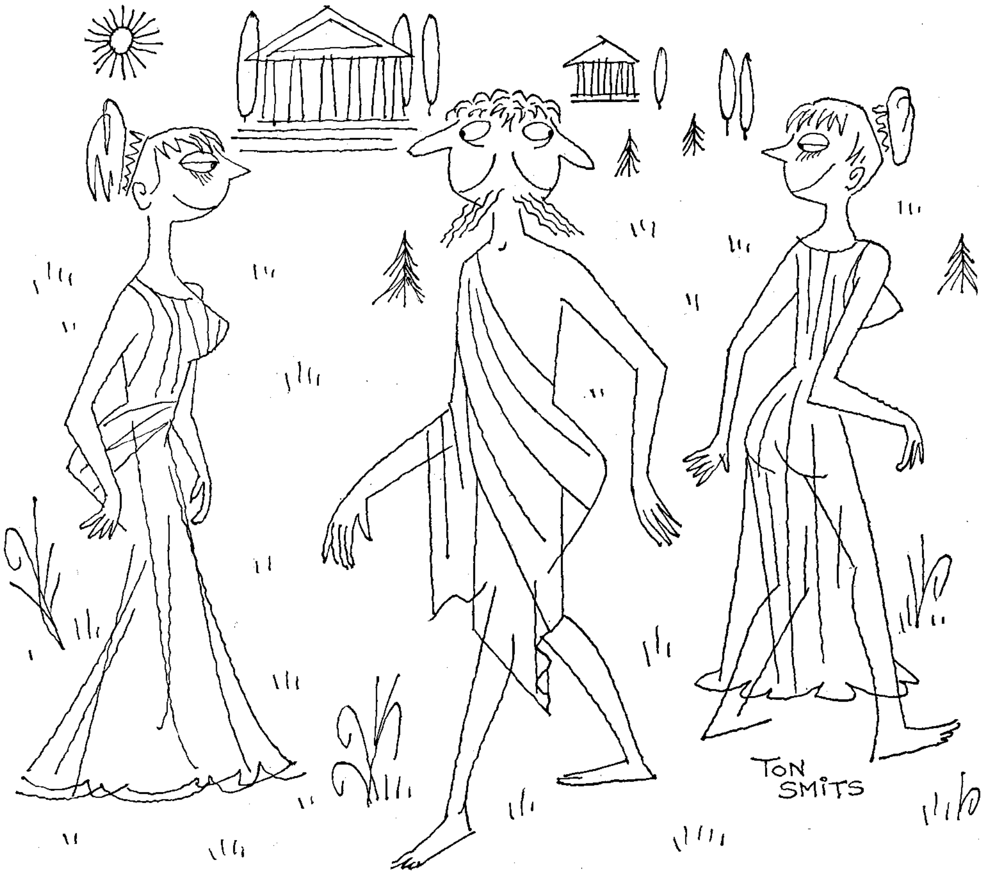
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JUNE 2

TWO weeks ago, the Gallup Poll released some findings that dealt not with the electorate's preferences among candidates—the usual stuff of surveys in an election year—but with the extent and quality of esteem and disesteem in which the individual aspirants were held by individual citizens. These are surely difficult things to appraise in statistical terms, but Dr. Gallup's organization has for some years been using a device called the Stapel Scalometer which it claims can measure sentiments ranging from high enthusiasm to deep disdain and translate them into point scores and percentages. (As described in the press, the device hardly seems to merit so scientific-sounding a name. The Scalometer, according to one account, "consists of ten squares or boxes that go from plus five, or someone liked very much, down to minus five, or someone disliked very much. The respondent is asked to point to the box that best measures how he feels about each person.") Whatever the general utility of the method, the report based on its use this year happens to confirm the common opinion—derived partly from observation and partly from intuition—of most observers here, which is that no candidate in either party has aroused anything close to passion among any considerable number of voters. Senator Kennedy, of course, has on many occasions been mobbed like a movie star, but witnesses to these scenes feel that it is precisely the star in him—the celebrity rather than the politician—that attracts this kind of attention. Senator McCarthy has built a dedicated following among young intellectuals and middle-class liberals, and the intensity of their response to his leadership no doubt compares favorably with that stimulated in other years by such figures as Adlai Stevenson, John F. Kennedy, and Barry Goldwater. It is, however, a relatively small following. According to Dr. Gallup, McCarthy gets a "highly favorable" rating of only nineteen per cent, which puts him nine points behind the leader, Richard Nixon, and barely ahead of the least regarded of the lot—George Wallace, with fifteen per cent, and Ronald Reagan, with eleven per cent. Hubert Humphrey is close behind Nixon, with twenty-six per cent, while Robert Kennedy and Nelson Rockefeller follow with twenty-four and twenty-three per cent, respectively. But these relative standings are less interesting and less important than the Scalometer's finding that no single candidate seems able to win the amount of admiration enjoyed by others in earlier years. Lyndon Johnson four years ago had a "highly favorable" rating of fifty-nine per cent—more than twice that of his heir apparent today. At this time in 1960, John F. Kennedy got the same rating from forty-one per cent of the respondents—seventeen points better than his brother's this year. In 1960, Nixon was tied with his opponent on the Scalometer—which perhaps speaks well of its accuracy, since the election itself was so very nearly a tie. Today, more people may find Nixon an acceptable candidate and more may be prepared to vote for him, but thirteen per cent fewer, evidently, hold him in as high regard as they did then.



No doubt the lessening of a certain kind of partisan zeal can be attributed in part to a spreading disenchantment with the whole political order and a growing absorption with extra-political forms of expression. Even though this is an unusual Presidential year in that it offers the voters several candidates of high intelligence and broad experience, it is easy to see why none of them should have any appeal for those who regard the system as something fit only to be destroyed or ignored. It is also an unusual year in that, apart from personality and background, there is little to choose among Kennedy, McCarthy, and Humphrey, and it remains to be seen how much ideological territory stands between any of these three and either Nixon or Rockefeller. At most, it seems safe to assume that the differences will be narrower than in any election within recent memory. As of now, the candidates are all peace candidates and befrienders of the poor. No one stands to the left of Lyndon Johnson, and all of them—except Wallace and Reagan, who remain marginal figures—are somewhat to the left of Dwight Eisenhower. So much likeness of mind is bound to dampen and diffuse the available supplies of ardor and excitement. Nevertheless, one has the feeling that the evidence provided by Dr. Gallup's researches and by those who have kept a close watch on the campaigns for primary votes and delegates suggests that more than alienation and the lack of ideological contention lies at the root of what appears to be a major change in public opinion. Even among those who feel no grave discontent with the system, there seems to be a new attitude not only toward the Presidency itself but toward the concept of Presidential power that has been accepted by nearly all Democrats and by a great many Republicans throughout most of this century. There may be a clue to the nature of this change in the fact that the candidate who is said to have the most dedicated supporters—

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Eugene McCarthy—is a man of notable diffidence in his approach to the office he is seeking and to politics in general. The least impassioned politician of his time has won the only following in which passion seems to play any part.

This has been an extraordinary phenomenon. McCarthy appears to have fired the imaginations of some highly imaginative Americans by saying less than any of his rivals about any specific "issue" except that of Vietnam, and by speaking very quietly even about Vietnam. He is as gifted in rhetoric as any of the others, but he has used the gift sparingly, and has, it would seem, compelled some of the others to emulate him in this practice. (The Robert Kennedy of last night's televised meeting with McCarthy in San Francisco was not testing his style against his opponent's but seemed, rather, to be trying to match McCarthy in moderation and reserve.) While McCarthy has not been able to get through to the masses—there are no masses in Oregon—he has demonstrated an ability to command a more intense loyalty than is currently to be found among the supporters of anyone else. And this response is given a man who himself disclaims intensity, who rarely manifests any enthusiasm of his own, and who promises very little of substance in the way of reform. Though temperamentally anything but an activist, he has more of the country's young activists working and cheering for him than all the would-be movers and shakers combined. It cannot be said that his followers are in the dark as to his true nature. When supporters of some other candidate ask them how they feel about his reputation as a rather indolent senator, instead of denying the charge they are as likely as not to reply that the country would be better served by a lazy President than by one who stays on the job around the clock—escalating the war, raising taxes, and widening the credibility gap. These young liberals and radicals are undismayed when some of their elders predict that McCarthy in the White House would be a Democratic Eisenhower; Eisenhower, they point out, passed up several opportunities to lead the country into war.

Although McCarthy has commanded majorities in some state primaries, it is doubtful if many of those who supported him shared a lot of his views or the attitudes of his most persevering campaign workers. Theirs is still very much a minority sentiment. It may be symptomatic, though, and it may help to explain why in 1968 it is

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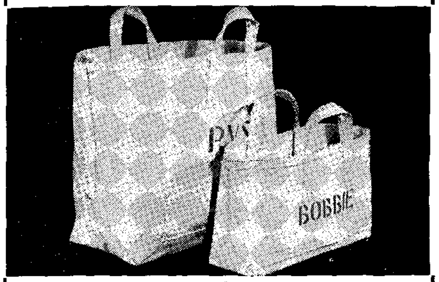

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so difficult for any candidate to build a mass movement or to mount any sort of crusade. If the candidates were all newcomers, it would be possible to argue that the public simply has not taken to anyone in the present lot as it did to certain figures of the past. But it happens that McCarthy is the only newcomer in serious contention. The others have been on hand for some time, and Dr. Gallup presents us with the paradox that one of them, Nixon, has more supporters but fewer admirers than he had eight years ago. Since it is the almost unanimous judgment of those who have been observing Nixon that any changes that have taken place in his manner and political style between Scalometer readings are more agreeable than otherwise, it is possible to assume only that the change has been in the public's attitude toward the office itself, rather than toward a particular political personality. And it would be odd if some such change had not taken place in the last four years, which are unique in American history for having been dominated by the Presidency, the office having in that time been filled by the most domineering of Presidents. It might be fairer to Lyndon Johnson and closer to the truth about our epoch to say that we have been not so much dominated by him as obsessed with, and hence dominated by, the war in Vietnam. But it amounts politically to the same thing. He did not start the war, but it has been his in the sense that he accepted it—almost joyfully, it seemed—and made all the decisions about it, and did not, until he saw the hopelessness of his situation and ours earlier this year, make any response to the growing number of his countrymen who found it revolting. Whether or not he was caught in a trap sprung by history, it was impossible to think about the divisions in the country without thinking of him and his policies as the agents of divisiveness, and without raising questions about the powers he exercised.

As the year goes on, we shall undoubtedly learn more about public attitudes toward the Presidency and toward our whole method of choosing leaders. Many people here, however, have for some time been trying to think their way through the questions about the office that have been raised by the President's conduct of the war in Vietnam. Among them have been some who, because of their service in this and previous administrations or because of their influence as publicists, feel a measure of responsibility—and in some cases of guilt—for having helped develop and

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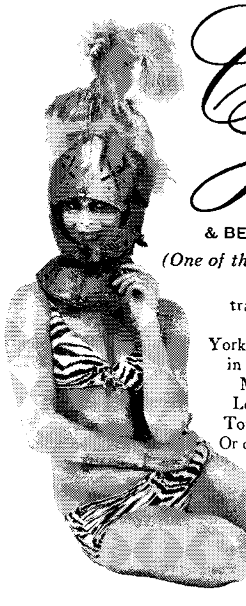

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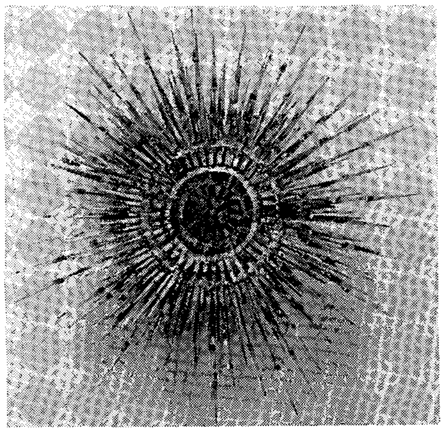

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institutionalize the whole doctrine of the "strong" President. In February, an eminent historian convened a daylong meeting of fellow-historians and government servants who had professed the doctrine themselves and had served Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson, and asked them to consider whether they had or had not done the country and the world a profound disservice by helping to fashion an institution that Johnson could use to commit the country, without public or congressional authorization, to a major war opposed by millions of Americans and sizable numbers of congressmen. Early in the session, one participant pointed to the dreadful irony of Johnson's meeting with Alexei Kosygin in Glassboro, New Jersey, last June, in which the leader of this democracy was told by the Premier of a totalitarian regime that he, Kosygin, lacked the authority enjoyed by the President of the United States to make the kind of man-to-man deals the President was proposing. Surely, it was said, there was something terribly askew when the leader of a free people could do more without consultation than his counterpart in a "closed" and dictatorial society. No one denied that this was a problem of great magnitude, and no one was unsympathetic to the proposition that there was a need for some machinery—if any could ever be devised—for limiting one man's power to blow up the world, which, given the triumphs of our technology and the mandates of our Constitution, any future President could do whenever the fancy struck him. But the basic problem, it was generally agreed, was not so much in the power of the Presidency, which might be susceptible to change by due process of law, as in the awesome destructive power that is at any President's command and that the American people have no intention of liquidating. A war that had popular approval and congressional authorization could just as easily lead to universal destruction as the present one. There was a kind of consensus on stating the case, as it was later put by Henry Steele Commager in the *New Republic*, that "in the long run . . . the abuse of executive power cannot be separated from the abuse of national power." Nevertheless, there was a good deal of feeling that means should be sought to put some restraints on a President's power to use and abuse the national power willfully and singlehandedly. In this one respect, at least, the "strong" Presidency was a dangerous institution.

Before March 31st, it seemed nat-

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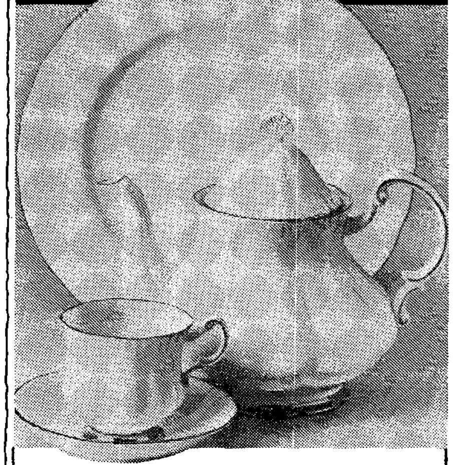

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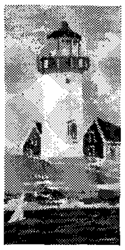

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ural and very much to the point to dwell on the President's autonomy in warmaking matters and on the dangers to ourselves and to mankind in the military might at his disposal. There then seemed no chance that Johnson would either mend his ways or step aside. Change, it appeared, could be brought about only by slow Constitutional procedures, which he would surely oppose, or by his replacement by a Republican, who would very likely continue the worst of his policies and discontinue the best. But today there are grounds for raising questions about the *weakness* of the Presidency and for suspecting that some sense of this may underlie the increase in indifference and the decrease in the public's capacity to work up much enthusiasm over any candidate. The President can lead the country into a war, but he cannot lead it out either by military victory or diplomatic settlement. The military power that he can theoretically—and actually, if madness seized him—employ is terrifying when measured in megatons and other units of destructiveness, but it cannot produce the kind of results, desirable or otherwise, he seeks. John Kennedy, when he had been President for over two years, was once asked whether the power of the office was what he had supposed it to be before it was his. "It is not," he said. "I find that I can get quite a bit that I want elsewhere in the world but almost nothing that I want here at home." His successor seems unable to get what he wants either abroad or at home. There are some who believe that he and his envoys are not seriously seeking peace in Paris, but most people here feel that he is asking no more of the North Vietnamese negotiators than the kind of face-saving concessions that any government in the world would ask if what was under negotiation was the abandonment of a national undertaking that had been as costly as this one in lives and resources and national morale. Thus far, he has been unable to get such concessions, and it is at least conceivable that either McCarthy or Kennedy, if one of them took office next year, would meet exactly the same resistance. (This is not to suggest that the common view here is that the Paris talks are bound to come to nothing. On the contrary, there is a good deal of optimism around. But those who think a settlement likely believe it will be a product not of Presidential power but of a North Vietnamese decision—with the approval of Moscow—that further conflict will serve no good North Vietnamese or Soviet

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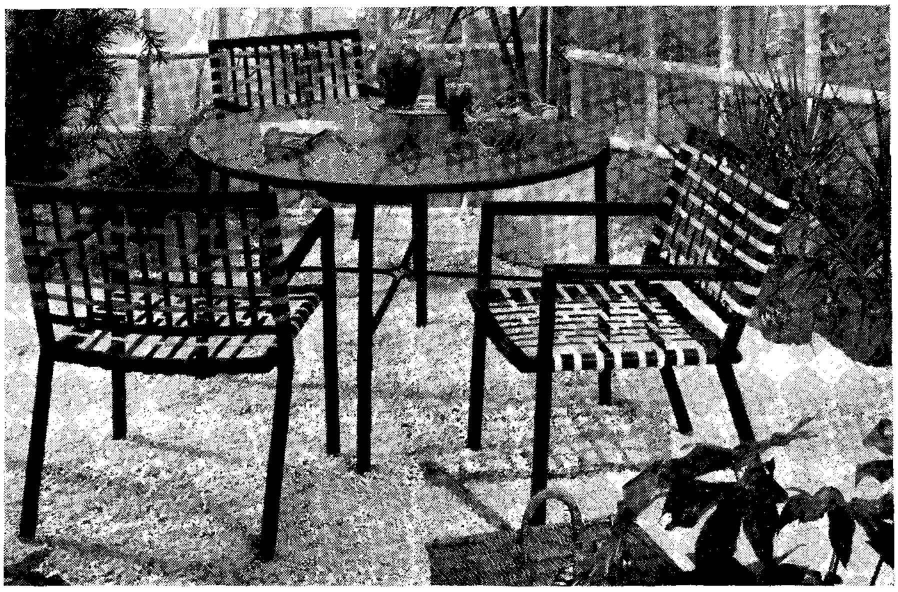

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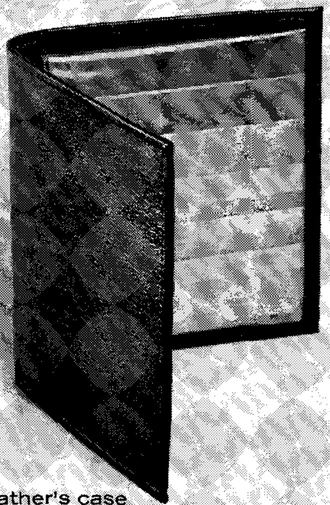

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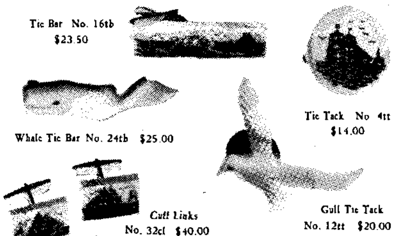

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interest.) In the House, Wilbur Mills has been as obstinate as the North Vietnamese delegation in Paris, and the President last week gave up any hope of saving face when he agreed to sign the tax bill on Mills' terms, which are nothing less than disastrous to the Administration's domestic program.

Thus, it may be that what explains the failure of any candidate to get a "highly favorable" rating from more than a small percentage of the electorate is a sense that it may actually be of no great importance who moves into the White House next January 20th. The future is more likely to be determined by what happens in Saigon and in Paris than by what happens here, and it is perfectly clear that the President of the United States has almost no power to control events in either of those capitals. The candidates may have splendid plans for abolishing poverty, rebuilding the cities, and stamping out crime, but Wilbur Mills and others like him in Congress have the veto power over all such plans, and there is no reason to think that Kennedy or McCarthy or Nixon or Rockefeller or anyone else would be any more effective than Johnson has been in dealing with the legislative branch. Indeed, Johnson's skills in this field are matchless, and for a time he worked miracles. But the miracles he worked were with one Congress that had been stunned into rectitude by a President's assassination and another that was elected with him when he received the largest vote and one of the clearest mandates in history. It is still possible that one of the candidates will rouse the electorate from its apparent indifference and create, by the force of an inspired campaign, a new political environment in which, as was the case after 1964, all kinds of new possibilities will open up. After all, a new and vastly less depressing atmosphere was created by Johnson's withdrawal, and this is a year in which the improbable has come to pass with every bit as much frequency as the probable. But if, as of now, it is the public's sense that the country needs more than just a new President to straighten things out, the public seems, as of now, to be unquestionably right.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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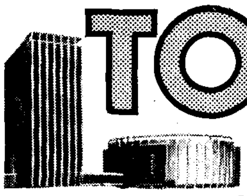

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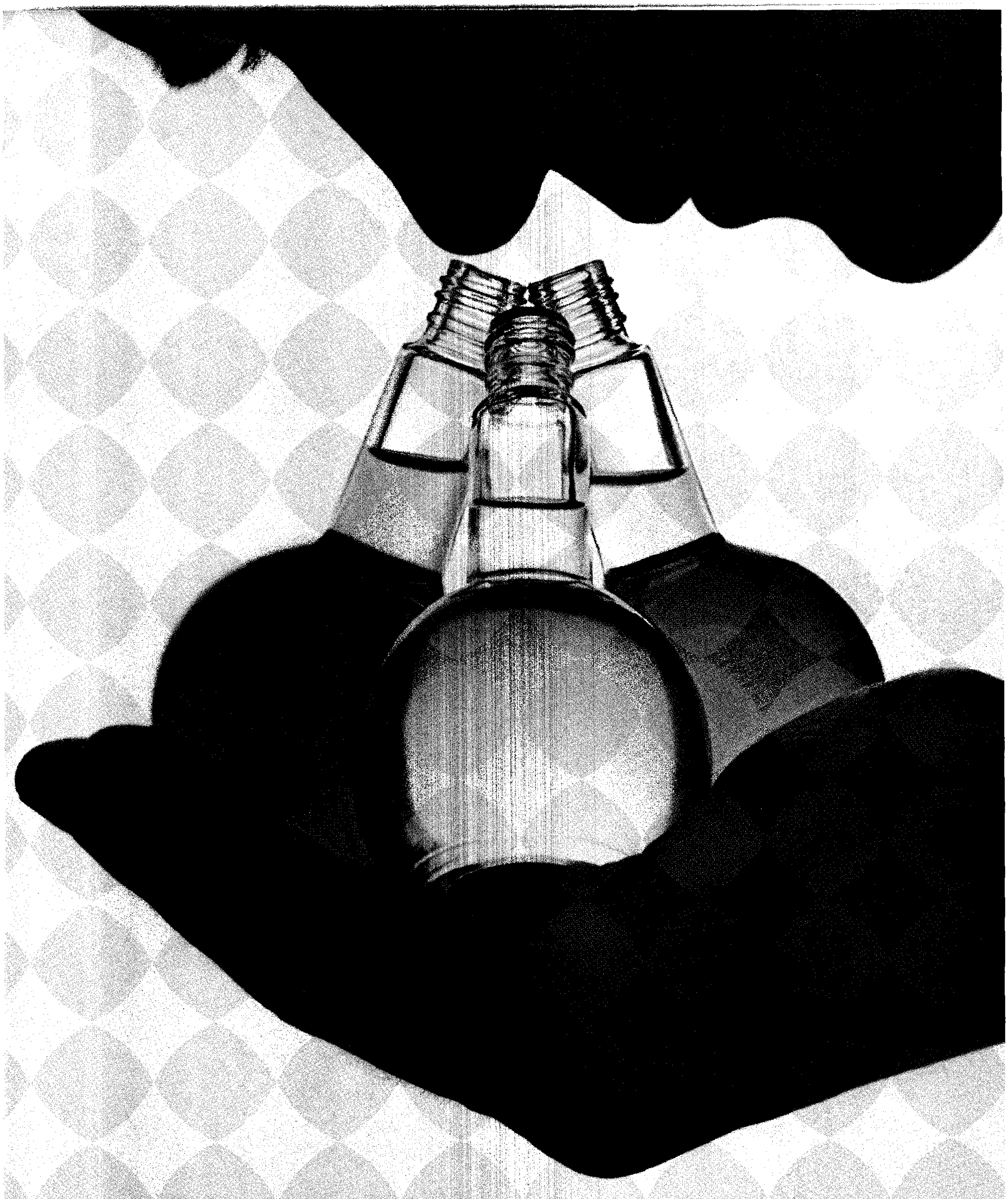

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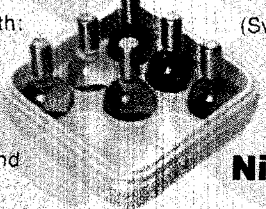

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THE RACE TRACK

A Belmont for Greentree

JUSTIFYING the faith of his stable, and ruthlessly overmastering his greatest rival, Greentree's Stage Door Johnny won the hundredth running of the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday. It was a thrilling and truly contested struggle all the way down the long homestretch, with Stage Door Johnny passing the winning post a length and a quarter ahead of Forward Pass, the favorite. Call Me Prince was third, a dozen lengths farther behind. A race at a mile and a half, which is the distance of the Belmont Stakes, is the supreme test of a race horse, particularly nowadays, when horses run all out from start to finish. That requires both speed and stamina, and only the good ones have both.

As the nine three-year-olds walked around in the paddock, Forward Pass stood out to even the least experienced eye as a picture of strength. Stage Door Johnny, although obviously less powerful, is also well made and full of quality. Of the rest, Call Me Prince and Draft Card looked best. Right from the start, Forward Pass, who likes to run that way, and has a will of his own, took the lead and increased it as he went along, followed closest by Call Me Prince. Gustines, on Stage Door Johnny, kept well back for half a mile, under orders from John Gaver, the colt's trainer, and then began to move up so smoothly that it was clear he'd be difficult for Forward Pass to deal with. As they went round the turn for home, I wondered how long Forward Pass could continue the pace he was setting—he did six furlongs in 1:12$\frac{2}{5}$ and the mile in 1:37. With three furlongs to go, he still led, but Stage Door Johnny was closing fast. Through the stretch, they went stride for stride until Stage Door Johnny drew away at the end.

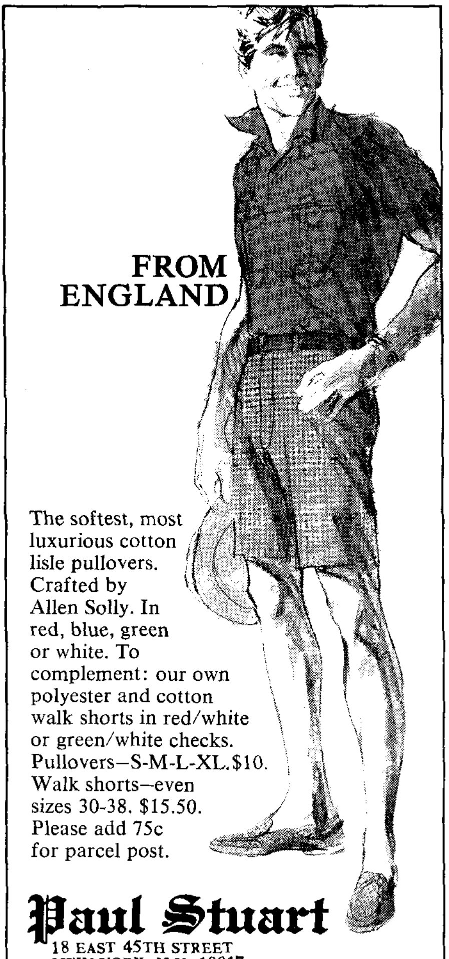
I've always thought twelve furlongs would be farther than Forward Pass cared to go, but I must say that he made a good try. Also, Valenzuela, riding with a long rein, handled him skillfully, but Stage Door Johnny was just too much for them. After all, he was a fresh horse. The Belmont was his fourth start this year; it was the tenth for Forward Pass. Johnny is bred to go a route, too, being by Prince John out of Peroxide Blonde, a daughter of Ballymoss, but let's not go into all that.

So again this year there won't be what they call a Triple Crown winner. As someone said last Saturday, perhaps it's just as well. Though Forward Pass won the Preakness, he was moved up into first place in the Kentucky Derby after the disqualification of Dancer's Image, so the honor wouldn't be quite the same. As you know, Dancer's Image didn't start in the Belmont. There was a swelling in the ankle that has plagued him, so Peter Fuller, who owns him, not only declared him out of the race but retired him permanently from racing. Too bad.

Altogether, Belmont Day was one the racecourse management can remember with satisfaction. The weather was fine, and things went more smoothly than they have at any time since the opening. The attendance was 54,654, which wasn't quite up to Memorial Day's 59,475, but the mutuel handle was over the five-million mark—$5,257,838, to be exact, of which $823,141 was wagered on the Belmont Stakes.

A MISHAP robbed the Metropolitan Handicap on Memorial Day of most of its interest. Dr. Fager, who would have been odds-on, had an attack of colic and was withdrawn from the race (as this is written, the good Doctor is doing nicely, thank you), so In Reality, who was as sharp as jailhouse coffee from his Carter Handicap on opening day, added this celebrated mile event to his list. Giving chunks of weight to the five other starters, he won comfortably from Advocator, with Full of Fun third. And, to catch up another loose end, that charming, lively miss, Dark Mirage, made the eleven other three-year-old fillies she met in the Acorn Stakes look like slowpokes as she raced to her fourth stakes victory in a row. She not only won by six lengths but her time for the mile—1:34$\frac{4}{5}$—equalled the course record. Quite an achievement for a filly who weighs only 750 pounds. Incidentally, my favorite observer liked the way she pricks her ears while being saddled. Her next outing will be for the Mother Goose Stakes this weekend.

FARTHER AFIELD: Max Hirsch, who saddled Call Me Prince and Draft Card for the Belmont Stakes,



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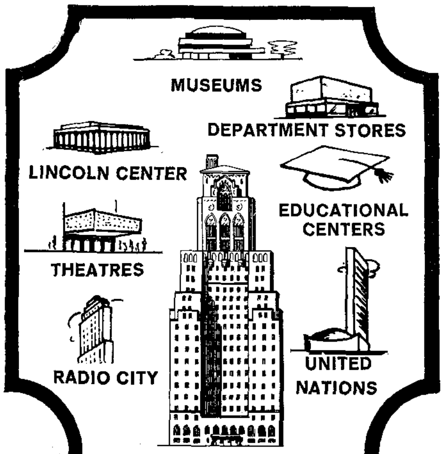

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sent Out of the Way down to Garden State Park for the Jersey Derby on Memorial Day, and he obligingly won by a couple of lengths from Captain's Gig, Iron Ruler, and seven other three-year-olds. . . . The following afternoon, Monmouth Park opened its meeting, which will continue through August 3rd. A record crowd saw Night Invader, the winner of the Youthful Stakes at Aqueduct not long ago, take the Tyro Stakes after a photo finish with Tyrant. Prevailing was third. Last weekend, First Noel won the Miss Woodford Stakes from Twice Cited, Singing Tune, and seven others. . . . And the pleasantest prelude to a race meeting I've enjoyed in some time was the party that Don Ross, chairman of the board of the Delaware Racing Association, gave at his Brandywine Stable on the backstretch at Delaware Park. Lunch was served under the trees, and the rest of the afternoon was spent just looking at horses. The meeting opened on Memorial Day, and despite bad weather there was a record turnout to see Process Shot win the Polly Drummond Stakes. On Saturday, Birthday Card beat Spoon Bait, Tornum, and ten others in the Brandywine Turf Handicap.

As had been expected, Sir Ivor, who won the 2,000 Guineas recently, had an easier victory in the Epsom Derby last week. Starting at 5–4 on, as they say in Tattersall's ring, he mowed down the leaders in the stretch with one burst of high speed. Sir Ivor belongs to Raymond Guest, and is one of the few American-bred and American-owned horses to win the Blue Ribband of British racing. By Sir Gaylord out of Attica, he was bred in Kentucky by Mrs. Alice Headley Bell and was bought by Mr. Guest for $42,000 at the 1966 Keeneland yearling sales. Last autumn, when I saw Vincent O'Brien, who trains him, at Belmont one morning, he said that this was a very nice colt. I'm sorry I didn't give him a pound or so to put down for me. At that time, Sir Ivor's price in the future books was 100–1. —AUDAX MINOR

•

In September of 1963 I arrived at Comstock Hall, feeling well-prepared for Radcliffe life. My bicycle rattled on top of the family car all the way from New York City to Boston, and my hair already hung halfway down my back, concealing most of my face. Without realizing it, I had molded myself into the Radcliffe image.—*Radcliffe news bulletin.*

The one where the face is in the back.

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HIGH OPINIONS

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—The trading ability of San Francisco's Giants came in for scathing judicial comment Thursday in U.S. Court of Appeals.

"When, if ever, did the Giants make a good trade since they came to San Francisco?" demanded Judge Richard Chambers, chief judge of the court.

"They had six or seven good outfielders which they have given away for nothing. Now they are starting to get rid of their catchers," the judge continued.

—*Los Angeles Times.*

FORT WAYNE—Municipal Judge Vernon P. Mawhinney, in sentencing a first offender for armed robbery, took the opportunity to voice his complete dissatisfaction with the recent Academy Award presentations. " 'In the Heat of the Night' didn't tell me beans about real law enforcement, and 'Bonnie and Clyde' was a bum movie and lucky even to be nominated. It just plain glorified crime—at least up until the two desperadoes got ventilated at the very end there. The Best Actor award should have gone to Jean-Pierre Lalouche, for his sensitive performance in 'Le Juge et le Jury,' and the best movie should have been 'The Court Rests,' which, even though it is a 'skin flick,' or 'nudie,' has some damn good scenes showing what a female judge is up against when she presides without her robe. The Best Supporting Actor was clearly Spencer Magruder in 'Median Strip,' playing the part of the courageous young corporation executive who later becomes a municipal traffic judge and finds that even-handed justice is well-nigh beyond the ken of mortal man." Whereupon, still smoldering, Judge Mawhinney sentenced the hapless defendant to forty years' imprisonment, without possibility of parole.

NEW YORK—Federal Judge Demetrios Papamichael, in issuing a writ of mandamus ordering all municipal employees back to work in the vast and crippling public-utilities strike, today charged that the American novel has become self-indulgent and chaotic. "There hasn't been a good book written since 'Marjorie Morningstar,' " said the irate jurist. "Just once, I'd like to see one of these Norman Mailers, Joseph Hellers, or Terry Southerns come up before me on a lewd vag or something. Just once!" The Judge went on to blame "existentialist" and "anarchic" trends for the decline of the novel. "The whole 'art is dead' and 'anti-art' school is dismembering one of the finest inventions of the human mind," the 59-year-old, bald jurist exclaimed. "What we need is a return to more discipline, stricter parental control, an end to permissiveness, and a return to the structure of the novel as epitomized by the Brontës."

SEATTLE—The Beatles have not made a really good album since "Revolver," and their last good single was "Penny Lane." This is the considered opinion of Superior Court Judge Elliot Muntz, 30. The young jurist also deplored the tendency to "poetic" obscurantism, gratuitous polemics, and gimmicky musical effects being indulged in by many leading rock groups. "The early Stones," commented Muntz, "have much more integrity of sound than can be found in their recent pressings." Finishing this comment, the Judge then sentenced the defendant before him to thirty days in city jail—to be suspended so long as good conduct is maintained. The jubilant defendant, Lester Lomax, 43, of nearby Enumclaw, was beside himself with joy. "Apparently he forgot what I was up for," said Lomax, a thin, bespectacled lather, just found guilty of poisoning his last three wives. "It's about time I got a break. As far as the Beatles are concerned, however—and not wishing to be disrespectful to His Honor, of course—I still think 'Magical Mystery Tour' has a lot of good stuff in it. And as for singles, what about 'All You Need Is Love'? Anyway, you can keep all those Limey groups. I'll take Smokey Robinson and the Miracles."

DES MOINES—Ronald Reagan is Presidential material, but should crack down harder in his speeches on those who would lead us down the road to a negotiated sellout in Vietnam. This is the opinion of Municipal Judge Broderick Bonesteel, of this city, rendered as two 14-year-old boys stood before him accused of defacing a bus bench in the Elm Park section by carving their initials on it. The Judge further recommended the unlimited deployment of Honest John tactical missiles, training meter maids in the use of Mace, and hot pursuit into the North (any North). He further insisted that America's moral decline is the result of "do-gooders," who are always trying to do good, especially to those on the welfare rolls, and "bleed-

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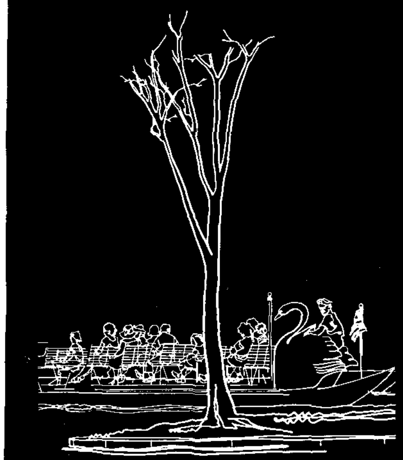

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ing hearts," whose hearts bleed for others, including foreigners. Finishing his lengthy tirade, the 74-year-old jurist then found the two youths guilty and ordered them to pay $450 a month alimony, plus $250 child support, and fixed visiting privileges with their families at once a month.

WASHINGTON—The nation today received the long-awaited decision from the United States Supreme Court on the now famous "Rights of Man" Case (Simon v. Garfunkel), which will unquestionably change the life of every man, woman, and child in America. The decision was not delivered, however, until one of the Justices, who asked to remain anonymous, delivered a scorching tirade on the performance of the Washington Redskins last season—particularly the lack of a sound pass defense—and wondered aloud whether Skins fans were not in for more of the same in '68. "Without naming any names," said the Justice, "I can't help but wonder if Otto Graham has the stuff to cut it in the pro ranks. Furthermore, we desperately need one more fast flanker back, and—unless Shirley Povich knows something I don't—I have seen no indications that we are attempting to trade for this all-important position."

Another Justice then arose and delivered a long tirade on the poor color combinations employed by so many of those who affect Mod clothing. "Some of these flowery patterns, laid on top of checks and tattersalls, are enough to make you dizzy just to look at them," he remarked. The jurist further deplored the growing effeminacy of male clothing.

"Speaking of effeminate," put in another Justice, "what about this crazy black drag we have to wear?"—but at this point he was sternly gavelled down by the Chief Justice. —F. P. TULLIUS

•

PEACE RIVER, (Canadian Press)—Somewhere on Puggins Mountain, near this nortern Alberta town, there is grizzly bear with false teeth.

Ed Mosher says his false teeth were bothering him on a hunting expedition so he left them on the dashboard of his truck, leaving the truck door open, and joined a fellow who was brewing coffee nearby. He returned in time to see a bear walk off with the teeth. They ran back in time to see a bear walk off horn blow. They ran back in coffee, they heard the truck with the teeth.

—*The Times.*

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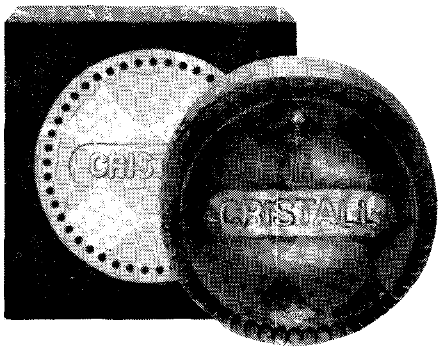

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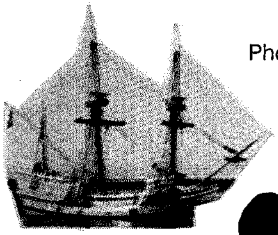
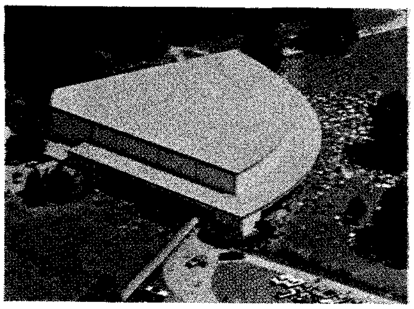


Photograph the youngsters at the first landing place of the you-know-who. And America's first rock. At the hometown of America's first holiday: Thanksgiving.



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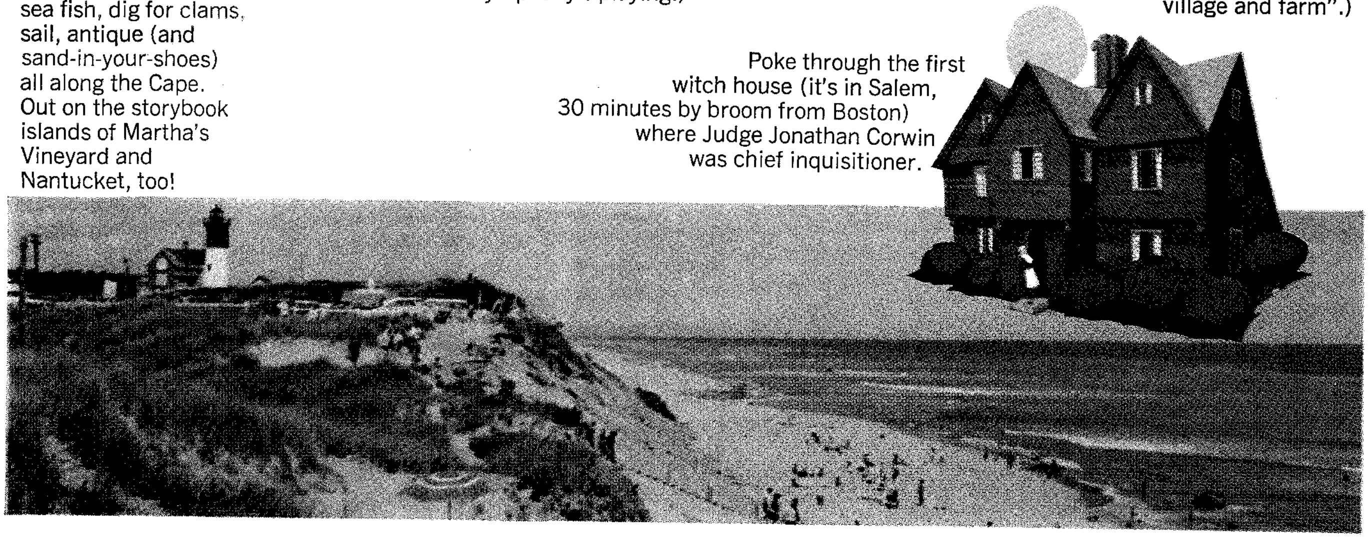
Lunch on the lawn at Tanglewood, America's first summer music festival. (But shhh, don't rattle your paper bag while the Boston Symphony's playing.)

Motor along the route Paul Revere took on that first historic horseback ride. (Yell "the British are coming!" if you're so inclined, through "every Middlesex village and farm".)

Poke through the first witch house (it's in Salem, 30 minutes by broom from Boston) where Judge Jonathan Corwin was chief inquisitioner.



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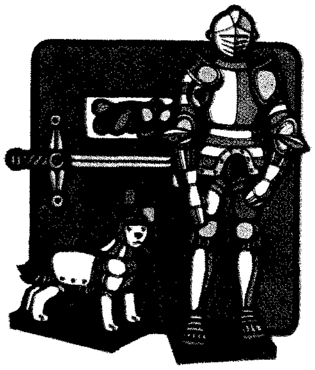

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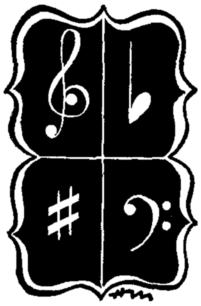
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Lemmings

CONTEMPORARY composers are an articulate lot—partly, perhaps, because the ability to persuade is the composer's most valuable talent in getting foundation people to give him the grants that, aside from professorships, are his principal method of making a living. Beethoven could not be a composer today. He would be screened out by the receptionist at any respectable foundation headquarters on the ground that he was mentally disturbed, disorderly, boorish, and not at home in communicating with words. And Beethoven was not interested in teaching. Today's composer, on the contrary, *is* an excellent writer and a good talker; sometimes, indeed, his writing and his talk are more interesting than his music. This point is well illustrated in "Contemporary Composers on Contemporary Music," edited by Elliott Schwartz and Barney Childs (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; ten dollars), which is an anthology of commentary on their art by more or less eminent figures from Ferruccio Busoni and Claude Debussy to John Cage and Morton Feldman. Its later quotations are all from avant-garde composers. Men like Richard Strauss, Gian Carlo Menotti, and Carl Orff, whose music has pleased millions, are conspicuously missing, as are many lesser composers who devote themselves to music capable of moving audiences, such as Leonard Bernstein, Douglas Moore, and Norman Dello Joio. The book is largely a doctrinaire tract. But it is a fascinating one, nevertheless, in that it describes the direction in which some contemporary composers are going, and its final items read almost as if they were written by lemmings just before their plunge.



Not all the book is of this character. It begins with an excerpt from Busoni, a man who preached a utopian doctrine about the future of the art in his "Sketch for a New Aesthetic of Music," written in the early nineteen-hundreds, though it is a rather striking fact that Busoni never practiced what he preached. Some witty examples of Debussy's critical style as "Monsieur Croche" (the pseudonym he adopted as a critic) follow, along with a few rather silly and irrelevant remarks by Erik Satie. Darius Milhaud explains how he got interested in jazz. Ernest Bloch is deeply and sincerely troubled by the divorce between the composer and humanity that he seems to have detected as early as 1916. Alban Berg is represented by "Why Is Schoenberg's Music So Hard to Understand?," which is complicated enough to convince you that no one, aside from a dedicated musicologist specializing in Schoenberg's work, will ever understand anything he wrote after "Gurrelieder." (Schoenberg himself is not represented.) Béla Bartók comments on the rich materials that folk music offers the serious composer. Paul Hindemith, in one of the finest excerpts, presents his eminently sound ideas about the aesthetics of music and pleads for the encouragement of the composer as all-round musician rather than as theoretician ignorant of musical practice. (He believed that a composer should be master of several performing instruments, and when the piece from which the excerpt derives was written, in 1952, he was worried about the course music was taking at the hands of composers who were unacquainted with any musical instrument.) Sergei Prokofieff, who seems to be growing bigger and bigger in stature as time goes on, pleads for a kind of music that is both original and accessible to a wide public (one must not forget that Prokofieff, like most indisputably "great" composers, was a virtuoso pianist, and he fits Hindemith's prescription perfectly). Benjamin Britten is represented by a charming piece saying that he thinks more music should be composed for special occasions, like days of national celebration, and deploring the phenomenon that has come to be known as foundation music. His basic idea is that the composer should have a purpose. He is followed by Charles Ives, with a rather rambling piece, which, however, holds firmly to the idea that music and the man in the street should not be strangers. Both Aaron Copland and Virgil Thomson are represented by thoughtful pieces, and Roger Sessions also writes sensibly.

Then the scene changes abruptly. Edgard Varèse, in "The Liberation of Sound," defines music as "organized noises" and suggests that music is a science whose aim is to discover noises that have never been heard before. Here we have, fully stated, the basic

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The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum cards – Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt, a della Robbia in shining white, a panel of angels and golden spires against a starlit sky, lotus flowers, emerald and sapphire stained glass from the chapel of a medieval castle, the Three Kings in scarlet, pink, blue, and gold, a lute player, lion, pear tree and fountain in silk, and a Winslow Homer skating party are among the 60 designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed September first.

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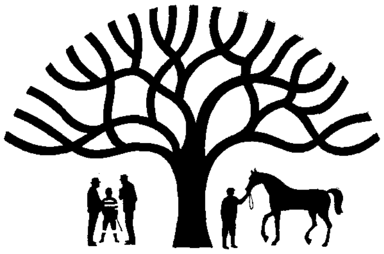

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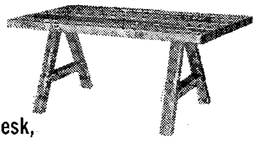

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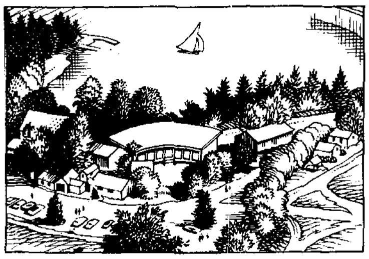
avant-garde aesthetic, and it is perhaps a natural corollary that few of the composers from here on are familiar to most people who go to concerts and operas. The complete divorce between the composer and his public that has been such a striking feature of contemporary music is indicated unmistakably—even, in some citations, with a hearty welcome. I don't know how Jack Beeson, an able composer of conservative tastes, got himself into this part of the book. His contribution is an intelligent one about the relation between opera and language. As for the other items, they are best summed up by the contribution of Milton Babbitt, which is, in its way, admirably outspoken. Mr. Babbitt, a professor in the music department at Princeton, cordially invites concertgoers to stay away from his music. He conceives it to be analogous to theoretical physics—a science so complex that the average listener is not in any way equipped to understand it. Only a few of the elect—including, one gathers, a dozen laboratory workers and mathematicians thoroughly versed in Mr. Babbitt's methods—can be expected to get its message, if, indeed, there is one to get in this rarefied sphere. He believes that the concert hall and the opera house are not fitting places for music, that the composer's proper environment is the university, where he can engage undisturbed in pure research, and that the university has an obligation to support such research. (Many university music departments do support just this kind of activity.) Mr. Babbitt has put himself beyond appreciation, beyond criticism, and beyond any communication whatever with people who like music. His completely standoffish attitude is clarifying; this is what the avant-garde has been working toward for a couple of generations. It is a long time now since Mozart and Tchaikovsky wrote music for the simple purpose of entertaining their listeners.

The editors of this volume appear to think that they are illustrating a movement of historical importance. In one of the little prefaces they have written to introduce the composers' contributions, they apologize for Hindemith's regrettably old-fashioned position ("His stand on the ethical obligations of the composer toward society is reminiscent of the nineteenth century, and would be considered Romantic when compared with the more objective approaches of Stravinsky and Babbitt"). They get Bartók's folk-music background wrong, describing it as Slavic instead of Magyar. They say, piously,

The pleasure of your company



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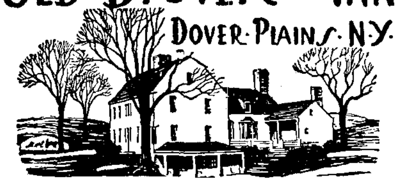

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of Mr. Babbitt that "the composer's first obligation is to his art, to the evolution of music and the advancement of musical concepts." Somewhere in the middle of the book, I got an eerie feeling. Was I reading about an actual historical development or about a fantasy history existing only in the minds of avant-garde composers and having nothing to do with real history, except that an age of affluence has made it possible for thousands of people who imagine that they are composers to live in an imaginary world? The book is, in any case, an interesting document.

NOW, if I may shift the subject three hundred years back, I would like to report that I have come across an extraordinary new recording of Monteverdi's "The Coronation of Poppea," made under very special circumstances by Cambridge Records. As far as I know, it is the first recording in meantone temperament, the tuning that was most frequently used in the Renaissance and early Baroque eras. Singers and orchestra have been carefully coached in this tuning, which does not allow for great freedom of modulation but which—once your ear gets used to it—sounds much purer as to intonation than any standard modern one. The result is more authentic than most performances of music of that period that we hear nowadays, and it has a crystalline clarity that is delightful.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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MANY first-rate rock groups sicken and die from too little promotion. Moby Grape, one of San Francisco's finest products, almost succumbed to too much. The most popular San Francisco groups—Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, Country Joe and the Fish, Big Brother and the Holding Company—have made their reputations largely by word of mouth and unsolicited publicity. Primarily live performers, they had an enthusiastic local following, as well as a host of long-distance admirers in the Eastern diaspora, long before they recorded. Furthermore, this pre-sold audience came from an unusually articulate and evangelistic section of the population—that is, hip teen-agers and bohemians. The record companies could not have asked for a better grass-roots promotional apparatus. (Similar conditions have enabled the Doors, a very different sort of bohemian group, to become the hottest pop stars in America with-

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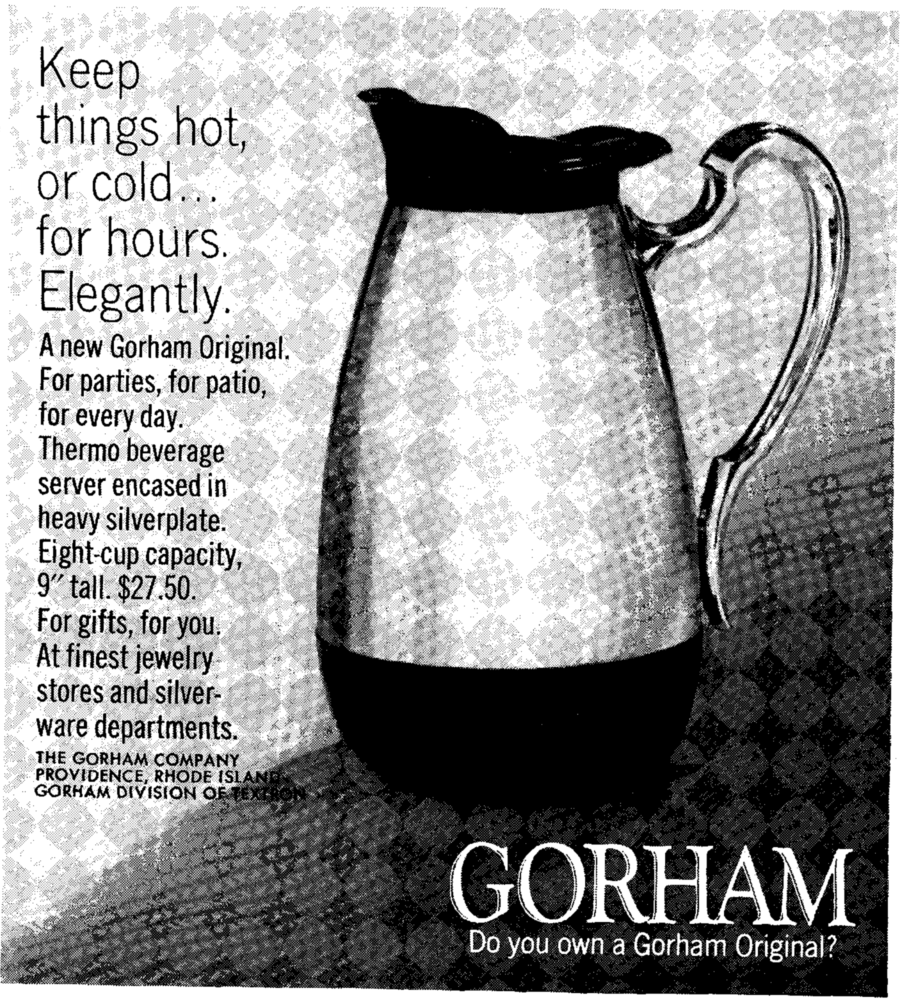

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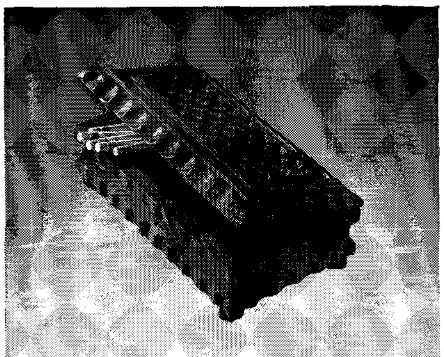

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out benefit of a spectacular public-relations blitz.) But the word-of-mouth process is a slow one, and in the case of Moby Grape, Columbia Records decided to help things along. The Grape's first album ("Moby Grape," Columbia CS 9498) got the full treatment. Columbia spent over a hundred thousand dollars in promotion, flew Los Angeles bigwigs to San Francisco for a party at the Avalon Ballroom, dispatched the group on a national tour, designed a special Moby Grape logo and Moby Grape buttons, and distributed Grape press kits covered in imitation (I assume) velvet. The most interesting aspect of the campaign was the simultaneous release of five singles, each containing two cuts from the album—a highly unorthodox maneuver presumably undertaken on the theory that, with all those Grape records available, one of them had to catch on. I was dubious; it seemed to me that the choice would only confuse the radio stations. Still, along with most other observers of the scene, I expected that in the end Columbia's promotion would get results. After all, the raw material was there. The group was enormously talented. All five members wrote songs, all were excellent musicians (especially the lead guitarist, Jerry Miller), and all had voices (especially Bob Mosley, who may be the best white male blues-*cum*-country singer around). They were versatile—the music on "Moby Grape" ranged from soul ("Mr. Blues") to country ("Ain't No Use"), from classic hard rock ("Omaha") to soft lyric ("8:05"). Yet it was all held together by the Grape's distinctive sound, which featured three (!) guitars, a strong beat, tight arrangements, voices recorded way in the background, and a pervasive tension between driving energy and gentleness. The recessed vocals made the lyrics almost unintelligible, which was a shame. The Grape, like the Beatles and too few others, had caught on to the creative possibilities of conventional pop-song diction; they made brilliant use of repetition in "Omaha" and "Changes," and of romantic clichés in "8:05." And—also with little company—they preferred pithy, colloquial prose to poetic adventurism: "Would you let me/ Walk down your street/ Naked if I want to?/ . . . Can I buy an amplifier/ On time?/ I ain't got no money now,/ But I will pay you before I die." "Moby Grape" was not only a very good album; by all the normal standards, it was also very commercial. Few L.P.s contain more than one or two cuts that

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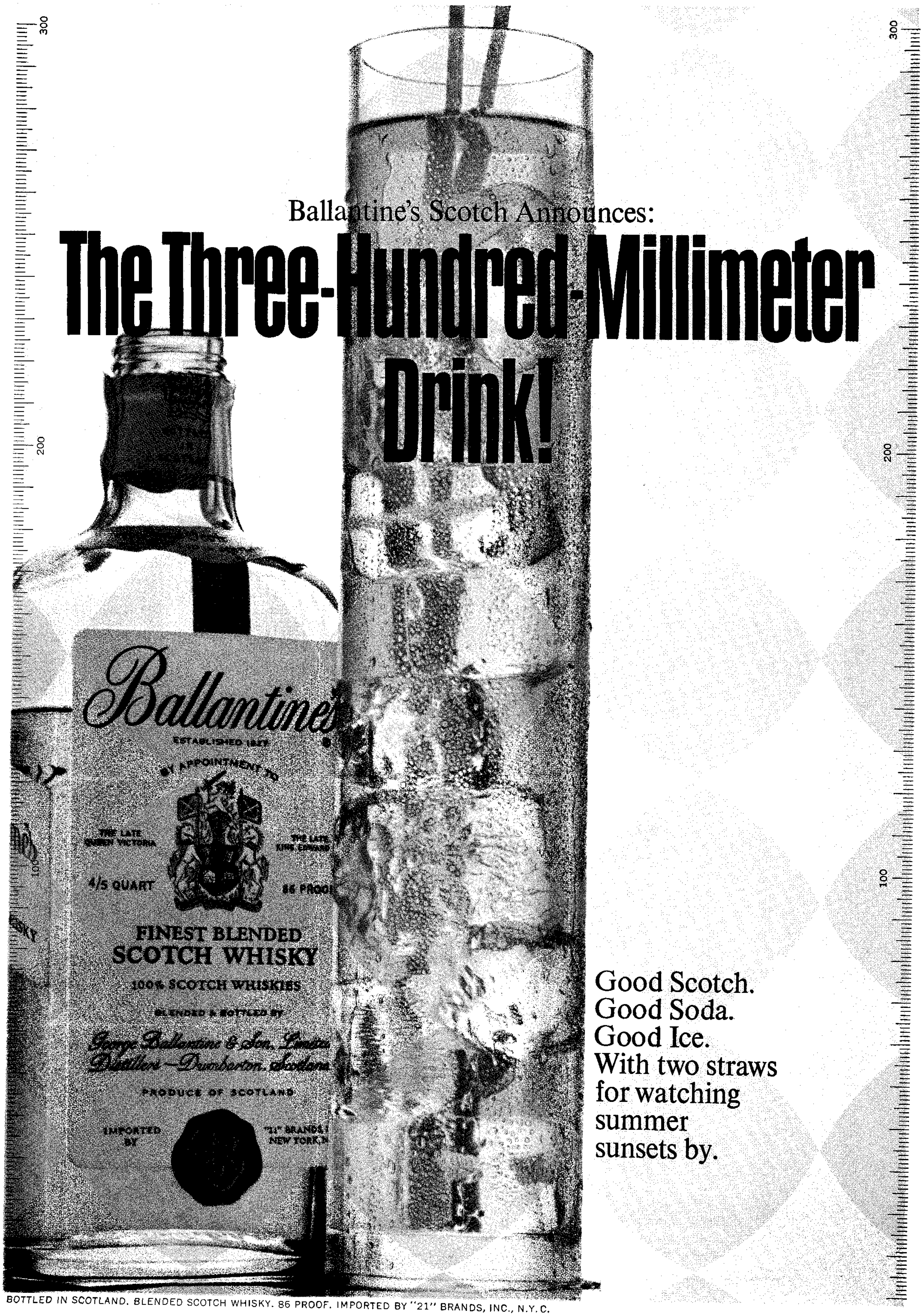
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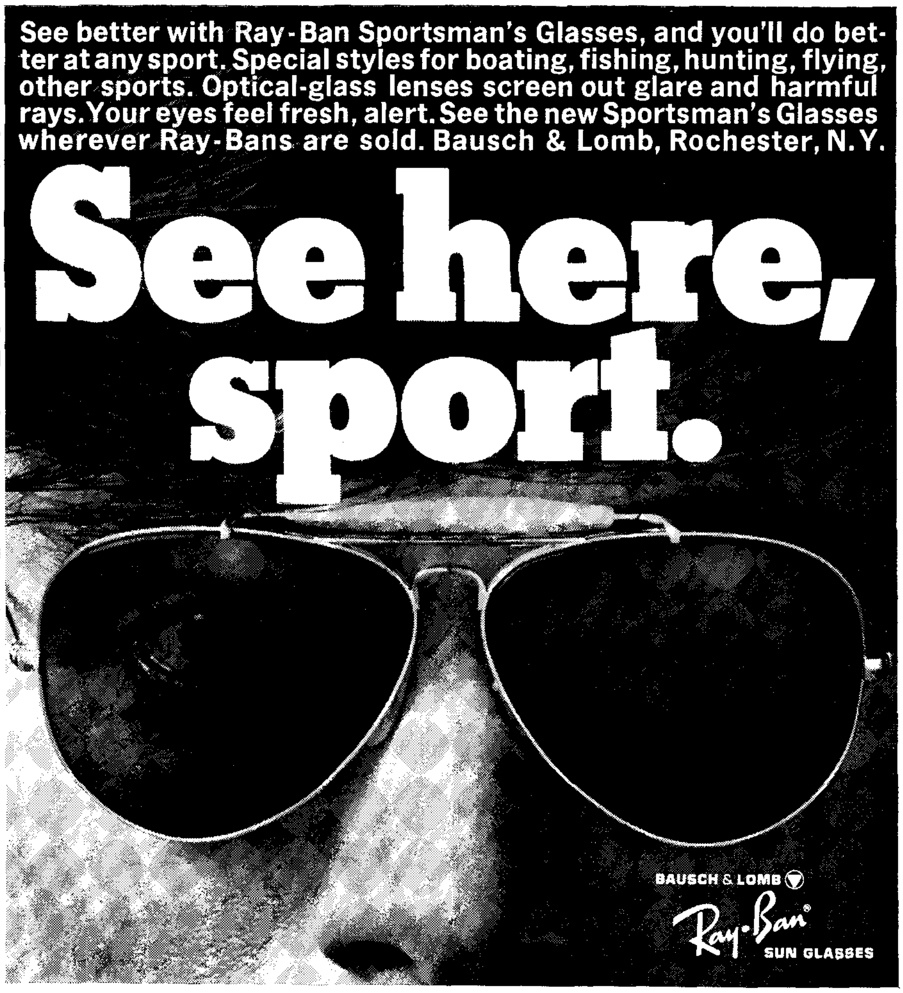
It never happened. The five-singles ploy did not work at all. The album sold adequately, reaching Top Forty on the trade charts—but then the Big Brother album, an atrociously produced record put out with no fanfare by a small, chintzy company, was to do almost as well. And the promotion campaign resulted in two kinds of negative feedback. On the one hand, the Grape's natural audience was put off by the hard sell; on the other, such close contact between five hippie musicians and the pop establishment made for severe abrasion. During their tour, the Grape managed to offend disc jockeys, writers, and even their own publicity people; a pot and morals bust (the three members involved were eventually cleared) did not help matters. Suddenly no one would touch them, and there was a publicity blackout. The Grape never quite recovered from that turbulent beginning. Today they do not have the prestige their talent warrants, nor are they a top draw at concerts (which is where the steady money is). And now that the San Francisco movement has peaked, they may never make it big. If I could, I'd do something about that. At the moment, all I can do is give their second album, "Wow" (Columbia CS 9613), a reserved plug. "Wow" is not as uniformly impressive as the first album, perhaps because it is more exploratory. The sound has shifted away from hard rock toward blues and country; the voices this time are emphasized, and Mosley's is heavily exploited. There is a lot of playing around with different styles, most of it unsuccessful. "Bitter Wind," an experiment in noise, is—pretentious noise. A blues version of "Naked If I Want To" smothers that confection in angst. Worst of all is "Just Like Gene Autry; A Foxtrot," a big-band number that includes the voice and ukulele of Arthur Godfrey and has to be played at (*remember*?) 78 r.p.m. It's nice that the Grape should be interested in con-



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Robert McAlmon's part of BEING GENIUSES TOGETHER was published in England in the early Thirties but never in this country. It is caustic, fiercely opinionated, remarkably candid. Kay Boyle's newly-written alternating chapters are humane, sensitive, and eloquently revelatory of her own emotions as a young woman. "They complement each other in a curious fashion," says Malcolm Cowley. "McAlmon, a realist, able to make shrewd judgments, but lacking in imagination and sometimes blind to everything beyond the end of his nose; Miss Boyle, a romanticist and still full of illusions forty years after the events she describes, but very often able to grasp the essence of a character and always eager to acknowledge greatness in others because there is something of greatness in herself... She has made BEING GENIUSES TOGETHER an indispensable book for anyone who wants to recapture the feeling of what it was to live in Paris during the 1920s."

BEING GENIUSES TOGETHER

Kay Boyle—Robert McAlmon

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ceptual art, but having to switch speeds soon becomes an intolerable nuisance, and the song is not worth the trouble. My favorite cuts are all mainstream Grape: "Murder in My Heart for the Judge," a superb exercise in controlled violence; "Three-Four," a moving country song; and "Motorcycle Irene," a rocker with beautiful crash noises and a tough lyric—"Dirty, on her Harley,/ (But her nails are clean.)/ Super-powered, de-flowered,/ Over-eighteen Irene." "Miller's Blues," a rather dull song, nevertheless shows off some great singing by Mosley and a long Miller guitar solo.

"Wow" comes packaged with a bonus record of improvisations called "Grape Jam"—evidence that the Grape can (so there) handle the extended instrumentals now in vogue. It's a pleasant extra—particularly since Al Kooper and Mike Bloomfield play piano on two of the cuts—and an interesting counterpoint to the tight formalism of Moby Grape's "real" albums. But it makes me a little nervous. I hope the Grape won't defect to the avant-garde. Someone has to mind the store. —ELLEN WILLIS

•

Creative writing was described Tuesday as "an imaginative, emotional, colorful and descriptive use of language that transcends mere grammar," by Mrs. James O. Hamm. She spoke to members of Xi Iota Chapter of Beta Sigma Phi sorority at the home of Mrs. Michael S. Johnson, 1024 24th St., Lewiston.

Creative writing covers everything from a letter to Aunt Hattie, a note for the milkman, to programs for a sorority, said Mrs. Hamm.

She listed four reasons for creative writing: 1. For commentary on manners, morals or politics as found in poetry and plays with satire. 2. For inspiration such as sermons, essays and poetry. 3. To arouse or excite, as in the book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the song, "Battle Hymn of the Republic." 4. For sheer entertainment such as comedy, drama, light verse and fiction.

When reading creative writing, a person is given a better understanding of others, Mrs. Hamm explained. She read the poem, "Abou Ben Adhem" by David L. George.

In conclusion members wrote verses on peanut butter and cats.—*Lewiston (Idaho) Morning Tribune.*

So much for Mrs. Hamm.

•

During World War II, Harriman served as U.S. ambassador to Moscow. He came away with a firm belief that American and Communist aims were Poles apart.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

And not to be solved with a blank Czech, either.

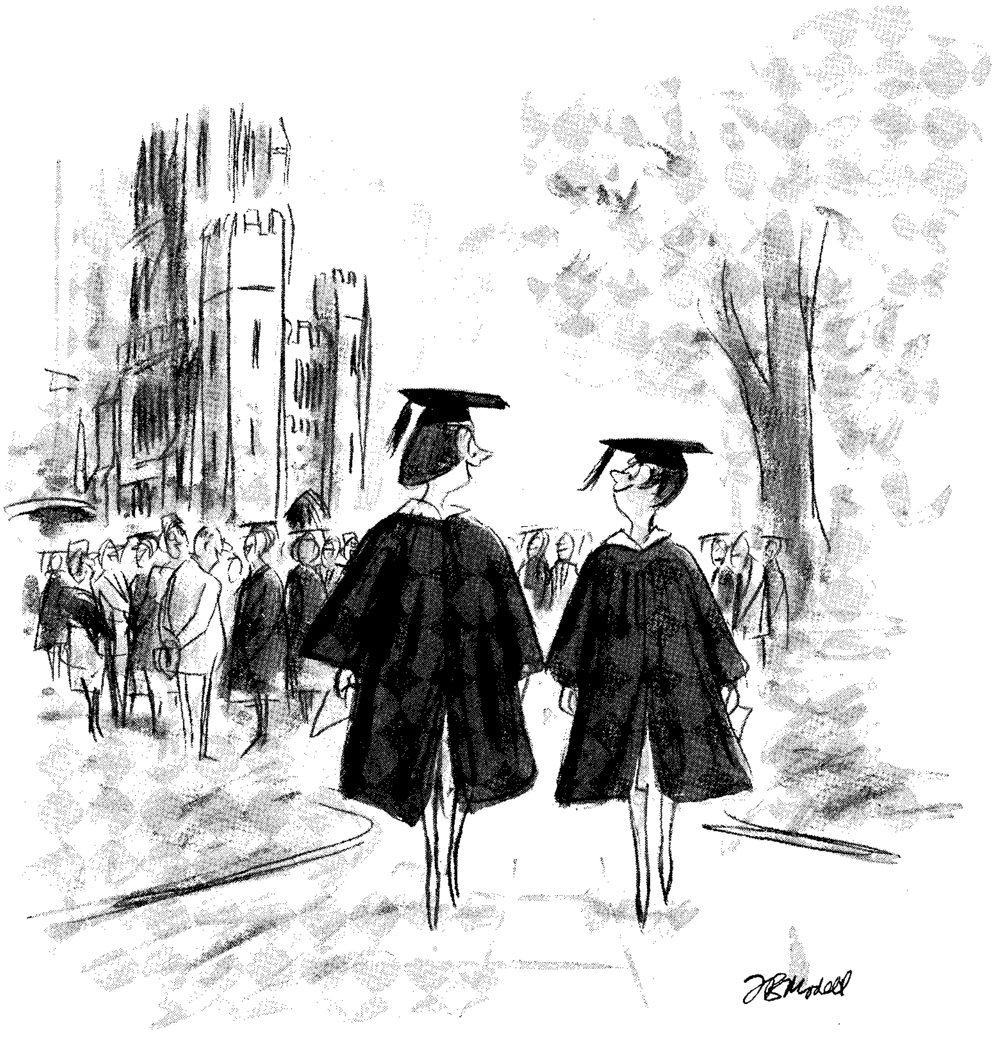
BOOKS

A Change of Voice

"A Change of Skin" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is something quite different from "Cambio de Piel" (Joaquín Mortiz), the fascinating novel by Carlos Fuentes that was published in Mexico last year. It is not only that the book has lost its curiously haunting illustrations—they were, with one exception, bleached stills from movies of the thirties. Something else has gone, too.

In its original form, the book presents a very complicated argument about the conception of vengeance in the form of a dreamlike confession written in a Mexican jail by a man who put the finger on an ex-Nazi for a group of avengers led by a Jewish survivor of Terezin. The ex-Nazi was an architect named Franz Jellinek, who had had a hand in building the camp, and he was caught and killed while driving down from Mexico City to the Gulf with three companions—two women and a man. The story consists of a fantasy about the journey and its background which is supposedly constructed by the man in jail. While the hunt was on, the finger man watched his quarry and the three others as a hunter watches game, with such absorption that he began to identify with them and think himself into their skins—so much so that he now has, or imagines that he has, established a relationship with one of the two women. He is now living the whole thing through again with her—reconstructing the journey, the relationships that united the four fellow-travellers, and the whole world of experience that brought them together. For his materials—the colors in his paintbox, so to speak—he has all the information about life and his times that is available to him by way of the popular non-literary culture of the communications media. The films of the thirties have played a special role in shaping his imaginative patterns, and with these ersatz materials he works up a picture based on his exterior observations of the four people who were in the car and on the specific information about them that he has been given. His story is thus a kind of collage made up of what he knows and what he knows about (matters for which the appropriate idiom is photographic realism, with a linear time scheme) and of conjecture (for which the idioms are Pop Art and the Surrealism of a wish-fulfillment dream in which the past is "now" when you think about it and in which the present becomes the future whenever "now" gets pushed back in time). The tenses change throughout the narrative as the narrator passes from one level of knowledge to another. While the narrator is creating his picture of the already accomplished future, Fuentes is telling the story of the narrator's discovery of the meaning of his experience. As the narrator projects himself into the minds and lives of the four strangers, he discovers his own reality as an accomplice of the avengers.

The murder, or execution, takes place in the pyramidal temple at Cholula. Fuentes is making the point that the system of values in relation to which the crimes of the Nazis are definable as crimes came to Mexico rather recently, in the baggage of those who ruthlessly murdered the native culture, which is itself symbolized by a priest with a sacrificial knife in one hand and a still throbbing human heart in the other. The author's worry—or perhaps one should say the book's worry—is not so much over the rights or wrongs of Jellinek's death as over mankind's astonishing capacity for rationalizing blood sacrifices at every level of cultural development and under every form of social organization. The sense that man is by nature murderous expresses itself in the terrible savagery of the relationships that the narrator invents for the characters in his fantasy: the imagined lovers are as ruthless in the pursuit of their ends as the avengers are, and as the pre-Columbian priests were in harvesting hearts for their rituals. The feeling is that the earth itself is a blood-soaked pyramid,



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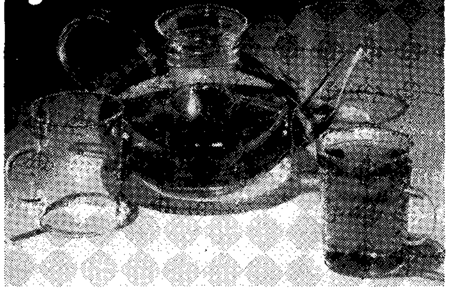

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and the book as a whole reads—at least in the Spanish version—like a nightmare warning that man is at his most dangerous when saying "I love you," on the one hand, or when professing his loathing of evil, on the other. In the first case, he will probably be initiating a program for the smothering and extinction of another human ego, and, in the second, nerving himself for some display of cruelty and brutality.

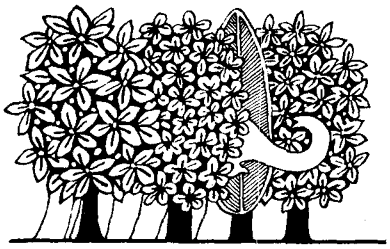
Be all that as it may, the reader who wants to find out what Carlos Fuentes does with his elaborately crafted structure and with his sinister theme is not going to get much help from the American version of the book. The translation, by Sam Hileman, has been approved by Fuentes, who was frequently consulted in the course of its preparation, and who speaks excellent English. But almost from the beginning it is clear that something is badly wrong. On page 7, for example, we come to a vignette with a faintly erotic flavor:

> A smell of sulfur floated from the bath house where in the shadow a woman showed her rosy flanks while her open hand paddled a little boy who refused to step into the water.

Delightful—but, alas, "*floreadas*," the adjective here rendered by the word "rosy," in fact means "flowered," in the sense of having a floral design. Those "flanks" are really *caderas*, or hips, and they are hidden away under a flower-patterned skirt. Not only that but, far from being "in the shadow," which would be *en la sombra*, Fuentes put the lady *en el umbral*, or on the threshold, standing outside the building and slapping the little boy who refuses to enter it. There is no water for him to step into in the original.

This is small beer, perhaps, but throughout the book one finds passages that are only to be described as improvisations in the approximate neighborhood of the Fuentes text. At one typical point, Fuentes's "*Y a ganarnos la vida que de repente es el único recuerdo que nos queda de nuestra muerte original*" becomes "Middle age is not bitching. It's merely a bitch." It is more than unfortunate that this very distinguished Mexican writer's work should be presented to the American public in such a fashion, and this remarkable translation is symbolic of the tragedy of incomprehension and misunderstanding which constitutes the history of the relationship between the Gothic North and the Latin South on this continent. Even when we listen to

Who is Rosy?



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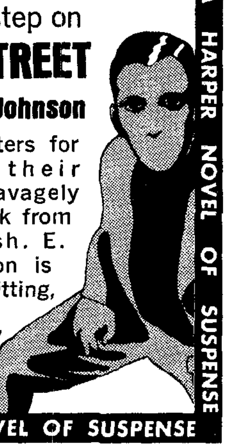

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what our neighbors say, we do not bother to make sure that we understand the words they use.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

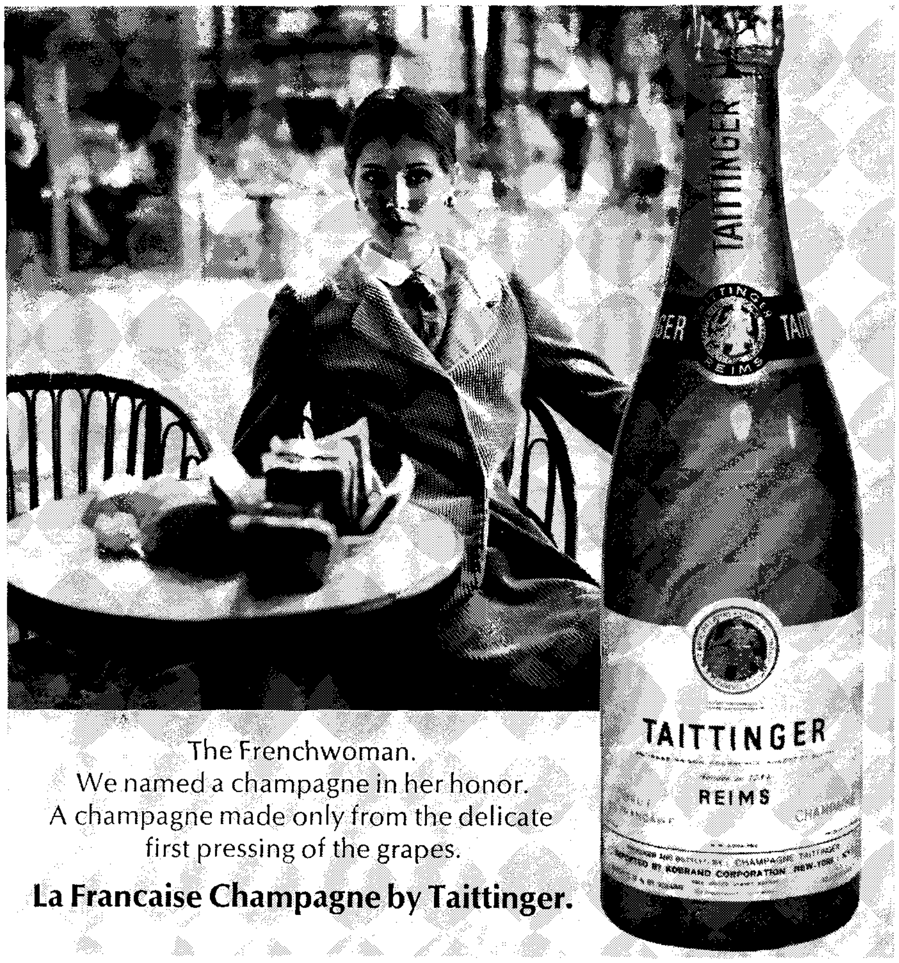
FICTION

WINTER JOURNEY, by Eva Figes (Hill & Wang). Miss Figes's novel, which won the Manchester *Guardian's* award for fiction in 1967, is small in size and large in ambition, and it would be good to be able to say that she has worked wonders in a small space, but in fact her work falls short of seeming even genuine. She describes the thoughts and actions and memories and dreams of a very old, poor man living in a London rooming house, but as one reads along one cannot help thinking that for "old man" one could well substitute "chair, *old* chair," or "old doorway," or old anything—old woman, old stevedore, old pressed leaf. It is the old and wornout that count here, not the humanity of the man Miss Figes calls Janus Stobbs.

CHILDREN AT THE GATE, by Lynne Reid Banks (Simon & Schuster). A good tearful melodrama, well founded on truisms of female psychology—particularly the maternal instinct. A Canadian divorcée living in Israel wallows in brandy and guilt over the accidental death of her only child until she is persuaded by a persistent Arab friend to become the illegal foster-mother of two Arab orphans who turn out to have been smuggled into the country. Miss Banks, a woman (English) settled in Israel, knows what she is writing about.

GENERAL

JFK AND LBJ: THE INFLUENCE OF PERSONALITY UPON POLITICS, by Tom Wicker (Morrow). Mr. Wicker believes that Kennedy and Johnson, as Presidents, set themselves immense tasks, which they were unable to carry out. Kennedy intended to be the paradigm of the political-science textbooks' "strong President" but was unable to budge the Congress; Johnson meant to form and guide a national consensus but lost it over the Vietnamese war. The author, who is the head of the *Times* Washington bureau, knows the raw facts of current events and capital gossip, and he goes brilliantly beyond them. Part history, part biography, part inquest on dead hopes,



The Frenchwoman.
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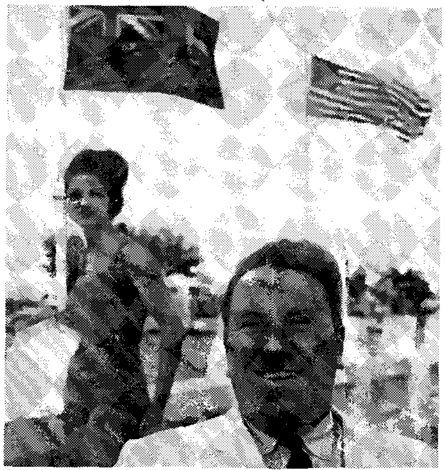

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his book is a first-rate creative study of personalities and events and of how they have affected each other.

THE AWAKENED EYE, by Ross Parmenter (Wesleyan). This is essentially a book about a personal adventure. Mr. Parmenter, who has been a journalist and music critic, discovered the delights of leisure several years ago, and began an analysis of all his experiences of seeing, adding to them certain experiments in vision. The average person, he concluded, looks at but does not really see what is before him. What roles in seeing are played by habit, memory, unconscious association, ego, background, need? What are the factors that inhibit genuine seeing? Mr. Parmenter would answer "enormous" to the first question and "many things" to the second, among them reading, utilitarian looking, habit, seeing only what one expects to see, anxiety, pain, grief, the present-day urban environment with its architectural ugliness, and so on. By cultivating certain habits of seeing, which he also invites the reader to cultivate, he has reached a goal that he describes as "transfigured vision." It occurs only at moments, but anyone can attain it. It is the capacity great artists have had for seeing something more than what is before the eyes. A charming and literally illuminating book.

THE COMMITTEE: THE EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES, by Walter Goodman, with a foreword by Richard H. Rovere (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A calm, meticulous, and readable history. Mr. Goodman starts at the beginning and patiently and gracefully outlines a tale of flamboyance, villainy, and mediocrity. He notes that the Committee, in its thirty-year lifetime, has rarely attracted the best men in the House, so that more often than not it has been unable to deal with genuine subversives when it has found them. The author has a fine sense of character and a good memory for the passionate swings in our national mood. Though the Committee, its staff, and its witnesses (friendly and unfriendly) look like a sideshow (and sometimes a freak show) as Mr. Goodman describes them, he demonstrates, nonetheless, that its record reflects many of this country's deepest anxieties, if not its highest intelligence. Ten dollars.

THE LOSER, by William Hoffman, Jr. (Funk & Wagnalls). A *mea culpa* by a young man who is a compulsive gambler. The author uses no fictional disguises; he tells about how he deserted his young family and went on a phony-check-writing spree to make a killing on the horses, how he toured the casinos and race tracks of the country, winning sizable sums through his remarkable talents as a handicapper, and how he always succumbed to the lure of the long shot. With help from Gamblers Anonymous, he reformed, and through self-denial and hard work won his family back and made good on most of his debts. Then something snapped and he was gone again, and he remains someplace out there. His book, which is quite well written, gives a wonderful picture of the strange underworld of gambling, and some insight into the minds of those who have devised perhaps the most complicated and mentally painful way of committing suicide.

WRITERS AND PARTISANS, by James Burkhart Gilbert (Wiley). A history of literary radicalism in America from the years before the First World War to the years after the Second. Most of the book is a detailed history of *Partisan Review*, because the author believes that it best represents his subject by being a New York phenomenon and by embodying a combination of radical politics with experimental art that he considers characteristic of our literary radicalism from the days of the old *Masses* on. This concentration on *Partisan Review* involves Mr. Gilbert in studying the changing ideas of William Phillips, Philip Rahv, and other editors under considerable magnification, as though they were Jefferson and Madison, with disastrous and often ludicrous results.

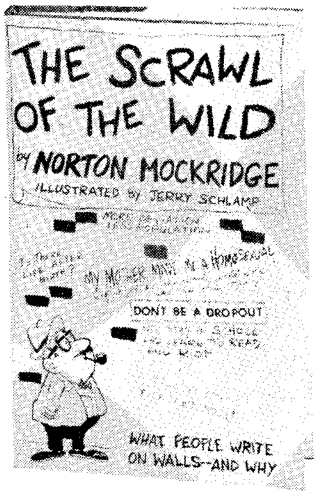
MYSTERY AND CRIME

STRIKE OUT WHERE NOT APPLICABLE, by Nicolas Freeling (Harper & Row). Mr. Freeling's writing has an impact that derives mainly from the contrast between the sophistication of his manner and the surface simplicity of the Dutch scene he contemplates. The present story is set in Lisse, a tiny town in the middle of the bulb-growing district, where Mr. Freeling's detective-policeman, Van der Valk, has been transferred from Amsterdam, because a serious leg wound has left him unfit for the strenuous day-and-night activity demanded of big-city investigators. Van der Valk, now a Commissaire, finds his new life very pleasant and very monotonous. However, where there is sudden death there is hope, and when Bernhard Fischer, owner of the one fine restaurant in the neighborhood, is found murdered on the grounds of a swanky riding place run by a preposterously elegant mountebank named Francis, the old Van der Valk comes to life, as implacable, efficient, and personally unpleasant as ever.

GOOD CHILDREN DON'T KILL, by Louis Thomas, translated from the French by Graham Snell (Dodd, Mead). This short, artless story of murder in Marseille is so like a French movie that it *is* a French movie—a little voyage into a world that is clearer and more pleasingly tinted than the one we live in. The star is Michel, a brash nineteen-year-old student in a *lycée*. The villain is his fellow-student Max, who is detested by all the teachers and adored by all the girls. The heroine is a third student, Nicole, who has eyes for Max, although she likes Michel very much. The victim is an ancient antique dealer, a classic figure of miserliness, age, and helplessness. The Marseille police are as nearly omnipotent and as kindly as they ought to be. Each separate episode is a lively, finely detailed tableau—of fright, of humor, of young love, of violence—and all the conversation goes rapidly and keeps to the point. The translation is very good.

O CHARITABLE DEATH, by Rachel Cosgrove Payes (Doubleday). Far Hills, U.S.A., is a minuscule place, but a tasty murder case crops up there when the corpse of a beautiful but thoroughly bad woman is discovered in a patch of willows at the edge of the golf course—which is, of course, exclusive. Even the police realize instantly that the murder must have been committed by one of the top-drawer set, and when we say "top-drawer" in Far Hills we do not smile. Nemesis arrives just in time to end the book, and there is a fine old-fashioned finale with the murderer being dragged off shrieking with hate.

THE LONG SHORT CUT, by Andrew Garve (Harper & Row). A talented young English con man named Michael Bliss (an attractively jaunty fellow with a fake public-school accent) undertakes, at a good price, to extricate an embezzling City of London financier from the grip of Scotland Yard and spirit him out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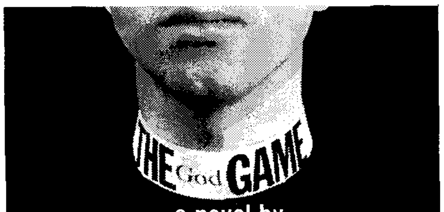

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of the country. Bliss is so bright and the escape plot he engineers is so ingenious that the question that holds us is not will it succeed but how can it possibly fail.

TELL NO TALES, by Gina Day (Stein & Day). An irresistible performance: Miss Diana Dale, beautiful, well-bred, and lonely, undertakes her latest mission for the British Secret Service. Miss Dale is not a spy. She is a killer of spies and of spies' helpers and of anybody, man or woman, friend or foe, who happens to get between her and the spy she wants. Her wardrobe is magnificent, but her working clothes for quick house calls are *très simple*—"navy suit with long jacket and no external buttons, short skirt for an emergency exit, no-nonsense navy kids, gloves, bag." Miss Dale is not particular how she kills. She knows lots of different ways, and her footwork is as fancy as her hand is steady. In this episode, she marries her quarry, partly because she loves him and partly to get close enough to kill him—he is a very elusive, brainy spy. This is a tour de force, and we sincerely hope the author will not be tempted to try to repeat it. Miss Dale deserves no sequels.

•

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V. X.

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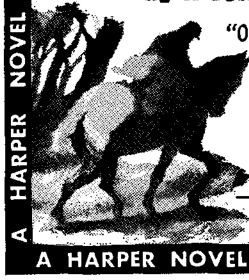

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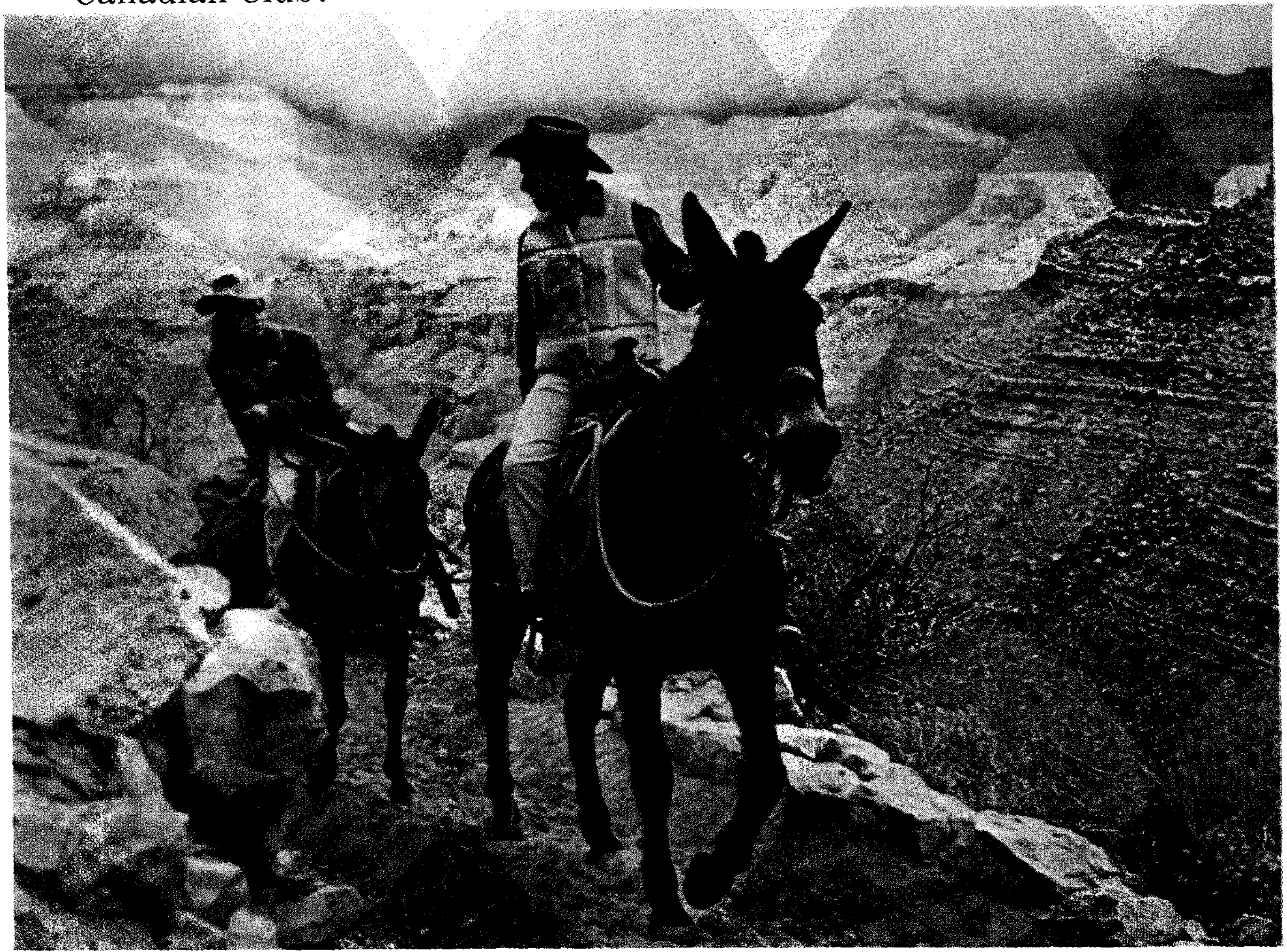

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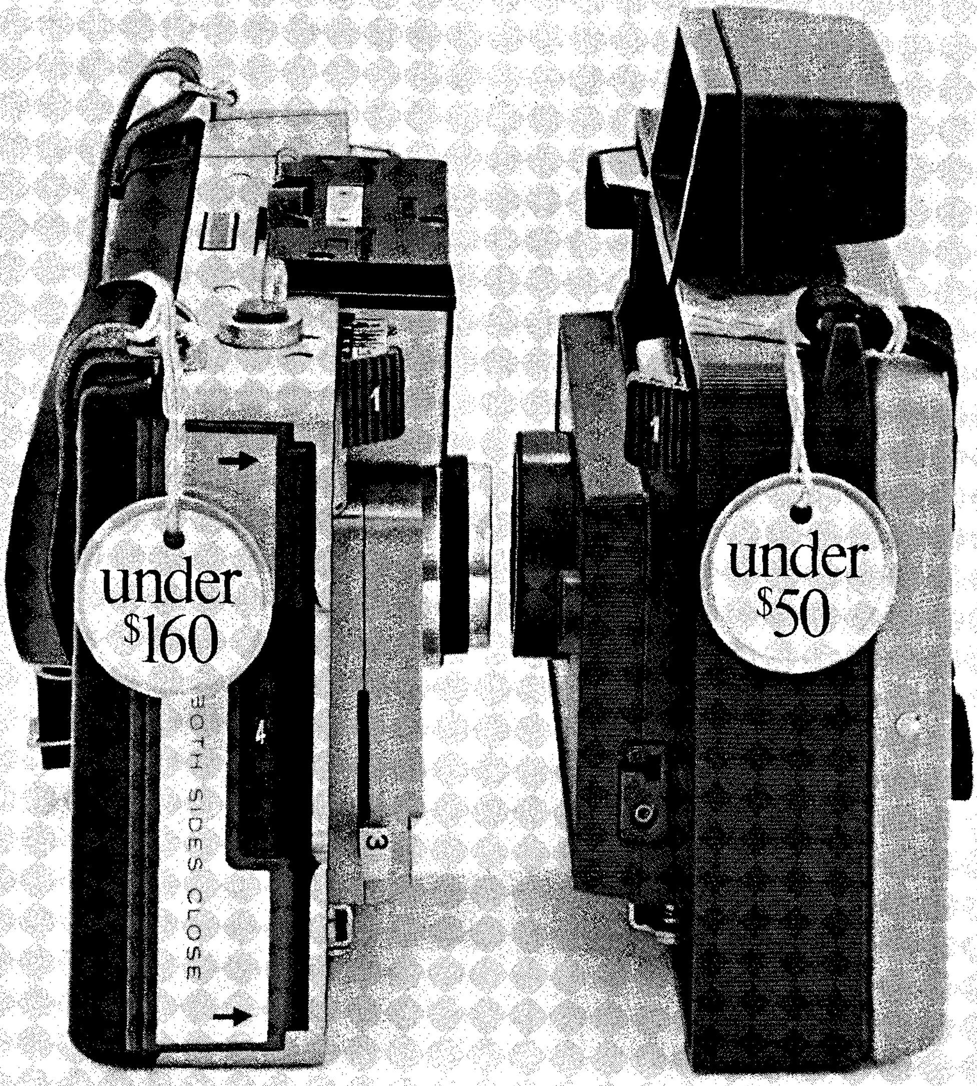

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